

THE
SACRED LYRE,
COMPRISING
POEMS,
DEVOTIONAL, MORAL, AND PRECEPTIVE;
INCLUDING
Many Original Pieces,
WITH AN
INTRODUCTION AND A COPIOUS INDEX.

SECOND EDITION.

"Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee!"

MOORE

Glasgow

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TO THE
REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D.
PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY,
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF
EDINBURGH,
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY
INSCRIBED BY THE
EDITOR.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

IN presenting the Second Edition of this little volume before the public, the Editor trusts that it will be found worthy of the same favour, which the work received on its first appearance. Since that time many beautiful and interesting effusions have issued from the press, from acknowledged as well as anonymous authors, and to these we stand deeply indebted for several gems which now adorn our pages. In making room for them we were obliged to exclude numerous pieces of, undoubtedly merit, but we trust that while we do not borrow too much from any individual author, we have, by that means been enabled to take a little from all, and also to approach somewhat nearer to our original plan, by inserting what may be more properly termed Lyrical poetry. From two highly gifted authors, however, now in the dust, we have been lavish in our selections, but when the names of "HEBER" and "POLLOCK" are mentioned, this will be a sufficient apology; it is to us matter of deep regret, that while they sung, and while they delighted with their strains, we were reminded of the singing of the swan, whose music was loveliest when about to expire. We may also state that many originals are scattered throughout our pages, with the signatures "PARK" and "WEIR,"—they are placed before the public with the utmost diffidence, and if they afford but a slight gratification

in the perusal, the authors will be sufficiently recompensed for any little pains bestowed on their composition. As no expense has been spared in the execution and embellishment of the "Sacred Lyre," it is to be hoped that this circumstance, as well as the general merits of the selection will yield a considerable degree of satisfaction to those who may favour it with a perusal. In conclusion we would only remark, that from the contents of this volume being of a serious character, it may be recommended as a suitable companion for the evening of that day when all is calm, and when the mind is settled into a sacred repose; since we may be permitted to hope that pious precepts will not be the less acceptable by being conveyed to the heart in the varied measure of Sacred Song.

INTRODUCTION.

POETRY, as a study, furnishes to the mind much elegant and pleasing, as well as innocent entertainment. But to please is not the sole aim of this delightful art. Viewed in its effects either on the understanding or the heart, it is highly profitable. For whilst a taste for poetry in general is a sure indication of a mind by nature feelingly alive to the finest impulses of which man is susceptible, the cultivation of such a taste has a direct tendency to exalt and refine the soul, to form it to a love of excellence and to render its possessor sensible of his high capabilities of varied and endless improvement. He, accordingly, who employs his leisure hours in delighting his ear with the flow of smooth and harmonious numbers, and in enriching his understanding with the finely conceived and noble creations of the poet is, imperceptibly it may be to himself, forming in his mind a standard of taste, both correct and delicate. And this new faculty, if it may be so denominated, is beneficial to him, not in poetry only, or in the other departments of literature, but likewise in forming opinions connected with matters of daily occurrence. Not this all. Beside creating in the mind a love of excellence, the study of poetry, by giving the ascendancy to the amiable and noble qualities of the soul, impresses upon it a permanent bias towards

virtue. And we think it not unworthy of remark, that the views and feelings of a mind thus exercised and improved are as much unknown to common understandings, as if they were the conceptions of the inhabitant of some other planet. Such understandings are never visited by them, and are not aware of their capacity for receiving them.

Nor do we think that the vicious tendency of not a few poems, the productions of our most favoured Bards, forms any valid objection to what has now been advanced. Such productions are universally regarded as the spurious issue of the Muse, and are ever lamented as the prostitution of the faculties which most ennoble and beautify our rational nature. They are the creations of some evil hour, when Rancour, Envy, or Spleen, was exerting a demoniacal influence over the mind, and causing the genius of Poesy to act in subserviency to its own malignant purposes. And it is only when he is again brought under the fell and gloomy sway of these diabolical passions, that the poet himself can relish his own immoral effusions. With the reader the case is exactly similar. His imagination will brood with new and fond delight over the pages of the sensual poet, if the current of his thoughts has been tainted by vicious indulgences or the contagion of evil example; but should virtue be the peaceful and happy tenor of his life, he will turn in disgust from the page, the reading of which might sully the purity of his mind. Whilst, therefore, the poet addresses himself to the imagination of his reader, his object is, through means of that spiritual faculty, to form the taste, and to free the soul from the dominion of those grosser passions, of a corporeal nature, the indulging of which sinks man below the level of the inferior animals.

And if the tendency of poetry in general is to promote intellectual and moral improvement, the advancement of religion is the direct and sole object of the Sacred Muse. The origin of Sacred Poetry is divine. It was the inspiration of the Almighty which tuned the hearts of the Hebrew Bards and opened their lips in songs of praise. And sweet and sublime were the numerous strains which they uttered, from the time that Moses sung of Israel's deliverance from her bondage in Egypt, till the joyful Virgin burst forth into sweetest notes of thanksgiving and praise, at the thought of giving birth to him who was to deliver mankind from a deeper thralldom. And in every age has the Muse been found the handmaid of Religion, though her sons have too frequently been prodigal of their gifted endowments. In every country, too, has Religion assigned her a place in her temple, to kindle in her votaries the flame of devotion and fill their hearts with the love of her own adorable attributes. In truth, Religion and the praise of virtuous and heroic actions, were the first and for a long time the only themes of the Poet. Nor is this at all wonderful. Both Religion and Poetry address themselves to the affections, and the former, as well as the latter, not unfrequently operates on these through means of the imagination. Either of them alone is fitted to impart a high relish to the soul, but their combined influence affords the highest mental enjoyment. The poet who courts the sacred Muse will, accordingly, be the most affecting and interesting of any. Religion, the noblest of all subjects, is his theme, and devotion, the life and soul of Religion, inspires his genius and enlivens his affections. Lofty and glowing conceptions on subjects the most momentous, he embellishes with all the decorations of the

INTRODUCTION.

tuneful art. As a christian, he can take no view of the works and ways of the Almighty, or of the present situation and future destiny of man, which, as a poet, he may not render more lovely, more grand or more awful. God is an invisible Spirit, and the movements of his providence are often dark and mysterious. But the poet who consecrates his genius to the service of heaven, can, as it were, conjure up the perfections of Deity from behind the curtain of creation, and show them acting in harmony for the comfort and happiness of the universe. In his view, the joyous face of spring is the smile of the Creator, winning man back to his favour and inviting him to taste of his goodness. The regular return of the seasons he regards as the fulfilment of God's ancient promise. In a partial evil he discovers a general good; in a seeming calamity he discovers a real blessing. But the plan of redemption is his darling theme. It is his delight to expatiate on the love which could devise, and on the condescension which could execute the god-like scheme. He loves to dwell on the mercy which delighted in procuring pardon for a whole world of transgressors. Often do his lines breathe the spirit of genuine repentance, and godly sorrow for sin. Often are they fraught with the aspirations of a mind pressing after higher attainment in the christian life. And should the terrors of the Lord become the subject of his Muse, he arrays the realities of a judgment to come in the blackest and most appalling colours. Religious subjects present themselves to him in endless variety. He feels it to be the highest exercise of his genius to pen the hymn of praise. Never is he conscious of greater elevation of sentiment than when he feels, as it were, the Divinity stirring within him, and awakening his en-

cries to extol his Maker. Never does the flame of piety burn higher or brighter within him, than when gratitude to his Redeemer is his gladsome theme. Often does he attempt to recall the happy feelings with which he was visited when engaged on these important topics, and is sad when the effort has been fruitless. Whilst his other works may have ceased to afford him any pleasure, his devotional strains continue to afford him new and fresh delight. And when in his more sober hours, the former may prove to him the cause of no small pain, the latter are the lines, which, in his dying moments, he would not wish to blot. We feel confident that we speak the opinion of every sober-minded person, in asserting that if any one of his productions afforded Lord Byron pleasure in the rapid moments of his dissolution, that one was his *Hebrew Melodies*. And if this impressive consideration were allowed to have its full weight, it might have the desirable effect of preventing many of our poets from writing, in the gay hours of health, what they will not be able to relish in the prospect of eternity. Though this world were to be the permanent abode of man, still would the poet be justified in saying ;

“An Atheist’s laugh’s a poor exchange
For Deity offended.”

But when we reflect that he who offends his Creator, must soon meet him as his judge, what madness can be compared with the folly of him, who defies the frown of Omnipotence !

We hail it as a happy symptom both of the improvement of the poetic taste, and the progress of religion, that immoral poetry, though the production of the most gifted genius, is, at present, reprobated, alike by the critic and the public. The time, we

trust is for ever gone by, in which immorality, whether in conduct or composition, is to be regarded as a test of genius. We flatter ourselves that we already see the virtuous temper of the age, impressed on the works of our choicest authors. We long to see more of its effects, and to witness their reciprocal action on society *yet* large.

We know not a more delightful or improving exercise, than the reading of sacred poetry. Essential truths are thereby conveyed to the mind in a form best fitted to gain them welcome admission. The advantage of this mode of communicating religious instruction has long been felt. It is especially beneficial in forming the minds of the young to a taste for religion. It is impossible, we think, to present exhortations to virtue and piety, or dissuasions from vice, in a form less repulsive than that in which they are presented by the poet. As the manners of one man are naturally more engaging than those of another man; so poetry, of its own nature, is more attractive than prose. The poet must always keep in view the first end of his art, to please; this necessarily excludes from his composition any thing that might seem harsh and forbidding. Besides, he is constantly moving the affections and raising agreeable sentiments in the mind. These circumstances will serve in some measure to explain the fact above alluded to, that the application of the doctrines and precepts of religion, is never less displeasing than when it is made by the poet. Verse seems to carry along with it the power of winning over the wayward affections of the soul, and bending them to its will. Under its influence, the mind feels its reluctance in submitting itself to the omission of *which* formerly seemed revolting. The obduracy of the heart is felt to give way before the

charm of numbers, as the evil spirit departed from Saul when the sweet singer of Israel tuned his harp before him. We are less backward in confessing our delinquencies than at other times. The flow of penitential sorrow is never stronger or more sincere. Humility is never deeper; self-abasement never more prostrate. We are more disposed to close with the offers of mercy. Our gratitude is more warm and lively. Our joy more glowing; and the whole train of sentiment in our bosoms more devout and fervent. That solemn appeals to the affections, are never more impressive, cannot, we think, be more convincingly shown than by presenting our readers with the following lines on the day of judgment, verses which we think it impossible for any one to read without emotion.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders !
 Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round !
 How the summons will the sinner's heart confound !

See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in Majesty divine !
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, " This God is mine !"
 Gracious Saviour, own me in that day for thine !

At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea ;
 All the powers of nature, shaken
 By his looks, prepare to flee :
 Careless sinner, what will then become of thee ?

Horrors past imagination
 Will surprise your trembling heart,
 When you hear your condemnation:
 "Hence, accursed wretch, depart;
 Thou with Satan and his angels have thy part!"

Satan, who now tries to please you,
 Lest you timely warning take,
 When that word is past, will seize you,
 Plunge you in the burning lake!
 Think, poor sinner, thy eternal all's at stake.

But to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow:
 You for ever shall my love and glory know:"

Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May this thought your courage raise!
 Swiftly God's great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise;
 We shall triumph when the world is in a blaze.

In presenting this little volume to the public we feel encouraged by the hope of its being useful, The Hymns of the excellent and pious divines, Watts and Doddridge, are very generally taught throughout the island, and thousands are at this day experiencing the good which they are calculated to impart. The Olney Hymns, too, have been found highly beneficial in furnishing instruction to persons of impaired understanding, as well as in cherishing pious and devout affections. We flatter ourselves that in general usefulness the present collection will not fall behind either of these now mentioned, or any other selection of Sacred Poetry now

in circulation, as from the number of choice pieces which it contains, we are certain that it is not inferior to any other in poetical excellence. There is interspersed through the volume a very considerable number of small poems, the productions of our best and most recent authors. It will be found likewise to contain as great a variety of subjects and measures, as it is possible, perhaps, for any collection to have. And, in concluding, we judge it not improper to state what we think must be considered as no small recommendation of the work, that by far the greater proportion of the volume consists of entire poems, and several of these are now printed for the first time.

Greenock. 1828.

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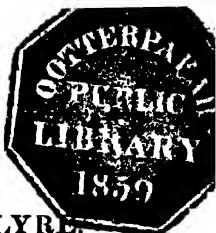
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THE

SACRED LYRE.

AWAKE MY LYRE

Awake my lyre, and may thy string
Be tun'd to our Creator's praise ;
And let the breeze's balmy wing,
To heaven's gate the accents raise : •

And oh ! may those celestial lays, ••
Which Angels sing, my heart inspire
To guide my hand which feebly strays
Along each chord to tune my lyre.

Awake my lyre, 'tis morning hour ;
The birds are singing in the grove,
And 'midst the song from bower to bower
Will man forget his Maker's love ?—

He who hath form'd the heavens above,—
The earth, and still upholds the whole :
Will man to God ungrateful prove,
Nor praise him with his heart and soul ?

Awake my lyre, the setting sun
In clouds of gold has left the sky,
And now another day is run,
And all its actions known on high

Then let my hand thy soft notes try
 For heaven expects the evening song
 And may it bring the heartfelt sigh
 For all my sins the whole day long.

Awake my lyre, let some sweet lay,
 Be tun'd the sorrowing heart to cheer.
 That heaven may shed a kindly ray
 And dry at once the mourner's tear.

Let grief those hallow'd accents hear
 Which echo round Jehovah's throne,
 That blessed place where those appear
 Who in our Saviour's steps have gone.

Awake my lyre, with notes of joy,
 To sooth the lonely dying bed,
 And mingle with the sick man's sigh,
 To cast a halo round his head.

And when his silent footsteps tread
 The vale where death's dark valley lies,
 May music cheer till all is fled—
 All but the glories of the skies.

WEIR.

SACRED POETRY—ITS SUPERIORITY AND INFLUENCE *

How beautiful is genius when combin'd
 With holiness ! oh ! how divinely sweet

• • ROBERT POLLOK, author of the "Course of Time," was a youthful poet of great promise; but alas! his career was soon cut short, and he has left a memoir behind, in that powerful though unequal poem which will embalm his memory on the heart of every true lover of eloquent and impassioned song.

The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are
 touch'd
 By the soft hand of piety, and hang
 Upon religion's shrine, there vibrating
 With solemn music in the ear of God.
 And must the bard from sacred themes refrain?
 Sweet were the hymns in patriarchal days,
 That, kneeling in the silence of his tent,
 Or on some moonlit hill, the shepherd pour'd
 Unto his Heavenly Father! Strains survive
 Erst chanted to the Lyre of Israel,
 More touching far than poet ever breath'd
 Amid the Grecian Isles, or later times
 Have heard in Albion, Land of every Lay.
 Why therefore are ye silent, ye who know
 The trance of adoration, and behold
 Upon your bended knees the Throne of Heaven,
 And Him who sits thereon? Believe it not,
 That poetry in former days the nurse,
 Yea, parent oft of blissful piety,
 Should silent keep from service of her God,
 Nor with her summons, loud, but silver-tongued,
 Startle the guilty dreamer from his sleep,
 Bidding him gaze with rapture or with dread
 On regions where the sky for ever lies
 Bright as the sun himself, and trembling still
 With ravishing music, or where darkness broods
 O'er ghastly shapes, and sounds not to be borne.

 BYRON

Take one example, to our purpose quite :
 A man of rank, and of capacious soul,
 Who riches had, and fame beyond desire,
 An heir of flattery, to titles born,

And reputation, and luxurious life ;
 Yet, not content with ancestral name,
 Or to be known because his fathers were,
 He on this height hereditary stood,
 And gazing higher purpos'd in his heart
 To take another step. Above him seem'd
 Alone the mount of Song—the lofty seat
 Of canonized bards; and thitherward,
 By nature taught, and inward melody,
 In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.
 No cost was spar'd. What books he wish'd, he
 read ;

What sage to hear, he heard ; what scenes to see,
 He saw. And first, in rambling school-boy days,
 Britannia's mountain-walks, and heath-girt lakes,
 And story-telling glens, and founts, and brooks,
 And maids, as dew-drops pure and fair, his soul
 With grandeur fill'd, and melody, and love.
 Then travel came, and took him where he wish'd.
 He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp ;
 And mus'd alone on ancient mountain brows ;
 And mus'd on battle-fields, where valour fought
 In other days ; and mus'd on ruins grey
 With years ; and drank from old and fabulous
 wells ;

And pluck'd the vine that first-born prophets
 pluck'd,
 And mus'd on famous tombs : and on the wave
 Of ocean mus'd ; and on the desert waste.
 The heavens and earth of every country saw :
 Where'er the old inspiring genii dwelt,
 Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,
 Thither he went, and meditated there.

He touch'd his harp, and nations heard
 As some vast river of unfailing source,

THE SACRED LYRE.

Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flow'd,
 And op'd new fountains in the human heart.
 Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,
 In other men, his fresh as morning rose,
 And soar'd untrodden heights, and seem'd at home
 Where angels bashful look'd. Others, though
 great,

Beneath their argument seem'd struggling whiles ;
 He from above descending, stoop'd to touch
 The loftiest thought ; and proudly stoop'd, as tho'
 It scarce deserv'd his verse. With nature's self
 He seem'd an old acquaintance, free to jest
 At will with all her glorious majesty.
 He laid his hand upon the " Ocean's mane,"
 And play'd familiar with his hoary locks ;
 Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
 And with the thunder talk'd, as friend to friend ;
 And wove his garland of the lightning's wing.
 In sportive twist—the lightning's fiery wing,
 Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
 Marching upon the storm in vengeance seem'd—
 Then turn'd, and with the grasshopper, who sung
 His evening song, beneath his feet, convers'd,
 Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds his sisters were ;
 Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and
 storms,

His brothers—younger brothers, whom he scarce
 As equals deem'd. All passions of all men—
 The wild and tame—the gentle and severe ;
 All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane ;
 All creeds ; all seasons, Time, Eternity,
 All that was hated, and all that was dear ;
 All that was hop'd, all that was fear'd by man,
 He toss'd about, as tempest-wither'd leaves,
 Then, snifing, look'd upon the wreck he made.
 With terror now he froze the cowering blood

And now dissolv'd the heart in tenderness
 Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself.
 But back into his soul retir'd, alone,
 Dark, sullen, proud ; gazing contemptuously
 On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.
 So Ocean from the plains, his waves had late
 To desolation swept, retir'd in pride,
 Exulting in the glory of his might,
 And seem'd to mock the ruin he had wrought.

As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
 To which the stars did reverence, as it pass'd ;
 So he through learning and through fancy took
 His flight sublime ; and on the loftiest top
 Of Fame's dread mountain sat : not soil'd and worn
 As if he from the earth had labour'd up ;
 But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,
 He look'd, which down from higher regions came,
 And perch'd it there, to see what lay beneath.

ANTHEM.

It was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood -
 The corn fields, bath'd in Cynthia's silver light,
 Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand ;
 And all the winds slept soundly ; nature seem'd,
 In silent contemplation, to adore
 Its Maker : now and then the aged leaf
 Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground ;
 And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
 On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
 With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly thought,
 Conversing with itself.

THE MORNING PRECEDING THE FINAL CONSUMMATION OF ALL THINGS.

In custom'd glory bright, that morn the sun
 Rose, visiting the earth with light, and heat,

THE SACRED LYRE.

And joy; and seem'd as full of youth, and strong
To mount the steep of heaven, as when the Stars
Of morning sung to his first dawn, and Night
Fled from his face: the spacious sky receiv'd
Him blushing as a bride, when on her look'd
The bridegroom: and spread out beneath his eye,
Earth smil'd. Up to his warm embrace the dews,
That all night long had wept his absence, flew:
The herbs and flowers, their fragrant stores unlock'd
And gave the wanton breeze, that, newly woke,
Revel'd in sweets, and from its wings shook health,
A thousand grateful smells: the joyous woods
Dried in his beams their locks, wet with the drops
Of night. and all the sons of music sung
Their matin song, from arbour'd bower, the thrush
Concerting with the lark that hymn'd on high
On the green hill the flocks, and in the vale
The herds, rejoic'd: and, light of heart, the hind
Eyed amorously the milk-maid as she pass'd,
Not heedless, though she look'd another way.

VIEW OF THE BURNING LAKE

Thus stood the reprobate beneath the shade
Of terror, and beneath the crown of love,
The good; and there was silence in the vault
Of heaven: and as they stood and listened, they
heard,
Afar to left, among the utter dark,
Hell rolling o'er his waves of burning fire,
And thundering through his caverns, empty then,
As if he preparation made, to act
The final vengeance of the Fiery Lamb.
And there was heard, coming from out the Pit,
The hollow wailing of Eternal Death,
And horrid cry of the Undying Worm. POPE.

THE SACRED LYRE

THE VOICE OF MEMORY

How canst thou move my fix'd regret.
Or how allure me to forget,
When there is nought in earth, sea, sky,
But hath a Voice to Memory?
What speaks the sinking orb of day?—
Of hope, as quick to pass away!
What speaks the pale and drooping flower?—
Of joy, that withers in an hour!
What speaks the balmy breath of eve?—
Of sighs as sweet, that could deceive!
What speaks the music of the bird?—
Of strains more soft, no longer heard!
What speaks still ocean's glassy breast?—
Of peace as brief, as false a rest!
What speaks each wave that leaves the shore?—
Of days that pass, to come no more!
What speaks the far-receding sail?—
Of faithless fortune's changing gale!
What speaks the pure and pendent dew?—
Of tears as fresh, as silent too!
What speaks the deep'ning gloom of night?—
Of woe, succeeding to delight!
What speaks each brightly-twinkling star?—
Of eyes more soft—more radiant far!
What speaks the blue expanse of Heaven!—
Of plighted vows in surder given,
Recorded *there* though *here* forgiven!
Thus is there nought in earth, sea, sky,
But hath a Voice to Memory!—
A Voice that *will* be heard, as now,
Till o'er this eye and aching brow,
This welcome shadow Death shall cast,
And this fond heart has throb'd its last!

THE SACRED LYRE

LINES WRITTEN ON RECEIVING HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solac'd me:
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.”

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!—
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah that maternal smile! It answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was—Where thou art gone.
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.

May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more :
 Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
 What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
 By expectation ev'ry day beguil'd,
 Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
 I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
 But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot,
 Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
 Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor ;
 And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 Delighted with my bauble-coach, and wrapp'd
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
 'Tis now become a hist'ry little known,
 That once we call'd the past'ral house our own,
 Short-liv'd possessions ! but the record fair,
 That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
 Still outlives many a storm, that has effac'd
 A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou might'st kneel me safe and warmly laid ;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit, the confectionary plum ;
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd :
 All this, and more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
 That hurt our interpos'd too often makes :
 All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age

Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in Heav'n, though little notic'd here.

Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd flow'rs,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and
smile,)

Could those few pleasant days again appear, [here
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Abion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breath, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore
" Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,

Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and compass' lost
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
 Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he'
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
 From loins entron'd, and rulers of the earth ;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
 The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
 And now, farewell—Time unrevok'd has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem'd t' have liv'd my childhood o'er again,
 To have renew'd the joys that once were mine.
 Without the sin of violating thine ;
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
 Thyself remov'd, thy pow'r to sooth me left.

COWPER.

 THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

‘ THOU UNCREATE, UNSEEN, and UNDEFIN'D,
 Source of all life, and fountain of the mind,
 Pervading SPIRIT, whom no eye can trace,
 Felt through all time, and working in all space,—
 Imagination cannot paint that spot,
 Around, above, beneath, where Thou art not !
 ‘ Before the glad stars hymn'd to new-born
 Or young Creation revel'd in its birth, [Earth,
 Thy Spirit mov'd upon the pregnant deep,
 Unchain'd the waveless waters from their sleep,
 Began Time's majestic wings to be uncurl'd,
 And out of Darkness drew the breathing World !

Ere matter form'd at Thy creative tone,
 Thou wert!—Omnific, Endless, and Alone:
 In Thine own essence, All that was to be—
 Sublime, unfathomable Deity!
 Thou said'st—and lo! a universe was born,
 And light flash'd from Thee, for its birth-day
 morn!

A world unshrouded all its beauty now!
 The youthful mountain rear'd its haughty brow,
 Flowers, fruits, and trees felt instantaneous life,
 And Ocean chaf'd his billows into strife!
 And next, triumphant o'er the green-clad earth,
 The universal sun burst into birth,
 And dash'd from off his altitude sublime,
 The first dread ray that mark'd commencing time.
 Last rose the moon—and then th' array of stars
 Wheel'd round the heavens upon their burning
 cars!

But all was silent as a world of dead,
 Till the great Deep her living swarms outspread!
 Forth from her teeming bosom, sudden came
 Immingled monsters—mighty, without name;
 Then plumy tribes, wing'd into being there,
 And play'd their gleamy pinions on the air,—
 Till thick as dews upon a twilight green,
 Earth's living creatures rose upon the scene!

And now the gorgeous universe was rife,
 Full, fresh, and glowing with created life!
 And when th' Eternal, from his starry height,
 Beheld the young world basking in his light,
 And breathing incense of deep gratitude,—
 He bless'd it, for his mercy made it good!

Creation's master-piece ! a breath of God,
 Ray of His glory, quicken'd at His nod,
 Immortal Man came next,—divinely grand,
 Glorious and perfect from his Maker's hand ;
 Last, softly beautiful as Music's close,
 Angelic woman into being rose !

And thus, thou wert, and art the fountain soul,
 And countless worlds around thee live and roll ;
 In sun and shade, in ocean and in air,
 Different, though never lessen'd—everywhere !
 All life and motion from thy source began,
 From worlds to atoms, angels down to man !

MONTGOMERY

PRAISE.

Fain would my longing soul begin
 Some ceaseless hymn to thee,
 Whose mercy has redeem'd from sin,
 With no less price than blood ;
 Fain would I praise my Saviour here,
 In grateful strains with heart sincere.

But how shall finite beings raise,
 With hearts to folly prone,
 That pleasing and accepted praise.
 Which thou wilt deign to own.
 What angels can but faintly shew,
 Shall fallen man attempt to do.

We cannot praise thy holy name,
 Unless thy grace inspire ;
 Assist us by that heav'nly flame,
 In part the sacred fire ;
 And on our humble altars raise,
 A ceaseless sacrifice of praise !

The sighings of a contrite heart,
 Thou God wilt not despise.
 Nor even bid a soul depart
 Unblest, whose uprais'd eyes
 For mercy sues; but 'mid his griet,
 Will send thy Spirit with relief.

And wilt thou from th' unceasing strain
 Of pure and unmix'd praise;
 By angel choirs, on yon bright plain,
 Pour'd forth in sweetest lays,
 Turn thy regard, and bend thine ear,
 The sinner's bursting grief to hear?

Cheer'd by the hope—through future days
 The love of God I'll sing,
 And laud in humble grateful praise,
 The name of Israel's King;
 In life and death my heart I raise,
 In ceaseless and accepted praise.

L. YOUNG.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARDS

HOLY the place, whose kindly soil
 Yields for the flesh its sweet repose;
 Where rests the pilgrim free from toil
 Where the rich spicy fragrance blows
 Calm be his sleep, whose life
 Was given to pain and God;
 Who pass'd the vale of strife,
 Which his great Master trod:
 Who laid mortality's dim robe,
 Covering of ills and sorrows, by;
 To take the fadeless vesture, wove
 By hands of cherubim on high!

Who bade to time, adieu,
 When its brief race^d was run :
 Who hail'd, with stedfast view,
 Eternity begin.

Sleep, true disciple ! for thy rest,
 The rest of piety shall be,
 Soft as his dreams, who on the breast
 Of Jesus lean'd once peacefully.

Haste Ceylonese ! and bring
 Your tribute to the dead ;
 Your choicest chaplets fling
 Upon the Martyr's bed !

THE HAPPY DEBTOR.

TEN thousand talents once I ow'd,
 And nothing had to pay !
 But Jesus freed me from the load,
 And wash'd my debt away.

Yet since the Lord forgave my sin,
 And blott'd out my score,
 Much more indebted I have been
 Than e'er I was before.

My guilt is cancel'd quite, I know,
 And satisfaction made ;
 But the vast debt of love I owe
 Can never be repaid.

The love I owe for sin forgiven,
 For power to believe,
 For present peace and promis'd heaven,
 No angel can conceive.

That love of thine, thou sinner's Friend !
 Witness thy bleeding head !

My little all can ne'er extend
To pay a thousandth part.

Nay more, the poor returns I make
I first from thee obtain ;*
And 'tis of grace, that thou wilt take
Such poor returns again.

'Tis well—it shall my glory be
(Let who will, boast their store),
In time and to eternity,
To owe the more and more.

NEWTON.

THE HAPPY MAN.

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come ;
Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleas'd with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice, whom peace the
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith, [fruit
Prepare for happiness ; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having *there* his home,
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects, more illustrious in her view :
And occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not ;
He seeks not hers, for he has prov'd them vain,
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds • •
Pursuing gilded flies ; and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.

Therefore, in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose pow'r is such, that whom she lifts from
earth

She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.

COWPER.

THE PERFECTIONS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

Let us, with a joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God :
Who by wisdom did create
The heavens high, and all their state ,

Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main ;
Who, by his commanding right,
Fill'd the new-made world with light

Caus'd the golden-tressed sun,
All the day his course to run ;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

All his creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need ;
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.

He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye :
And his mercies shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

WILSON

THE IMMUTABILITY OF GOD.

GREAT God, how bright thy glories shine,
 In all thy attributes divine,
 Secure immutable;
 Unchangeable in all thy ways,
 The object of eternal praise
 In heaven—and fear in hell.

Revolving years confirm thy pow'r,
 And time receding ev'ry hour,
 Declares thy promise sure.
 Beauty, and wealth, and power decay,
 Like empty visions pass away—
 Thou only dost endure.

Thy word, thy record, speaks of thee
 As from and to eternity
 Unalterably the same;
 The first, great cause of all—and last,
 As does the present so the past,
 Thy endless years proclaim.

The seasons in succession roll,
 While order reigns throughout the whole
 In pleasing harmony.
 The laws thyself hath fix'd must stand,
 Until revers'd by thy command;
 And nature's self shall die.

Summer and winter, day and night
 Seed time and (O regaling sight!)
 Harvest with golden train,
 Untir'd by thy appointed will
 Shall come, and as their course they fill,
 Thy changeless pow'r maintain.

THE SACRED LYRE

The heavenly bodies moving round,
Proclaim a Sov'reign cause profound,
And wisdom without space ;
Here order loudly speaks the skill
Of him, whose wise unchanging will,
Assigns to each its place.

All—all in heav'n, in earth, in air,
Confirm at once, while they declare
Th' eternal truth abroad,
That He who made them all is He,
Who was, who is, who still must be,
Unchangeable and God.

Here then we take our stand—and here,
Upris'd beyond corroding fear.

Our anchor hope retain ;
Nature may heave her last deep groan,
But 'mid her drear expiring moan,
The promises remain.

Stamp'd with inviolable truth,
To hoary age, from lisping youth,
On these unmov'd we cast
Our souls. The word that's giv'n
Shall lead—or bear direct to heaven,
And land them safe at last. J. YOUNG.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee—
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea !
The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,

She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the west
By a dark stream, is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the lov'd of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd
Above the noble slain,
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd,
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus, *they* rest who play'd
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth—
Alas for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, on earth!

MRS. HEMANS.

ODE ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad!

Come in thy meekest, saddest guise,
 Thy chastening rod but terrifies
 The restless and the bad.
 But I recline
 Beneath thy shrine,
 And found my brow resign'd thy peaceful cypress
 twine

Tho' Fancy flies away
 Before thy hollow tread,
 Yet Meditation, in her cell,
 Hears with faint eye, the lug'ring knell,
 That tells her hopes are dead,
 And tho' the tear
 By chance appear,
 Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid
 here

Come, Disappointment, come!
 Tho' from Hope's summit hurl'd,
 Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,
 For thou' severe wert sent from heaven.
 To wean me from the world
 To turn my eye
 From vanity,
 And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die

What is this passing scene?
 A peevish April day!
 A little sun—a little rain,
 And then night sweeps along the plain,
 And all things fade away.
 Man (soon discuss'd)
 Yields up his trust,
 And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.
 Oh, what is Beauty's power?
 It flourishes and dies.

Will the cold earth its silence break,
 To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
 Beneath its surface lies?
 Mute, mute is all
 O'er Beauty's fall,
 Her praise resounds no more when mantled 'n her
 pall.

The most lov'd on earth
 Not long survives to-day;
 So music past is obsolete,
 And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet.
 But now 'tis gone away.
 Thus does the shade
 In memory fade,
 When in forsaken tomb the form lov'd is laid.

Then since this world is vain,
 And volatile and fleet,
 Why should I lay up earthly joys,
 Where rust corrupts, where moth destroys,
 And cares and sorrows eat?
 Why fly from ill
 With anxious skill,
 When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing
 heart be still?

Come, Disappointment, come!
 Thou art not stern to me;
 Sad Monitress! I owe thy sway,
 A votary sad in early day,
 I bend my knee to thee.
 From sun to sun
 My race will run,
 I only bow, and say, My God, thy will be done!
 E. WHITE.

THE LORD'S DAY.

How welcome to the saints, when press'd
 With six days' noise, and care and toil,
 Is the returning day of rest,
 Which hides them from the world awhile !

Now from the throng withdrawn away,
 They seem to breathe a diff'rent air,
 Compos'd and soften'd by the day,
 All things another aspect wear.

How happy if their lot is cast
 Where stately the gospel sounds
 The word is honey to their taste,
 Renews their strength, and heals their wounds !

Though pinch'd with poverty at home,
 With sharp afflictions daily fed,
 It makes amends, if they can come
 To God's own house for heavenly bread !

With joy they hasten to the place
 Where they their Saviour oft have met ;
 And while they feast upon his grace,
 Their burdens and their griefs forget

This favour'd lot, my friends, is ours ;
 May we the privilege improve,
 And find these consecrated hours
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.

We thank thee for thy day, O Lord !
 Here we thy promis'd presence seek ;
 Open thine hand, with blessings stor'd,
 And give us manna for the week.

NEWTON.

HYMNS FOR THE SEASONS.

SPRING.

How smiling wakes the verdant year
 Arra'd in velvet green !
 How glad the circling fields appear,
 That bound the blooming scene !

Forth walks from heav'n the beaming Spring.
 Calm as the dew she sheds ;
 And o'er the Winter's muttering king
 Her veil of roses spreads.

The sky serene, the waking flowers,
 The river's loosen'd wave,
 Repay the kind and tepid hours
 With all the charms they gave.

And hark ! From yon melodious grove,
 The feather'd warblers break ;
 And into notes of joy and love
 The solitude awake !

And shall the first belov'd of heaven
 Mute listen as they sing ;
 Shall man, to whom the lyre is giv'n
 Not wake one grateful string ?

O let me join th' aspiring lay,
 That gives my Maker praise ;
 Join, but in louder notes than they,
 Than all their pleasures raise !

From stormy Winter hear and chill
 Warm scenes of peace arise :
 For ever thus from seeming ill
 Heav'n every good supplies.

For see, 'tis mildness, beauty, all
 Around the laughing whole ;

And nature's verdant charms recall
The mildness of the soul.

O thou, from whose all-gracious eye
The sun of splendour beams;
Whose glories ev'ry ray supply;
That gilds the trembling streams,

O'er nature's green and teeming fields
Bid flow'ry graces rise,
And ev'ry sweet, creation yields,
Salute the morning skies.

Where yonder moves the plough of toil
Along the stubborn land,
O kindly lift the yielding soil,
And soothe the lab'ring hand.

Thence bid gay fruitfulness around
Her blooming reign extend;
And where thy richest gifts are found,
Tell wh^o the heav'nly friend

As with her smiles, life's weary vale
Is gentler trod below;
With thine, the closing home we hail,
That shuts us in from woe!

Till that celestial home is ours,
Let us its Lord implore,
Content may cheer our pilgrim hours,
And guide us to the door.

SUMMER.

BRIGHT Summer beams along the sky,
And paints the glowing year;
Where'er we turn the raptur'd eye,
Her splendid tints appear!

THE SACRED LYRE

Then when so fit to lift the song
To gratitude and heav'n,
To whom her purple charms belong,
From whom those charms are giv'n :

Thee, thee, Almighty King of kings,
Man worships not alone ;
Each budding flow'r its incense brings,
And wafts it to thy throne.

The fields with verdant mantle gay,
The grove's sequester'd walks,
All, all around, thy praise display,
And dumb creation talks.

When Morn, with rosy fingers fair,
Her golden journey takes ;
When fresh'ning Zephyrs fan the air,
And animation wakes ;

Man starts from emblematic death,
And bends the grateful knee
To welcome with transported breath
New light, and life, and thee !

When Noon averts his radiant face,
And shuts his piercing eye ;
And Eve, with modest measur'd pace,
Steps up the western sky,

Repos'd beneath thy guardian winds
The pious mortal rests ;
Nor knows one watchful care that springs
Within unholy breasts ?

What then, if pealing thunders roll,
If lightnings flash afar !
Undaunted hears his sainted soul
The elemental war.

'Tis but to him a parent's voice,
 That blesses while it blames;
 That bids unburden'd air rejoice,
 And life and health proclaims.

Night's deepest gloom is but a calm,
 That soothes the wearied mind;
 The labour'd day's restoring balm,
 The comfort of mankind.

O thus may heav'n and holy peace
 Smooth soft the rocks of age;
 Till thou shalt bid existence cease,
 And tear its blotted page:

Till storms no more or tempests rage,
 And death's dark vale I see;
 That vale, which, through the shadowy grave,
 But leads to heav'n and thee!

AUTUMN.

FAIR Autumn spreads her fields of gold,
 And waves her amber wand;
 See earth its yellow charms unfold
 Beneath her magic hand!

Unrival'd beauty decks our vales,
 Bright fruitfulness our plains;
 Gay health with cheerfulness prevails,
 And smiling glory reigns.

To thee, great lib'ral source of all,
 We strike our earthly lyre;
 Till fate our rising soul shall call,
 And angels form the choir.

The splendour that enchants our eyes,
 Reminds us of thy fame;

The blessings that from earth arise
Thy gen'rous hand proclaim.

The plenty round our meadows seen
Is emblem of thy love ;
And harmony, that binds the scene,
The peace that reigns above.

Beneath the sickle, smiling round,
And in destruction fair,
The golden harvest strews the ground,
And shuts the labour'd year.

Man drops into refreshing rest,
And smooths his wearied brow ;
With rural peace the herds are blest,
And nature smiles below !

O let thy hand, parental King,
Be open to our pray'rs !
Unlock sweet plenty's lib'ral spring,
And show'r untainted airs.

And send me thro' life's noiseless way,
With innocence my guide :
Let no temptations bid me stray,
And leave her angel side !

O let the bird of tuneful breath,
The beast that frisks on earth,
The fish that sports the wave beneath,
Enjoy their short-liv'd mirth !

Let no rude instrument of fate
Arrest the flutt'ring wing ;
No horns re-echo at my gate,
That smiles and slaughter bring ;

No quav'ring line, with tortur'd snare
In agonizing fraud,

Explore the streams, that flow so fair,
To tempt the wat'ry lord!

That mercy which to man is giv'n,
So sweet with dewy eyes,
O let it seek its native heav'n,
When gentle pity dies!

WINTER.

HARK! 'twas dark Winter's sullen voice,
(That told the glooms that reign'd;
That bad the plains no more rejoice,
And all the waves be chain'd;

And see green Autumn dies away;
The pallid sire is come!
The plains his shiv'ring rules obey,
And ev'ry wave is dumb!

Yet still with cheerful heart I pace
The whiten'd vale below:
And smile at ev'ry printed trace
I leave upon the snow.

Thus (soft I whisper to my breast,)
Man treads life's weary waste;
Each step that leads to better rest
Forgot as soon as past!

For what is life and all its bliss
The splendour of a fly;
The breathing of a morning's kiss;
A Summer's flushing sky.

Dismantled lies the gaudy fly;
Morn droops at evening's frown;
And Summer, tho' so gay her eye,
Tempestuous terrors crown!

Yes, Lord ; but shoots no gladd'ning day
 Thro' this nocturnal scene ?
 Decks not one gem of lively ray
 Grief's darksome wave unseen ?

How sweet the evergreen beguiles
 The gloom of yonder snow !
 Thus virtue cheers, with endless smiles,
 Life's wint'ry waste of woe.

Howl then, ye storms ; ye tempests, beat
 Round this unshrinking head !
 I know a sweet, a soft retreat
 In virtue's peaceful shed !

Drive down, ye hails ; pour, snows and winds
 Pale terror where I stray !
 My foot a path, yet verdant, finds
 Where virtue smooths the way !

O Thou, by whose all-gracious hand
 The cherub mercy stands,
 Smiling at each divine command,
 With fondness o'er the lands ;

O let me ne'er with marble eye
 Pale shiv'ring woe reject,
 Where mourns the long, the deep-drawn sigh,
 The anguish of neglect.

While lordly pride and cushion'd ease
 Petition's tear despise ;
 O let this hand the mourner raise,
 And wipe her streaming eyes !

When death shall call me to my Lord,
 To bow beneath his throne ;
 His praise be the divine reward,
 That charity has won.

There, where no wint'ry storms affright,
 No tempests shake the pole ;
 No gloomy shades of dreary night
 Appal the waking soul ;

There, let me ever hymn, adore,
 And love, th' immortal King ;
 Love, while dread Winter breaks no more
 Th' eternity of Spring !

HUNT.

 COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

Oh ! thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
 We could not fly to thee !
 The friends who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes, are flown ;
 And he who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone ;
 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And ev'n the hope that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
 Is dimm'd and vanish'd too ;
 Oh who would bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy wing of love
 Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
 One Peace-branch from above ?
 Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray ;

THE SACRED LYRE.

As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

MOORE.

OH! HAD I WINGS LIKE YONDER BIRD.

Oh! had I wings like yonder bird,
That soars above its downy nest,
I'd fly away, unseen, unheard,
Where I might be for aye at rest.

I would not seek those fragrant bowers,
Which bloom beneath a cloudless sky,
Nor could I rest amidst the flow'rs,
That deck the groves of Araby.

I'd fly—but not to scenes below,
Though ripe with every promis'd bliss,
For what's the world? a garnish'd show—
A decorated wilderness.

Oh! I would fly and be at rest
Far, far beyond each glittering sphere
That hangs upon the azure breast,
Of all we know of heav'n here.

And there I'd rest amidst the joys,
Angelic lips alone can tell,
Where bloom the bowers of paradise—
Where songs in sweetest transports swell.

There would I rest, beneath that throne,
Whose glorious circle gilds the sky;
Where sits Jehovah, who alone,
Can wipe the mourner's weeping eye.

WEIR.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ASSYRIANS.

THE Assyrian come down like the wolf on the fold
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on
 the sea,

When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Gallilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of death spread his wings on the
 blast,

And breath'd on the face of the foe as he pass'd,
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew
 still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of his
 pride;

And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

BYRON.

JERUS'LEM! JERUS'LEM, THE SPOILER HAS
TROD.

JERUS'LEM! Jerus'lem, the spoiler has trod,
On the hil' of thy Zion the mount of thy God;
And the tow'rs of thy city which brilliantly shone,
Are moulder'd to dust and thy temple is gone.

But where are thy people, the once happy race,
The Israel of God and the pride of their place?
Go ask at their prophets and hear what they say,
For the wrath of Jehovah has forc'd them away.

They are driven afar 'mong the lands of the earth,
Their name is a scorn and the place of their birth;
And no more near their Zion its praises they sing,
For their land is the seat of an infidel king.

But yet, oh! Jerus'lem, thy tow'rs shall again,
Look proud on thy Zion, and smile o'er the plain;
And thy people shall come where the spoiler has
trod,

Their city to build, and give praise to their God.

WEIR.

THE POWER OF GOD.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see:
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee,
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day with farewell beam delays,
Among the op'ning clouds of even
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,

Those hues that marks the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of stormy gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is spackling with a thousand eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flow'r the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye; :
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

MOORE.

A SUMMER EVENING

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun
And there followed some droppings of rain!
But now the fair Traveller's come to the west,
His rays all are gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay, as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian: his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines
And travels his heavenly way.
But, when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days
Of rising in brighter array!

WATTS.

OF MAN'S MORTALITY.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
 Or like the blossom on the tree,
 Or like the dainty flower of May,
 Or like the morning to the day,
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
 E'en such as man;—whose thread is spun,
 Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.—
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
 The sun sets, the shadow flies,
 The gourd consumes,—and man he dies!
 Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
 Or like a tale that's new begun,
 Or like the bird that's here to-day,
 Or like the pearled dew of May,
 Or like an hour, or like a span,
 Or like the singing of a swan,
 E'en such as man;—who lives by breath,
 Is here, now there, in life and death.—
 The grass withers, the tale is ended,
 The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
 The hour is short, the span not long,
 The swan's near death,—man's life is done!

WASTELJ.

A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting, peace of mind!
 Sweet delight of human kind!
 Heav'nly born, and bred of high,
 To crown the fav'rites of the sky
 With more of happiness below
 Than victors in a triumph know;

Whither, O whither, art thou fled,
 To lay thy meek contented head !
 What happy region dost thou please
 To make the seat of calms and ease ?

Ambition searches all its sphere
 Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
 Increasing avarice would find
 Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd.
 The bold advent'ur ploughs his way
 Thro' rocks amidst the foaming sea,
 To gain thy love ! and then perceives
 Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
 The silent heart which grief assails,
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
 Sees daises open, rivers run,
 And seeks (as I have vainly done)
 Amusing thought ; but learns to know
 That solitude's the nurse of woe.
 No real happiness is found
 In trailing purple o'er the ground,
 Or in a soul exalted high,
 To range the circuit of the sky ;
 Converse with stars above, and know
 All nature in its forms below ;
 The rest it seeks, in seeking dies
 And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear !
 This world itself, if thou art here,
 Is once again with *Eden* bless'd,
 And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
 I sung my wishes to the wood,
 And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
 The branches whisper as they wav'd.

It seem'd as all the quiet place
 Confess'd the presence of the grace,
 When thus she spok^h—Go, rule thy will,
 Bid thy wild passions all be still;
 Know God—and bring thy heart to know
 The joys which from religion flow:
 Then every grace shall prove its guest,
 And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
 In my hours of sweet retreat;
 Might I thus my soul employ,
 With sense of gratitude and joy;
 Rais'd, as ancient prophets were,
 In heavenly vision, praise and pray'r;
 Pleasing all men, hurting none,
 Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone;
 Then, while the gardens take my sight,
 With all the colours of delight;
 While silver waters glide along,
 To please my ear, and court my song;
 I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
 And Thee, *great Source of nature*, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
 To light the world and give the day;
 The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
 The stars that gild the gloom^y night;
 The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
 The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
 The field whose ears conceal the grain,
 The yellow treasure of the plain;
 All of these, and all I see,
 Should be sung, and sung by me:
 They speak their Maker as they can,
 But want and ask the tongue of Man.

Go, search among your idle dreams,
 Your busy or your vain extremes ;
 And find a life of equal bliss,
 Or own the next begun to this.

PARNELL.

 HYMN.

God the everlasting light of his People.*

YE golden lamps of heav'n, farewell !
 With all your feeble light :
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day !
 In brighter flames array'd,
 My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars, are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode,
 The pavement of those heav'nly courts,
 Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
 Shall there his beams display,
 Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
 With that unaltered day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
 Shall swell into mine eyes ;
 Nor the meridian sun decline
 Amidst those brighter skies.

* "The sun shall no more go down, neither shall the moon withdraw itself; for the LORD shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." *Isaiah*, *cc.* 20.

There all the millions of his saints
 Shall in one song unite ;
 And each the bliss of all shall share
 With infinite delight.

P. DODDRIDGE.

A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray,
 Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
 Still Nature's various face informs my sense,
 Of an all-wise, all-powerful, Providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night
 And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
 Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
 And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year ;
 The blooming flow'rs with opening beauties glow,
 And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show,
 The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
 And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.

But, when the gloomy reign of night returns,
 Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns :
 The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
 But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost ;
 No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,
 Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.
 Yet still e'en now while darkness clothes the land,
 We view the traces of th' Almighty hand ;
 Millions of stars in heav'n's wide vault appear,
 And with new glories hang the boundless sphere .

The silver Moon her western couch forsakes,
 And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes ;
 Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
 And to the world her borrow'd light repays."

Whether those stars that twinkling lustrous send
 Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,

Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
 Yet all his systems; but conjectures are :
 But this we know, that heav'n's eternal King,
 Who bade this universe from nothing spring,
 Can at his *Word* bid num'rous worlds appear,
 And rising worlds th' all-powerful *Word* shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
 To other lands a rising day he lends ;
 The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
 The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise ;
 Refresh'd the peasant seeks his early toil,
 And bids the plough correct his fallow soil. ,
 While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
 The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light ;
 And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
 With us again the rosy morning wakes ;
 In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
 And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
 No more shall night's alternate reign be known :
 The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
 But from thy Almighty streams of glory flow.
 Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employ
 Than empty, transient, sublunary, joy !
 The stars shall ~~stop~~, the sun shall lose his flame,
 But thou, O God, for ever shine the same.

GAY.

THE FUNERAL,

An Eclogue.

Stranger. Whom are they ushering from the world,
 with all
 This pageantry and long parade of death ?

Townsmen. A long parade, indeed, sir, and yet
here D
You see but half; round yon^er bend it reaches
A furlong farther, carriage behind carriage.

S. 'Tis but a mournful sight, and yet the pomp
Tempts me to stand a gazer.

T. Yonder School-boy
Who plays the truant, says the proclamation
Of peace was nothing to the show, and even
The chairing of the members at election
Would not have been a finer sight than this ;
Only that red and green are prettier colours
Than all this mourning.—There, sir, you behold
One of the red gown'd worthies of the city,
The envy and the boast of our exchange,
Aye, what was worth last week, a good half million
Screw'd down in yonder hearse.

S. Then he was born
Under a lucky planet, who to-day
Puts mourning on for his inheritance.

7'. When first I heard his death, that very wish
Leapt to my lips; but now the closing scene
Of the Comedy hath waken'd wiser thoughts:
And I bless God, that when I go to the grave,
There will not be the weight of flesh like his
To sink me down.

S. The camel and the needle, —
Is that there your mind?

T. Even so. The text
Is gospel wisdom. I would ride the camel,—
Yea, leap him flying through the needle's eye,
As easily as such a pamper'd soul
Could pass the narrow gate.

S. Your pardon, sir ;
But sure this lack of Christian*charity
Looks not like Christian truth.

T. Your pardon too, sir,
‘f, with this text before me, I should feel
In the preaching mood ! But for these barren fig
trees,
With all their flourish and their leafiness,
We have been told their destiny and use,
When the axe is laid unto the root, and they
Cumber the earth no longer.

S. Was his wealth ‘
Stor’d fraudfully, the spoil of orphans’ wrong’d,
And widows who had none to plead their right ?

T. All honest, open, ‘nonourable, gains ;
Fair legal interests, bonds and mortgages,
Ships to the East and West.

S. Why judge you then
So hardly of the dead ?

T. For what he left
Undone ;—f’r sins, not one of which is mention’d
In the Ten Commandments. He, I warrant him,
Believ’d no other Gods than those of the Creed :
Bow’d to no id’ls,—but his money-bags :
Swore no false oaths,—except at a custom-house .
Kept the Sabbath ‘idle : built a monument
To honour his dead father ; did no murder :
Was too old-fashion’d for adultery ;
Never picked pockets : never bore false witness :
And never, with that all-commanding wealth,
Coveted his neighbour’s house, nor ox, nor ass.

S. You knew him, then, it seems ?

T. As all men know
The virtues of your hundred-thousanders ;

'They never hide their lights beneath a bushel.

S. Nay, nay, uncharitable sir ! for often
Doth bounty like a streamlet flow unseen,
Freshening and giving life along its course.

T. We track the streamlet by the brighter green
And livelier growth it gives :—but, as for this—
This was a pool that stagnated and stunk,
The rains of heaven engender'd nothing in it
But slime and foul corruption.

S. Yet even these
Are reservoirs, whence public charity
Still keeps her channels full.

T. Now, sir, you touch
Upon the point. This man of half a million
Had all these public virtues which you praise :—
But the poor man rung never at his door ;
And the old beggar at the public gate,
Who, all the summer long, stands, hat in hand,
He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
To that hard face. " Yet he was always found
Among your ten and twenty pound subscribers,
Your benefactors in the news-papers.
His alms were money put to interest
In the other world,—donations to keep open
A running charity-account with the tax :—
Retaining fees against the last assizes,
Where, for the trusted talents, strict account
Shall be required from all, and the old Arch-Lawyer
Plead his own cause as plaintiff.

S. I must needs
Believe you, sir :—these are your witnesses,
These mourners here, who from their carriages
Gape at the gaping crowd. A good March wind
Were to be pray'd for now, to lend their eyes
Some decent rheum. The very hireling mute

Bears not a face blanker of all emotion
 Than the old servant of the family !
 How can this man have liv'd, that thus his death
 Casts not the soiling one white handkerchief !

T. Who should lament for him, sir, in whose
 heart
 Love had no place, nor natural charity ?
 The parlour spaniel, when she heard his step,
 Rose slowly from the hearth, and stole aside
 With creeping pace ; she never rais'd her eyes
 To woo kind words, from him, nor laid her head
 Up-rais'd upon his knee, with fondling whim.
 How could it be but thus ! Arithmetic
 Was the sole science he was ever taught.
 The multiplication-table was his Creed,
 His Pater-noster, and his Decalogue.
 When yet he was a boy, and should have breath'd
 The open air and sun-shine of the fields,
 To give his blood its natural spring and play,
 He, in a close and dusky counting-house,
 Smock-dried and scar'd and shrivell'd up his heart.
 So, from the way in which he was train'd up,
 His feet departed not ; he toil'd and moil'd,
 Poor muck-worm ! athro' his three-score years and
 ten,
 And when the earth shall now be shovell'd on him.
 If that which serv'd him for a soul were still
 Within its husk, it would still be, dirt to dirt.

S. Yet your next newspapers will blazon him
 For industry and honourable wealth,
 A bright example.

T. Even half a million
 Gets him no other praise. But come this way
 Some twelve-months hence, and you will find his
 virtues

Trimly set forth in lapidary lines,
 Faith, with her torch beside, and little Cupids
 Dropping upon his urn their marble tears.

SOUTHWY.

 PSALM.

View of the heavenly bodies.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue etherial sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Doth his Creator's power display;
 And publishes, to every land,
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
 And, nightly, to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth.

While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What tho', in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What tho' no real voice nor sound
 Amidst the radiant orbs be found;

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine!"

ADDISON.

COMFORT.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few ;
 On Him I lean, who not in vain,
 Experienced every human pain.
 He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way :
 To fly the good I would pursue,
 Or do the thing I would not do :
 Still He who felt temptation's power,
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour

If wounded love my bosom swell,
 Despised by those I prized too well ;
 He shall his pitying aid bestow,
 Who felt on earth severer woe ;
 At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
 By those who shared his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
 And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ;
 Yet He who once vouchsafed to bear
 The sickening anguish of despair,
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When mourning o'er some stone I bend
 Which covers all that was a friend ;
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
 Divides me for a little while ;
 Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
 For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
 And O ! when I have safely past
 Through every conflict but the last ;

Still, still unchanging, watch beside
 My painful bed—for thou hast died ;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.

R. GRANT.

A NIGHT PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
 No more I waste the wakeful night,
 Intent with endless view to pore
 'The schoolmen and the sages o'er :
 Their books from wisdom widely stray ;
 Or point at best the longest way.
 I'll seek a readier path, and go
 Where wisdom's surely taught *below*.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky !
 Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
 While thro' their ranks in silver pile
 The nether crescent seems to glide.
 The slum'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
 The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
 Where once again the spangled show
 Descends to meet our eyes below.
 The grounds, which on the right aspire,
 In dimness from the view retire :
 The left presents a place of graves,
 Whose wall the silent water laves.
 That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
 Among the livid gleams of night.
 There pass with melancholy state,
 By all the solemn heaps of fate,
 And think, as softly sad you tread
 Above the venerable dead,

*Time was, like thee, thy life possest,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.*

Those graves, with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumb'd ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where *Tou* and *Poverty* repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chissel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent step may wear away)
A *Middle Race* of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These (all the poor remains of state)
Adorn the *Rich* or praise the *Great* ;
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Hæ ! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades ;
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin ;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)

It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.

When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a *King of Fears* am I !
They view me like the last of things :
They make, and then they dread my stings.
Fools ! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God :
A port of calms, a state of ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead ?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe :
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun :
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few and evil years they waste :
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and ~~now~~ ^{now} away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

THE BEACON.

THE scene was more beautiful far, to my eye,
 Than if day in its pride had array'd it;
 The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arch'd sky
 Look'd pure as the spirit that made it.

The murmur arose, as I silently gaz'd
 On the shadowy waves' playful motion;
 From the dim distant isle till the beacon-fire blaz'd,
 Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
 Was heard in his wildly breath'd numbers,
 The sea-bird has flown to her wave-girdled nest
 The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

I sigh'd as I look'd from the hills' gentle slope,
 All hush'd was the billows' commotion;
 And I thought that the beacon look'd lovely as hope,
 That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
 Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
 Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
 That blaz'd on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies
 And death stills the soul's last emotion,
 O then may the seraph of mercy arise,
 Like a star on eternity's ocean!

P. M. JAMES.

 THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
 Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame!
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss, of dying!

Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life !

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
' Sister spirit, come away !'
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?—
Tell me, my soul, can this be Death ?

The world recedes, it disappears !
Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring !
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death ! where is thy sting ?

POPE.

 PSALM.

When all thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Hath doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to thee,
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 For O, eternity alone
 Can utter all thy praise.

ADDISON.

"SEEING WE ARE COMPASSED ABOUT WITH SO
 GREAT A CLOUD OF WITNESSES."

Could we but look beyond our sphere,
 And trace along the azure sky,
 The myriads that were inmates here,
 Since Abel's spirit soar'd on high.
 Then might we tell of those who see
 Our wand'rings from Eternity !

But human frailty cannot gaze,
 On such a cloud of splendid light,
 As heavens sacred court displays,
 Of blessed spirits cloth'd in white,
 Who from the fears of death are free, —
 And look from an Eternity.

They look, but ne'er return again,
 To tell the secrets of their home,
 And kindest tears for them are vain,
 For never! never, shall they come—

Till Time's pale light begin to flee,
Before a bright Eternity.

Could we but gaze beyond our sphere,
Within the golden porch of heav'n,
And see those spirits which appear,
Like stars upon the robe Even.
But no, unseen to us they see
Our wanderings from Eternity.

The crimes of men which heaven saw,
And pitied with a parent's eye ;
Could ne'er a kindred spirit draw,
In mercy from its home on high,—
They look, but all they know or see
Is silent as Eternity.

At noonday hour, or midnight deep,
No bright inhabitant draws nigh ;
And though a parent's offspring weep,
No whisper echoes from the sky,
Though friends may gaze, yet all they see
Is known but in Eternity.

Yet we may look beyond our sphere,
On one who shines among the throng ;
And we by Faith may also hear
The triumphs of a glorious song ;
And while we gaze on Him, we see
The path to this Eternity.

W.F.R.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshal'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky ;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the ch'rus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
 The ocean yawn'd,—and rudely blow'd
 The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;
 And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's deadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The Star!—The Star of Bethlehem!

H. K. WHITE.

RETROSPECTION.

Thus far on Life's perplexing path,
 Thus far the Lord our steps hath led,
 Safe from the world's pursuing wrath,
 Unharm'd though floods hung o'er our head:
 Here then we pause, look back, adore,
 Like ransom'd Israel from the shore.
 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 As all our fathers in their day,

We to a Land of Promise go ;

Lord ! by thine own appointed way ;
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
In cloud by day, in fire by night.

Protect us through this wilderness

From serpent plague, and hostile rage ;
With bread from heaven our table bless,
With living streams our thirst assuage ;
Nor let our rebel hearts repine,
Or follow any voice but Thine.

Thy righteous laws to us proclaim,

But not from Sinai's top alone ;
Hid in the rock-clift, be thy name, *
Thy pow'r, and all thy goodness shown ;
And may we never bow the knee
To any other gods but Thee.

Thy presence with us, move or rest ;

—And as the eagle, o'er her brood,
Flutters her pinions, stirs the nest,
Covers, defends, provides them food,
Bears on her wings, instructs to fly ;
—Thus, thus prepare us for the sky.

When we have number'd all our years,

And stand at length on Jordan's brink,
Though the flesh fail with human fears,
Oh ! let not then the spirit shrink ;
But strong in faith, and hope, and love,
Plunge through the stream,—to rise above.

MONTGOMERY.

LOOKING UPWARDS IN A STORM.

God of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;

When the great water-floods ~~are~~ revail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

Friend of the friendless and the faint!
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
 Where but with thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor?

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
 Does not that word still fix'd remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain?

That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst thou not hear and answer pray'r;
 But a pray'r-hearing, answ'ring God,
 Supports me under ev'ry load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
 I have an advocate with thee;
 They, whom the world caresses most,
 Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
 And he is safe, who must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

COWPER.

THE LAST DAY.

EVEN thus amid thy pride and luxury
 Oh Earth! shall that last coming burst on thee,
 That secret coming of the Son of Man;
 When all the cherub-throning clouds shall shine,
 Irradiate with his bright advancing sign;
 When that great Husbandman shall wave his
 fan,

Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away :
Still to the noontide of that nightless day,

Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
Along the busy mart and crowded street,
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,

And marriage feasts begin their jocund strain.
Still to the pouring out the cup of woe ; “
Till earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by his burning feet,
And heav’n his presence own, all red with furnace
heat.

Almighty ! trembling like a timid child,
I hear thy awful voice—alarm’d—afraid—
I see the flashes of thy light’ning wild,

And in the very grave would hide my head.
Lord ! what is man ? up to the sun he flies—

Or feebly wanders through earth’s vale of dust.
There is he lost ’midst heav’n’s high mysteries,
And here in error and in darkness lost :

Beneath the storm-clouds, on life’s raging sea,
Like a poor sailor—by the tempest tost,

Oh ! who shall then survive ?

Oh ! who shall stand and live ?

When all that hath been is no more ;

When for the round earth hung in air,

With all its constellations fair,

In the sky’s azure canopy :

When for the breathing earth, and sparkling sea,
Is but a fiery deluge without shore,

Heaving along th’ abyss profound and dark,
A fiery deluge and without an ark.

Lord of all power, when thou art there alone
On thy eternal fiery-wheeled throne,

That in its high meridian noon

Need not the perish’d sun nor moon :

When thou art there in thy presiding state,

Wide scepter'd monarch o'er the realm of doom :
 When from the star-leophs, from earth's darkest
 womb,

The dead of all the ages round thee wait ;
 And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn,
 Like forest leaves in the autumn of thine ire :
 Faithful and true ! thou still shalt save thine own !

The saints shall dwell with unharming fire ;
 Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm.
 Even safe as we, by this still Fountain's side.
 So shall the Church, thy bright and mystic bride
 Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of calm.
 Yes, mid you angry and destroying signs,
 O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines,
 We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
 Almighty to avenge, almighty to redeem !

MILMAN !

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL O'ER EGYPT'S DARK SEA !

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
 Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free.
 Sing,—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
 His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and
 brave,

How vain was their boasting !—The Lord hath
 but spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the
 wave.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea ;
 Jehovah has triumph'd,—his people are free.
 Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord,
 His sword was our arrow, his breath was our
 sword !—

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
 For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of
 glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the
 tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free!

MOORE.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
 A gleam of crimson ting'd its braided snow,
 Long had I watch'd the glory moving on,
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below;
 Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow,
 E'en in its very motion there was rest;
 While ev'ry breath of eve that chanc'd to blow,
 Wafted the trav'ler to the beautiful west.
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is giv'n,
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll
 Right onward to the golden gates of heav'n.
 Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

WILSON.

 THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep:
 A rest for weary pilgrims found:
 They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
 Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the wintry sky,
 No more disturbs their deep repose,

Than summer ev'ning's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose,

I long to lay this painful head,
And aching heart, beneath the soil ;
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

The grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide ;
O listen!—I will speak no more :—
Be silent, pride !

Art thou a mourner ? hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights ?

O live ! and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past .
Rely on Heav'n's unchanging will
For peace at last.

Tho' long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam ;
Live ! thou shalt reach h' shelt'ring port,
A quiet home.

Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of pow'r the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heav'nly balm.

Whate'er thy lot—where'er thou be—
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod ;
And in thy chast'ning sorrows see
The hand of God.

A bruised reed he will not break
Afflictions all his children feel ;

He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal!

Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate, his providence adore:
'Tis done! arise! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

Now, traveller in the vale of tears!
To realms of everlasting light,
Thro' Time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
And while the mould'ring ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heav'n's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day!

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
SHALL NEVER DIE!

MONTGOMERY.

THE DOVE.

The dove let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay;

Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from earthly care,
From pride and passion free,
Aloft, through faith and love's pure air,
To hold my course to thee.

No lure to tempt, no art to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

MOORE.

THE DECEITFULNESS OF THE WORLD.

IN the morning of life, when its sweet sunny smile
Shines bright on our path, we may dream we are
blest,

We may look on the world as a gay fairy isle,
Where sorrow's unknown, and the weary have
rest.

But the brightness that shone, and the hopes we
enjoy'd,

Are clouded ere noon, and soon vanish away;
While the dark beating tempest, on life's stormy
tide,

Obscures all the sweets of the morning's bright
ray.

Then where are those bowers, in some gay happy
plain,

Where hope ne'er deceives, and where love is aye
true;

Where the brightness of morning shines on but to
gain

A sunshine as bright and as promising too?

Oh ! ask for if not, in this valley of sighs,
 Where we smile but to weep, and we ne'er can
 find rest ;
 For the world we would wish, shines afar in the
 skies,
 Where sorrow's unknown—'tis the home of the
 blest !

WEIR.

HEAVENLY MINSTREL.

Enshron'd upon a hill of light,
 A heav'nly minstrel sings ;
 And sounds, unutterably bright,
 Spring from the golden strings.
 Who would have thought so fair a form
 Once bent beneath an earthly storm !
 Yet was he sad and lonely here ;
 Of low and humble birth
 And mingled, while in this dark sphere,
 With meanest sons of earth
 In spirit poor, in look forlorn,
 The jest of mortals and the scorn.
 A crown of heav'nly radiance now,
 A harp of golden strings,
 Glitters upon his deathless brow,
 And to his hymn-note rings.
 The bow'r of interwoven light
 Seems, at the sound, to grow more bright.
 Then while with visage blank and sear,
 The poor in soul was seen,
 Let us not think what he is here,
 But what he soon will be ;

THE SACRED LYRE.

And look beyond this earthly night,
To crowns of glory, and bow'rs of light.

EDMESTON.

EVENING HYMN FOR FAMILY WORSHIP

O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

And wilt thou bend a list'ning ear,
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

And Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray!
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And are we less than they?

O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace!

Thus chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led;
The sun of Holiness shall shine,
In glory on our head.

And thou wilt turn our wand'ring feet,
And thou wilt bless our way;
'Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

H. K. WHITE.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unutter'd or express;
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air;
 His watchword at the gates of death.
 He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways;
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And say, "Behold he prays!"

The saints in prayer appear as one
 In word, and deed, and mind,
 When with the Father and his Son,
 Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
 The Holy spirit pleads;
 And Jesus on the eternal throne
 For sinners intercedes.

O thou by whom we come to God,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way;

The path of prayer thyself hast trod
 Lord teach us how to pray.

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN.

AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake,
 Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake ;
 We sing the Saviour of our race,
 The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.

When God's right arm is bared for war,
 And thunders clothe his cloudy car,
 Where, where, O where, shall man retire,
 To escape the horrors of his ire?

'Tis he, the Lamb, to him we fly,
 While the dread tempest passes by ;
 God sees his Well-beloved's face,
 And spares us in our hiding-place.

Thus while we dwell in this low scene,
 The Lamb is our unfailing screen ;
 To him, though distant, still we run,
 And God still spares us for his Son.

While yet we sojourn here below,
 Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow ;
 Fall'n, abject, mean, a sentenc'd race,
 We deeply need a hiding-place.

Yet courage—days and years will glide,
 And we shall lay these clouds aside ;
 Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
 And wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood.

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
 We through the Lamb shall be decreed ;

Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.

H. K. WHITE.

ON A SKULL.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul.
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul:
Behold through each lack-lustre eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And passions hot that never brook'd control.
Can all saint, sage, or sophist, ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

BYRON.

THE OCEAN AN IMAGE OF ETERNITY.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the wat'ry plain
The wrecks are all thy dead, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and un-
known.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he
wields

For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,

And send'st him shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hopes in some near fort or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth:—here let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou.
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—

The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,
 alone.

TRUST IN THE SA¹ HOUR.

Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the Morn ;
Not seldom Evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
To the confiding Bark, untrue ;
And if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draw lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord !
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die ;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify !

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And ask'd for peace with suppliant knee ;
And peace was given—nor peace alone,
But faith, and hope, and ecstasy !

WORDSWORTH.

LOVE.

FROM THE CURSE OF KENAN.

THEY sin who tell us Love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell.
Earthly these passions, are of earth;
They perish where they have their birth.
But Love is indestructible ;

Its holy flame for ever burneth,
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppress'd,
 It here is tried and purified,
 And hath in heaven its perfect rest;
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest-time of Love is there.
 O! when a mother meets on high
 The babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
 The day of wo, the anxious night,
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight!

SOUTHEY.

TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul,
 No lovelier spirit than thine,
 E'er burst from its mortal control,
 In the orb of the blessed to shine.
 On earth thou wert all but divine,
 As thy soul shall immortally be;
 And our sorrow may cease to repine
 When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb!
 May its verdure like emeralds be,
 There should not be the shadow of gloom
 In aught that reminds us of thee.
 Young flowers and an evergreen tree
 May spring from the spot of thy rest;
 But not yew, nor yew let us see;
 For why should we mourn for the blest?

BYRON.

HYMN.

BEHOLD! th' Ambassador Divine,
 Descending from above,
 To publish to mankind the law
 Of everlasting love!

On him, in rich effusion pour'd,
 The heav'nly dew descends;
 And truth divine he shall reveal
 To earth's remotest ends.

No trumpet-sound, at his approach,
 Shall strike the wond'ring ears;
 But still and gentle breathe the voice
 In which the God appears.

By his kind hand the shaken reed
 Shall raise its falling frame;
 The dying embers shall revive,
 And kindle to a flame.

The onward progress of his zeal
 Shall never know decline,
 Till foreign lands and distant isles
 Receive the law divine.

He who spread forth the arch of heav'n,
 And bade the planets roll,
 Who laid the basis of the earth,
 And form'd the human soul,—

Thus saith the soul, 'Thee have I sent,
 A Prophet from the sky—
 Wide o'er the nations to proclaim
 The message from on high.'

Before thy face the shades of death
 Shall take to sudden flight;

The people who in darkness dwell
Shall hail a glorious light ;

The gates of brass shall sunder burst,
The iron fetters fall ;
The promis'd Jubilee of Heav'n
Appointed rise o'er all.

And lo ! presaging thy approach,
The heathen temples shake,
And, trembling in forsaken fanes,
The fabled idols quake.

I am Jehovah : I am One :
My name shall now be known ;
No Idol shall usurp my praise,
Nor mount into my throne.

Lo, former scenes, predicted once,
Conspicuous rise to view ;
And future scenes, predicted now,
Shall be accomplish'd too.

Now sing a new song to the Lord !
Let earth his praise resound :
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.

O city of the Lord ! begin
The universal song ;
And let the scattered villages
The joyful notes prolong.

Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice ;
And let the tenants of the rock
With accent rude rejoice.

THE SACRED LYRE.

O from the streams of distant land
Unto Jehovah sing !
And joyful from the mountains' tops
Shout to the Lord the King !

Let all combin'd with one accord
Jehovah's glories rise,
Till in remotest bounds of earth
The nations sound his praise.

LOGA

AT A FUNERAL.

BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given ;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven !

Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay ;
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour !

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And Fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle-day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly t'wards the tomb,
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come ?

Turn mortal, turn ! thy danger know ·
 Where'er thy foot can tread,
 The earth rings hollow from below,
 And warns thee of her dead !

Turn, Christian, turn ! thy soul apply
 To truths divinely given ;
 The bones that underneath thee lie
 Shall live for Hell or Heaven !

HEBER

ANOTHER

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not de-
 plore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
 tomb ;
 Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before
 thee
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through
 the gloom !

Thou art gone to the grave !—we no longer behold
 thee,
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy
 side ;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to infold
 thee,
 And sinners may die, for the sinless ~~have~~ died !

Thou art gone to the grave !—and, its mansion
 forsaking,
 Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long ;
 But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy
 waking,
 And the sound which thou heard'st was the
 seraphim's song !

Thou art going to the grave—but we will not de-
 plore thee, [guide;
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and
 He gave thee—He took thee—and He will restore
 thee, [died!
 And Death has no sting, for the Saviour has

OMNISCIENCE.

God sits enthron'd in yonder sky,
 Beyond the cloudless blue;
 And though unseen to every eye,
 • All opens to his view.

He sees those awful depths below,
 Which angels cannot trace;
 Nor can we from his presence go,
 Or find a hiding place.

That eye eternity surveys,
 As if no cloud was there;
 And worlds on which we nightly gaze,
 His awful presence share.

The dead, whose scatter'd atoms lie,
 On earth, or in the deep,
 Cannot escape that piercing eye,
 Which ne'er was clos'd in sleep.

That eye which saw creation rise,
 Shall see its final close;
 Nor seek to slumber in the skies,
 For God needs no repose.

Omniscience! who can speak of thee!
 Our thoughts no limits find;
 'Tis like that dread eternity—
 Or God's almighty mind.

CALVARY.

My dearest child suppress that sigh,
 And wipe the tear-drop from thine eye,—
 Come tell me where did Jesus die?

Upon the hill of Calvary.

Where was our blessed Saviour, when
 Surrounded by the wrath of men,
 Yet murmur'd not nor did complain?

Upon the hill of Calvary.

Where was our Saviour at that hour,
 When earth and hell o'er him had power;
 When darkness veil'd the noonday hour?

Upon the hill of Calvary.

Where was the Saviour of our race,
 When the rocks startled from their place;
 And the sun shrinking hid its face?

Upon the hill of Calvary.

Where was our Saviour when the grave,
 Threw back its cov'ring like a wave,
 And freedom to its prisoners gave?

Upon the hill of Calvary.

Where was he when his blessed voice
 Bade the poor penitent rejoice,
 With promise of a paradise?

Upon the hill of Calvary.

Where was our Saviour when he cried,
 "My God, my God, why dost thou hide
 Thy face," which ne'er was turn'd aside?

Upon the hill of Calvary.

Where was he when he bow'd his head,
 As he "'tis finish'd," calmly said,
 And then was number'd with the dead?

Upon the hill of Calvary.

Where was he when the foes of man,
 With terror to earth's centre ran,
 Struck with salvation's wondrous plan?

• Upon the hill of Calvary.

Where should the sinner turn his eye,
 When something whispers he must die,
 And hell's dark snares before him lie?

To nought, to nought but Calvary.

When friends prove false, and none are near,
 Our dark desponding hearts to cheer,
 Where should we look thro' sorrow's tear?

• Up to the hill of Calvary.

'Midst every scene of joy or woe
 Whilst in this vale of tears below,
 What should we ever wish to know?

A something more of Calvary.

When the proud Atheist dares blaspheme
 Our blessed Saviour's holy Name,
 What then should be our cheerful aim?

To think the more of Calvary.

When sorrows rise on every side,
 And death our dearest ties divide,
 Where should our hopes alone confide?

On him that died on Calvary.

When sickness comes to you and me,
 And the soul struggles to be free,—
 What should faith's eye enraptured see?

The glorious hopes of Calvary.

Where will the ransom'd sinner gaze,
 'Midst all the joy which heav'n displays,
 When thinking on his former ways?

Back to the hill of Calvary.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day !
 Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
 The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
 The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
 Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
 That yester-morn bloom'd waving in the breeze :
 Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
 The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
 Calmness sits thron'd on yon unmoving cloud.
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
 The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale;
 And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
 Warbles his heaven-tun'd song ; the lulling brook
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen ;
 While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
 O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
 The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

• GRAHAME.

THE SEASONS MORALIZED.

BEHOLD the changes of the skies
 And see the circling seasons rise ;
 Hence let the mournful truth, refin'd,
 Improve the beauty of the mind.
 Winter late, with dreary reign,
 Rul'd the wide unjoyous plain ;
 Gloomy storms with solemn roar,
 Shook the hoarse resounding shore -
 Sorrow cast her sadness round,
 Life and joy forsook the ground ;
 Death, with wild imperious sway,
 Bade the expiring world decay.

THE SACRED LYRE

Now cast around thy raptur'd eyes
And see the beautiful Spring arise ;
See flowers invest the hills again,
And streams re-murmur o'er the plain.
Hark ! hark ! the joy-inspiring grove
Echoes to the voice of Love.
Balmy gales the sound prolong,
Wafting round the woodland song.

Such the scenes our life displays ;
Swiftly fleet our rapid days.
The hour that rolls for ever on
Tells us our years must soon be gone ;
Sudden death, with mournful gloom,
Sweeps us downward to the tomb :
Life, and health, and joy, decay,
Nature sinks and dies away.

But the soul, in gayest bloom,
Disdains the bondage of the tomb ;
Ascends above the clouds of ev'n,
And, raptur'd, hails her native Heav'n,
Youth, and peace, and purity, there
For ever dance around the year ;
An endless joy invest the pole,
And streams of ceaseless pleasure roll ;
Sighs and joy, and grace divine,
With bright and lasting glory shine ;
Jehovah's smile, with heav'nly ray,
Diffuses clear unbounded day.

DR. DWIGHT, OF AMERICA.

TO THE FLYING FISH

When I have seen thy snowy wing,
O'er the blue wave at evening, spring,

And give those scales, of silver white,
 So gaily to the eye of light,
 As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
 And lie amid the glorious skies;
 Oh! it has made me proudly feel,
 How like thy wing's impatient zeal
 Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
 Upon the world's ignoble breast,
 But takes the plume that God has given,
 And rises into light and heaven!

But when I see that wing, so bright,
 Grow languid with a moment's flight,
 Attempt the paths of air, in vain,
 And sink into the waves again;
 Alas! the flatt'ring pride is o'er;
 Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
 But erring man must blush, to think,
 Like thee, again, the soul may sink!

Oh! Virtue, when thy clime I seek.
 Let not my ~~spirit's~~ flight be weak:
 Let me not, like this feeble thing,
 With brine still dropping from its wing,
 Just sparkle in the solar glow,
 And plunge again to depths below:
 But, when I leave the grosser throng
 With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
 Let me, in that aspiring day,
 Cast every ling'ring stain away,
 And, panting for thy purer air,
 Fly up at once and fix me there!

THE SACRED LYRE

MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain !

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile :
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The Heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone !

Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With Wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! oh, Salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learn'd Messiah's name !

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransom'd Nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign !

THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

THERE is a family on earth,
 Whose Father fills a throne :
 But, though a seed of heav'nly birth
 To men they're little known.

Whene'er they meet the public eye,
 They feel the public scorn ;
 For men their fairest claims deny,
 And count them basely born.

But 'tis the King who reigns above,
 That claims them for his own :
 The favour'd objects of his love,
 And destin'd to a throne.

The honours that belong to them,
 By *men* are set at nought ;
 Whatever shines not *thy* contemn,
 Unworthy of a thought !

But, ah ! how little they reflect !
 For, mark th' unerring word !
 "That which with men has most respect,
 Is odious to the Lord."

Were honours evident to sense,
 Their portion here below ;
 The world would do them reverence,
 And all their claims allow.

But, when the King himself was here,
 His claims were set at nought :
 Would they another lo^e-prefer ?
 Rejected be the thought !

No ! they will tread, while here below,
 The path their Master trod ;

Content all honour to forego
But that which comes from God.

And when the King again appears,
He'll vindicate his claim ;
Eternal honours shall be theirs ;
Their foes be filled with shame.

KELLY.

WALKING WITH GOD.

OH ! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame ;
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word ?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O ! holy Dove, return
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;

So purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

THE SABBATH.

SWEET day of rest ! for thee I'd wait,
Emblem and earnest of a state
Where saints are fully blest !
For thee I'd look, for thee I'd sigh !
I'd count the days, till thou art nigh,
Sweet day of sacred rest.

• But oft (with shame I will confess,)
My privilege my burden is,
No joy, alas ! have I :
When I would take my harp and sing,
I find it oft without a string,
And lay it coldly by.

But while I thus confess my shame,
'Tis right that I should praise his name,
Who makes me sometimes sing.
Yes, Lord, (I'll speak it to thy praise,)
My cheerful song I sometimes raise,
And triumph in my King.

O let the case be always so,
My song no interruption know,
Till death shall seal my tongue.
In heav'n a nobler strain I'll raise,
And rest from ev'ry thing but praise ;
My heav'n an endless song.

KELLY.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;

Rise from transitory things
 T'wards heav'n thy native place.
 Sun and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course .
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source.
 So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upwards tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon the Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies.
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be giv'n,
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

ANON

CONFESSION.

O LORD, my God, in mercy turn,
 In mercy hear a sinner mourn !
 To thee I call, to thee I cry,
 O leave me, leave me not to die !

O pleasures, past, what are ye now
 But thorns about my bleeding brow !
 Spectres, that hover round my brain,
 And aggravate and mock my pain,

For pleasure, I have given my soul ;
 Now justice, let thy thunders roll ;
 Now vengeance smile—and with a blow
 Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

Yet Jesus, Jesus ! there I'll cling,
 I'll crouch beneath his shelt'ring wing ;
 I'll clasp the cross, and holding there,
 Even me, oh bliss ! his love may spare.

H. K. WHITE.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill,
 The Lord is advancing—prepare ye the way ;
 The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
 And o'er the dark world pour the splendour of
 day.

Bring down the proud mountain, tho' tow'ring to
 heav'n.

And be the low valley exalted on high ;
 The rough path and crooked be made smooth and
 ev'n,

For, Sion ! your King, your redeemer is nigh.

The beams of salvation his progress illume,
 The lone dreary wilderness sings of her God ;
 The rose and the myrtle shall suddenly bloom,
 And the olive of peace spread its branches abroad.

DRUMMOND.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
 Star of the east the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant redeemer is laid !

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom, and off'rings divine;
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor!

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
 Star of the east the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

HEBER.

ADDRESS TO ~~THE~~ SUN.

NATURE is lavish of her loveliness,
 Until that loveliness, if not denied,
 Becomes a theme, which, whose would express,
 And dwell with fondness on, men half deride
 And even thou, bright Sun! who in thy pride,
 And gorgeous beauty, dost so oft'n set—
 Art scarcely notic'd :—many turn aside
 With cold indiff'rence from the scene, and yet
 'Tis one which he who feels—for hours may not
 forget!

Have I not found it such, when, at the close
 Of a long day in close confinement spent,

I've wander'd forth,—and seen thy disk repose
 On the horizon of the firmament?—
 O! I have gaz'd upon thee—with intent,
 And silent ardour, till I could have deem'd,
 The clouds which compass'd thee, by thee besprent
 With glory, as thy brightness through them
 gleam'd,—
 beautiful in themselves—with beautiful visions
 teem'd.

And I have look'd at them—until the story
 Of BUNYAN'S Pilgrims seem'd a tale most
 true:—
 How he beheld their entrance into glory—
 And saw them pass the pearly portal through:—
 Catching, meanwhile, a beatific view
 Of that bright city—shining like the sun,
 Whose glitt'ring streets appear'd of golden hue,
 And in them many men—their conflicts done,
 were walking, robed—with palms—and crowned
 every one!

For can imagination upward soar
 To thee, and to thy daily path on high,
 Nor feel, if it have never felt before,
 Fresh admiration of thy majesty?
 Thy home is in the beautiful blue sky!
 From whence thou lookest on this world of ours,
 As but one satellite thy beams supply [powers
 With light and gladness—thy exhaustless
 ll forth in other worlds sweet Spring's returning
 flowers.

Yes—as in this, in other worlds the same,
 The Seasons do thee homage—each in turn;
 Spring, with a smile, exults to hear thy name;
 Then summer woo's thy bright but brief sojourn

To bless her bowr's; while deeper ardours burn
 On Autumn's glowing cheek when thou art
 And even Winter half forgoes her stern [night
 And frigid aspect, as thy fright'ning eye
 Falls on her features pale, nor can thy pow'r deny

Yet—spite of all:—though thou appear'st to be
 The type of thy Creator; seeming source
 Of light and life, on earth, in air, in sea—
 To countless millions in thy mighty course:—
 Now listening to the dash of ocean hoarse.
 Upon its rocky marge; or to the sound
 Of stormy winds, rejoicing in their force;
 Or softer harmonies which float around
 From deep and verdant vales, or mountains' forest
 crown'd:—

And though on earth thou hast beheld the swiftness
 Of Time, which alters all things; and may'st
 look
 On pyramids as piles of yesterday, [now
 Which were not in thy birth:—although now
 Of earth, perchance, retain the form it took
 When first thou didst behold it:—even thou
 Must know, in turn, thy strength and glory
 strook;
 Must lose the radiant crown that decks thy
 brow,
 Day's regal sceptre yield,—and to a Mightier bow

For thou thyself art but a gauge of time,
 Whose birth with thy original did blend;
 Together ye began your course sublime,
 And as sublime will be your destin'd end.
 For, soon, or late, as Oracles portend,
 One final consummation shall ye meet:

Thou into nothingness again must wend,
 When this vast world dissolves with fervent
 heat ;—
 His revolutions end, his cycle be complete.

And then shall follow an eternal day,
 Illum'd by splendour far surpassing thine ;
 For He, who made thee, shall Himself display,
 And in the brightness of his glory shine,—
 Absorbing all, and making all divine :— [fall ;
 Before His throne the hosts of heaven shall
 And space itself shall be but as a shrine,
 Where everlasting praises cannot pall,
 Hur'd forth before THE LAMB, and God, the LORD
 OF ALL!

BERNARD BARTON.

A WISH.

OH for the dreamless rest of those ,
 That in the dust serenely sleep—
 That feel no more their own wild woes,
 That hear no more their kindred weep
 How blest are those that in the clay
 Forget the pangs this being gave !
 No fears appal, no hopes betray. ,
 The peaceful inmates of the grave.
 Though near the house of pray'r they lie,
 They never hear the Sabbath bell ;
 Nor when the funeral passes by,
 Start at the dead man's passing knell.
 Though whirlwinds wild o'er nature sweep,
 Though battles fill the world with woes,
 Though orphans wail, and widows weep,
 It ne'er disturbs their calm repose.

Though there no coral lip be prest,
 Though there shall heave no mutual sighs ;
 No cheek repose on beauty's breast—
 Yet oh ! how still the sleeper lies !

Though there no friendly hand shall shake
 The hand of friendship any more—
 What then?—the heart that wish'd to break
 Is broken, and the strife is o'er.

No tear-drops o'er the cold cheek start,
 No dark shades o'er the spirit wave ;
 No writhing pang distracts the heart,
 Of those that moulder in the grave.

Oh for the dreamless rest of those
 That in the grave serenely sleep—
 That feel no more their own wild woes,
 That hear no more their kindred weep !

AND

ON THE VANITY OF MONUMENTAL GRANDEUR

COULD we conceive ~~Death~~ ^{that} was indeed the close
 Of our existence, Nature might demand
 That, where the reliques of our friends repose
 Some record to their memory should stand
 To keep them unforgotten in the land :—
 Then, then indeed, urn, tomb, or marble base
 By sculptor's art elaborately plann'd [du
 Would seem a debt due to their mould'ring
 Though time would soon efface the perishable trace
 But hoping, and believing ; yea, through Faith
 Knowing, because His word has told us so
 That Christ, our Captain, triumph'd over Death
 And is the first fruits of the dead below ;—

That he has trod for man this path of woe,
 Dying—to rise again!—we would not grace
 Death's transitory spell with trophied show;
 As if that "shadowy vale" supply'd no trace
 To prove the grave is not our final dwelling-place.

Then be our burial-grounds, as should become
 A simple, but a not unfeeling race:
 Let them appear, to outward semblance, dumb
 As best befits the quiet dwelling-place
 Appointed for the prisoners of Grace,
 Who wait the promise by the Gospel given,—
 Which the last trump shall sound—the trembling
 base
 Of tombs, of temples, pyramids be riven,
 And all the dead arise before the hosts of Heaven!

Oh! in that awful hour, of what avail
 Unto the "spiritual body" will be found
 The costliest canopy, or proudest tale
 Recorded on it?—what avail the bound
 Of holy, or unconsecrated ground?
 As freely will the unencumber'd sod
 Be cleft asunder at that trumpet's sound,
 As Royalty's magnificent abode;
 As pure its inmate rise, and stand before his God.
BERNARD BARTON.

NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time to rest;
 How sweet when labours close,
 To gather round an aching breast
 The curtain of repose!
 Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
 Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams ;
 The gay romance of life,
 When truth that is and truth that seems
 Blend in fantastic strife ;
 Ah ! visions less beguiling far
 Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil ;
 To plough the classic field,
 Intent to find the buried spoil
 Its wealthy furrows yield ;
 Till all is ours that sages taught,
 That poets sang, or heroes wrought,

Night is the time to weep ;
 To wet with unseen tears
 Those graves of memory, where sleep
 The joys of other years ;
 Hopes that were angels in their birth,
 But perished young, like things on earth !

Night is the time to watch ;
 On Ocean's dark expanse,
 To hail the Pleiades, or catch
 The full Moon's earliest glance,
 That brings unto the home-sick mind
 All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care ;
 Brooding on hours mis-spent
 To see the spectre of Despair
 Come to our lonely tent ;
 Like Brutus midst his slumb'ring host,
 Start'ed by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse ;
 Then from the eye the soul

Takes flight, and with expanding views
 Beyond the starry pole,
 Descries athwart the abyss of night
 The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray ;
 Our Saviour oft withdrew .
 To desert mountains far away,
 So will his followers do ;
 Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
 And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death ;
 When all around is peace,
 Calmly to yield the weary breath,
 From sin and suffering cease ;
 Think of Heav'n's bliss and give the sign
 To parting friends—such death be mine !

MONTGOMERY.

NATURE.

THE God of nature and of grace
 In all his works appears ;
 His goodness through the earth we trace,
 His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
 By him in wisdom plann'd ;
 'Twas he who girded, like a robe,
 The ~~ocean~~ round the land.

Lift to the firmament your eye,
 Thither his path pursue ;
 His glory, boundless as the sky,
 O'erwhelms the wond'ring view.

He bows the heav'ns—the mountains stand,
 A highway for their God;
 He walks amidst the desert land,—
 'Tis Eden where he trod.

The forests in his strength rejoice,
 ' Hark !, on the evening breeze,
 As one of old, the Lord God's voice
 Is heard among the trees.

Here on the hills he feeds his herds,
 His flocks on vonder plains;
 His praise is warbled by the birds;
 O could we catch their strains !,

Mount with the lark, and bear our song
 Up to the gates of light;
 Or, with the nightingale, prolong
 Our numbers through the night !

In ev'ry stream his bounty flows,
 Diffusing joy and wealth;
 In ev'ry breeze his Spirit blows,
 The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous show'rs
 Upon the lap of earth,
 That teems with foliage, fruit, and flow'rs,
 And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
 Where sin and death abound,

How beautiful beyond compare
 Will Paradise be found.

MONTGOMERY

TO THE MORNING LARK.

' FEATHER'D lyric ! warbling high,
 Sweetly gaining on the sky—

Opening with thy matin lay,
 Nature's Hymn, the eye of day,
 Teach my soul, on early wing,
 Thus to soar, and thus to sing!

While the bloom of orient light
 Guides thee in thy tuneful flight,
 May the Day-spring from on high,
 Seen by Faith's religious eye,
 Cheer me with his vital ray,
 Promise of eternal day!

ANON.

 THE DIAL.

THIS shadow on the Dial's face,
 That steals from day to day,
 With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
 Moments, and months, and years, away;
 This shadow, which, in every clime,
 Since light and motion first began,
 Hath held its course sublime;—
 What is it?—Mortal Man!
 It is the scythe of Time:
 —A shadow only to the eye;
 Yet, in its calm career,
 It levels all beneath the sky
 And still, through each succeeding year,
 Right onward, with resistless power,
 Its stroke shall darken every hour,
 Till Nature's race be run,
 And Time's last shadow shall eclipse the sun.

Nor only o'er the Dial's face,
 This silent phantom, day by day,
 With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
 Steals moments, months, and years, away;

From hoary rock and aged tree,
 From proud Palmyra's mould'ring walls,
 From Teneriffe, towering o'er the sea,
 From every blade of grass it falls;
 For still, where'er a shadow sweeps,
 The scythe of Time destroys,
 And man at every footstep weeps
 O'er evanescent joys ; [morn,
 Life's flowerets glitt'ring with the dews of
 Fair for a moment, then for ever shorn ;
 —Ah ! soon, beneath the inevitable blow,
 I too shall lie in dust and darkness low.
 Then Time, the Conqueror, will suspend
 His scythe, a trophy, o'er my tomb,
 Whose moving shadow shall portend
 Each frail beholder's doom.
 O'er the wide earth's illumin'd space,
 Though Time's triumphant flight be shown,
 The truest index on its face
 Points from the church-yard stone.

MONTGOMFRY.

MORTALITY.

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud !
 Like a fast flitting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
 A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave—
 He passes from life to his rest in the grave
 The leaves of the oak and the willow's shall fade,
 Be scatter'd around, and together be laid ;
 And the young and the old, and the low and the
 high,
 Shall mould'ring to dust, and together shall lie.
 The child that a mother attended and lov'd,
 The mother that infant's affection that prov'd,

The husband that mother and infant that blest,
Each—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in
whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her and
prais'd,
Are alike from the minds of the living eras'd.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The bow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climb'd with his goats to the
steep,
The beggar that wander'd in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoy'd the communion of heaven,
The sinner that dar'd to remain unforgiv'n,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same things that our fathers have
been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same
sun, [run.
And we run the same course that our fathers have

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would
think, { would shrink,
From the death we are shrinking from, they too
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling—
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

'They lov'd—but their story we cannot unfold;
'They scorn'd—but the heart of the haughty is cold,
'They griev'd—but no wail from their slumbers
may come,
They joy'd—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died! and we things that are now,

Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road

Yea, hope, and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain ;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the
dinge,

Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
O Why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

•KNO₃•

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

THE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,

A silent lamb to slaughter led,
The bruise'd, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind!

Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By Power oppress'd, and mock'd by Pride!
Oh, God! is this the crucified!

Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—The Lord is come!

THEB R.

ON THE DEATH OF A LOVELY INFANT.

~~Woe! then a~~ stranger from the world of bliss?
Some little seraph wand'ring from thy sphere,
Which came to tarry for a night in this,—
And with the light of morn to disappear?

Tell us, sweet babe, what made thee lose thy way
Amidst those stars which deck the azure sky?
Tell us, sweet babe, why with the morning's ray
Thy spirit wing'd again its flight on high?

Did something vex thee in this world below,
Or did some angel trace thy wand'ring path?
And to prevent thy days and nights of woe,
Allur'd thee back beyond the stream of death.

Yet, thou art happy though thy mould'ring bark,
Must lie for ages on time's stormy shore,

Where all is lone, and desolate, and dark,
But where its loudest tempests vex no more.

Yes, thou art happy, and thy pure delight,
Recalls no more thy silent wand'rings here ;
For every sin of that short fleeting night,
Was laid on *one*, and paid with many a tear.

Oh ! 'twas enough, poor wand'rer of an hour,
To touch time's verge and breathe its very sigh ,
To make thee pass death's vale, whose dark'ning
lower,
Must open up the portals of the sky. &

WEEK.

HEAVEN.

THE golden palace of my God
Tow'ring above the clouds I see :
Beyond the cherub's bright abode,
Higher than angels' thoughts can be.
How can I in those courts appear
Without a wedding garment on ?
Conduct me, Thou life-giver, there,
Conduct me to thy glorious throne !
And clothe me with thy robes of light,
And lead me through sin's darksome night,
' My Saviour and my God !

RUSSIAN POETRY

THE NATIVITY.

WHEN Jordan hush'd his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion hill ;
When Bethl'hem's shepherds through the night
Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light

Hark ! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murm'ring o'er the raptur'd soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky ;
Heav'n bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came ;
High heav'n with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung

O Zion ! lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See, Mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn ;
~~Behold, she~~ binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.

He comes ! to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart :
Again the Day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bow'rs of Eden bloom !

O Zion ! lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

CAMPBELL.

THE TRIALS OF VIRTUE.

PLAC'D on the verge of youth, my mind
 Life's op'ning scene survey'd !
 I view'd its ills of various kind,
 Afflicted and afraid.

But chief my fear the dangers mov'd,
 That virtue's path inclose :
 My heart the wise pursuit approv'd ;
 But, oh, what toils oppose !

For see ! ah see ! while yet her ways
 With doubtful step I tread,
 A hostile world, its terrors raise
 Its snares delusive spread.

Oh how shall I, with heart prepar'd,
 Those terrors learn to meet ?
 How from the thousand snares to guard
 My inexperience'd feet ?

As thus I mov'd, oppressive sleep
 Soft o'er my temples drew
 Oblivion's veil.—The wat'ry deep,
 An object strange and new,

Before me rose : on the wide shore
 Observant as I stood,
 The gathering storms around me roar,
 And heave the boiling flood.

Near and more near the billows rise ;
 Ey'n now my steps they lave !
 And death to my affrighted eyes
 Approach'd in ev'ry wave.

What hope, or whither to retreat !
 Each nerve at once unstrung,

Chill fear had fetter'd fast my feet,
And chain'd my speechless tongue.

I felt my heart within me die;
When sudden to mine ear
A voice, descending from on high,
Reprov'd my erring fears:

' What tho' the swelling surge thou see
' Impatient to devour :
' Rest, mortal, rest on God's decree,
' And thankful own his pow'r.

Know, when he bade the deep appear,
" Thus far," the Almighty said,
" Thus far, nor farther, rage; and here
" Let thy proud waves be stay'd.

I heard ; and, lo ! at once control'd,
The waves ; in wild retreat,
Back on themselves reluctant roll'd,
And murmur'ing left my feet.

Deeps to assemble deeps in vain
Once more the signal gave :
The shores the rushing weight sustain,
And check th' usurpin' wave.

Convinc'd, in Nature's volume wise,
The imagin'd truth I read ;
And sudden from my waking eyes
Th' instructive vision fled.

' Then why thus heavy, O my soul !
' Say why, distrustful still,
' Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
' O'er scenes of future ill ?
' Let faith suppress each rising fear,
' Each anxious doubt exclude :

‘ Thy Maker’s will has plac’d thee here,
 ‘ A Maker, wise and good !’

‘ He too thy ev’ry trial knows
 ‘ Its just restraint to give ;
 ‘ Attentive to behold thy woes,
 ‘ And faithful to relieve.

‘ Then why thus heavy, O my soul !
 ‘ Say why, distrustful still,
 ‘ Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
 ‘ O’er scenes of future ill?

‘ Tho’ griefs unnumber’d throng thee round
 ‘ Still in thy God confide,
 ‘ Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
 ‘ And curbs the headlong tide.’

MERRICK.

PARTED LOVE.

“ Thou wert too like a dream of heaven
 For earthly love to merit thee.”

We parted, and we knew it was for ever—

We knew it, but we parted ; then each thought
 And inmost feeling of our souls, which never
 Had else been breath’d in words, rush’d forth
 and sought

Their sweet home in each other’s hearts, and there
 They lived and grew ’mid sadness and despair.

It was not with the bonds of common love

Our hearts were knit together ; they had been
 Silent companions in those griefs which move

And purify the soul, and we had seen
 Each other’s strength and truth of mind, and hence
 We loved with passion’s holiest confidence.

We parted (as our hearts had loved) in duty
 To Heaven and virtue, and we both resign'd
 Our cherish'd trust—I all her worth and beauty,
 And she th' untold devotion of my mind;
 We parted in mute anguish, but we bent
 Lowly to Him whose love is chastisement.

She rests in Heaven, and I—I could not follow :
 My soul was crush'd, not broken : and I live
 To think of all her love ; and feel how hollow
 Are the sick gladnesses the world can give.
 I live in faith and holy calm, to prove
 My heart was not unworthy of such love.

ANON.

TO DEATH.

METHINKS it were no pain to die
 On such an eve, when such a sky
 O'ercanopies the West ;
 To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
~~and~~ like an infant, fall asleep
 On earth, my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in yon sea
 Of endless blue tranquillity :

These clouds are living things :
 I trace their veins of liquid gold,
 I see them solemnly unfold
 Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that convey
 Us weary children of a day,—
 Life's tedious nothing o'er,—
 Where neither passions come, nor woes,
 To vex the genius of repose
 . On DEATH's majestic shore.

THE SACRED LYRE.

No darkness there divides the way
 With startling dawn and dazzling day ;
 But gloriously serene
 Are the interminable plains ;—
 One fix'd, eternal sunset reigns
 O'er the wide, silent scene.

I cannot doff all human fear ;
 I know thy greeting is severe
 To this poor shell of clay ;
 Yet come, O DEATH ! thy freezing kiss
 Emancipates ! thy rest is bliss !
 I would I were away.

From the German of GLUCK.

MAGDALENE'S HYMN.

FROM "THE CITY OF THE PLAGUE."

The air of death breathes through our souls,
 The dead all round us lie ;
 By day and night the death-bell tolls,
 And says, " Prepare to die."

The face that in the morning sun
 We thought so wond'rous fair,
 Hath faded, ere his course was run,
 Beneath its golden hair.

I see the old man in his grave
 With thin locks silv'ry-grey ;
 I see the child's bright tresses wave
 In the cold breath of the clay.

The loving ones we lov'd the best,
 Like music all are gone !
 And the wan moonlight bathes in rest
 Their monumental stone.

But not when the death-prayer is said
 The life of life departs ;
 The body in the grave is laid,
 'Tis beauty in our hearts.

At holy midnight voices sweet
 Like fragrance fill the room,
 And happy ghosts with noiseless feet
 Come bright'ning from the tomb.

We know who sends the visions bright,
 From whose dear side they came !
 — We veil our eyes before thy light,
 We bless our Saviour's name !

This frame of dust, this feeble breath
 The plague may soon destroy ;
 We think on Thee, and feel in death
 A deep and awful joy.

Dim is the light of vanish'd years
 In the glory yet to come ;
 O idle grief ! O foolish tears !
 When Jesus calls us home.

Like children for some bauble fair
 That weep themselves to rest ;
 We part with life—awake ! and there
 The jewel in our breast !

WILSON.

THE VILLAGE CLERGYMAN.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild ;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year !
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place.
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise ;
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain ;
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
 The ruin'd spendthrift now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd ,
 * The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away !
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were
 * won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learned to
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ; [glow,
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave, e'er charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And ev'n his failings lean'd on virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
 And, as a bird, each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt his new fledg'd offspring to the skies ;
 He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd :
 † The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
 Despair and anguish fled the trembling soul ;

Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place:
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest, [smile.
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.

PROVIDENCE.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds, ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust Him for His grace;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Untolding ev'ry hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His works in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

COWPER.

WISDOM AND VIRTUE SOUGHT FROM GOD

~~SUPREME~~ and universal Light!
 Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
 Parent of good! whose blessings flow
 On all above, and all below

Without whose kind directing ray,
 In everlasting night we stray,
 From passion still to passion tost,
 And in a maze of error lost;

Assist me, Lord, to act, to be,
 What nature and thy laws decree;
 Worthy that intellectual flame
 Which from thy breathing Spirit came.

My mortal freedom to maintain,
 Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
 Self-pois'd, and independent still
 On this world's varying good or ill.

No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
 O may my steadfast bosom bear
 The stamp of heav'n, an honest heart,
 Above the mean disguise of art.

May my expanded soul disdain
 The narrow view, the selfish aim;
 But with a Christian zeal embrace
 Whate'er is friendly to my race.

O Father ! grace and virtue grant !
 No more I wish, no more I want:
 To know, to serve thee, and to love,
 Is peace below, is bliss above.

HENRY MOORE.

MORNING

WHEN day-light breaks, and sheds his rays
 abroad ;

Turn from the splendour of his sunny glow ;
 Let thy soul leave the earth, and soar to God,
 As the sweet flower turns to the sun below,
 And drinks the blessed rays which from his bright-
 ness flow.

Oh ! let not nature's praises soar on high,
 Ere thy lips open with its morning pray'r ;
 Let not the larks shrill music fill the sky,
 Ere thy heart lifts its aspirations there ;
 But let the dawn of morn thy orisons declare.

Morn is the time, to see thy pray'rs begun ;
 For morning hymn'd the young Creation's
 birth ;

And the grave open'd with the morning sun,
 When man's redemption was complete on earth ;

And morn shall see our God in judgement coming
forth.

Serve God at morn, that solemn hallow'd hour,
When nature wakes, as from the sleep of death,
When the glad song^d from mountain, grove, and
bow^{er}, [neath,
Is heard through heaven, and on the earth be-
Serve God, let him receive thy morning's early
breath.

Happy the day, whose first beam bears thy song
On his bright wing, up to the gate of heaven,
Where thy faint praises mingle with that throng,
Who rest not from their hallelujahs morn or
even,
To whom the glorious palm of victory is given.

Happy the day, whose hours are thus begun ;
A day from storms, and every tempest free,
Though clouds may rise, the splendour of the sun
Will make the darkness and the shadows flee,
As mist from mountain tops when ~~the~~ the morn-
ing see.

Happy the day,—there's promise in its close ;
A brighter promise than the morning gave ;
For when its sunset o'er creation throws
A lustre, and then sparkles on the wave,
Its parting beam shall rest all glorious on thy grave.
WEIR.

CHRIST'S PASSIONS.

No more of earthly subjects sing ;
To heaven, my muse, aspire ;
To raise the song, charge ev'ry string,
And strike the living lyre.

Begin, in lofty numbers show
 Th' Eternal King's unfathom'd love,
 Who reigns thy Sov'reign God above,
 And suffers on the cross below.
 Prodigious pile of wonders ! rais'd too high
 For the dim ken of frail mortality.
 What numbers shall I bring along ?
 From whence shall I begin the song.
 The mighty mystery I'll sing, inspir'd,
 Beyond the reach of human wisdom wrought,
 Beyond the compass of an angel's thought,
 How by the rage of man has God expir'd.
 I'll make the trackless depths of mercy known,
 How to redeem his foe God render'd up his Son ;
 I'll raise my voice to tell mankind
 The victor's conquest o'er his doom ;
 How in the grave he lay confin'd,
 To seal more sure the rav'nous tomb.
 Three days, th' infernal empire to subdue ;
 He pass'd triumphant through the coasts of woe ;
 With his own dart the tyrant Death he slew,
 And led Hell captive through her realms below.
 A mingled sound from Calvary I hear,
 And the loud tumult thickens on my ear,
 The shouts of murd'ers, that insult the slain,
 The voice of torment, and the shrieks of pain.
 I cast my eyes with horror up
 To the curst mountain's guilty top ;
 See there ! whom hanging in the midst I view !
 Ah ! how unlike the other two !
 I see him high above his foes,
 And gently bending from the wood .
 His head in pity down to those .
 Whose guilt conspires to shed his blood .
 His wide extended arms I see
 Transfix'd with nails, and fasten'd to the tree .

Man, senseless man! canst thou look on,
 Nor make thy Saviour's pains thy own?
 The rage of all thy grief exert,
 Rend thy garments and thy heart:
 Bent thy breast, and grovel low,
 Beneath the burden of thy woe;
 Bleed through thy bowels, tear thy hairs,
 Breathe gales of sighs, and weep a flood of tears.
 Behold thy King, with purple cover'd round;
 Not in the Tyrian tinctures dyed,
 Nor dipt in poison of Sidonian pride;
 But in his own rich blood that streams from every
 wound.

Dost thou not see the thorny circle red?
 The guilty wreath that blushes round his head!
 And with what rage the bloody scourge applied
 Curles round his limbs, and ploughs into his side.
 At such a sight let all thy anguish rise;
 Break up, break up the fountains of thy eyes.
 Here bid thy tears in gushing torrents flow,
 Indulge thy grief, and give a loose to woe.
 Weep from thy soul, till earth be drowned;
 Weep, till thy sorrows drench the ground.
 Canst thou, ungrateful man! his torments see,
 Nor drop a tear for him, who pours his blood for
 thee?

PITT.

 THE ROSE.

How fair is the Rose! what a beautiful flow'r!
 The glory of April and May!
 But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
 And they wither and die in a day.
 Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
 Above all the flow'rs of the field:

When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield. [lost,

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Tho' they bloom and look gay like the rose ;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain ;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade ;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty :
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

WATTS.

THE 'NUNC DIMITTIS'

'Tis enough—the hour is come :
Now within the silent tomb
Let this mortal-frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay ;
Since thy mercies, oft of old
By thy chosen seers foretold,
Faithful now and steadfast prove,
God of truth, and God of love !
Since at length my aged eye
Sees the day-spring from on high !
Son of righteousness, to thee,
Lo ! the nations bow the knee ;
And the realms of distant kings
Own the healing of thy wings.
Those whom death had overspread
With his dark and dreary shade,
Lift their eyes, and from afar
Hail the light of Jacob's Star ;
Waiting till the promis'd ray
Turn the darkness into day.

See the beams intensely shed,
 Shine o'er Sion's favour'd head !
 Never may they hence remove,
 God of truth and God of love !

MERRICK.

 HYMN.

When our heads are bow'd with woe,
 When our bitter tears o'erflow ;
 When we mourn the lost, the dear,
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
 Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
 Thou hast shed the human tear ;
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the sullen death-bell tolls
 For our own departed souls ;
 When our final doom is near,
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou hast bow'd the dying head ;
 Thou the blood of life hast shed ;
 Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier ;
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the heart is sad within
 With the thought of all its sin ;
 When the spirit shrinks with fear,
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
 Tho' the sins were not Thine own,
 Thou hast deign'd their load to bear,
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

HEBER.

HYMN.

The son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain ;
 His blood-and banner streams afar !
 Who follows in his train ?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain,
 Who patient bears his cross below,
 He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave ;
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And call'd on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He pray'd for them that did the wrong !
 Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came ;
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
 And mock'd the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
 The lion's gory mane :
 They bow'd their necks, the death to feel !
 Who follows in their train ?

A noble army—men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light array'd.

They climb'd the steep ascent of Heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain !

Oh, God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

HEBER.

HYMN.

Oh, God! my sins are manifold,
Against my life they cry,
And all my guilty deeds foregone
Up to thy temple fly;
Wilt Thou release my trembling soul,
That to despair is driven?
"Forgive!" a blessed voice replied,
"And thou shalt be forgiven."

My foemen, Lord! are fierce and fell,
They spurn me in their pride,
They render evil for my good,
My patience they deride;
"Arise, oh, King! and be the proud
To righteous ruin driven,
"Forgive!" an awful answer came,
"As thou wouldst be forgiven!"

Seven times, oh, Lord! I pardon'd them,
Seven times they sinn'd again:
They practise still to work me woe,
They triumph in my pain;
But let them dread my vengeance now,
To just resentment driven!
"Forgive!" the voice of thunder spake,
"Or never be forgiven!"

HEBER.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Oh, Saviour, whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below;

To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe !

Incarnate Word ! by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who liv'd to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us, died !

If gaily cloth'd and proudly fed,
In dang'rous wealth we dwell ;
Remind us of thy manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell !

If, prest by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
Oh, may thy Spirit whisper near,
How poor a lot was thine !

Through fickle fortune's various scene
From sin preserve us free !
Like us thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with Thee !

THE STRANGER'S FUNERAL.

FAR from his home beyond the wave,
The stranger sicken'd and he died ;
No tears were shed around his grave,
And there no friend with sorrow sigh'd.
They plac'd him in the lowly tomb ;
They laid the mould upon his breast ;
Yet never thought an hour would come
To wring an absent parent's breast.
Though now the mournful task is done,
And o'er his bed the night-winds sigh
Afar, a mother hails her son,
And thinks she sees his sparkling eye !

She thinks, (and hope believes the tale,
 For who could say it was untrue?)
 When some auspicious fav'ring gale,
 Will waft him from his long adieu.

Oh! could that sun¹ which saw his shroud
 Afar, the mournful tale declare,
 Then Hope would sink behind a cloud,
 A dreary cloud of dark Despair.

They laid him in the lonely grave,
 Unnoticed there he softly sleeps;
 Nor will he hear from o'er the wave,
 That sorrow—while a Mother weeps.

But why! oh why should sorrow's tear,
 E'er wring a weeping Mother's breast?
 For he who died, though lonely here,
 Is happy,—and for aye at rest.

And though² no parent saw him die,
 Not friendly hand his eyelid clos'd;
 One friend beheld him from the sky,
 And on his bosom he repos'd.

It matters not, what distant clime,
 Receives the body's mould'ring clay;
 For it shall rise when Death and Time,
 No more will triumph o'er decay.

WEIR

THE ANT.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
 We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
 Without our regard or concern:
 Yet as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
 There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
 Some lessons of wisdom³ might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,

And for winter they lay up their stores.

They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and
the storms,

And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want.

Nor provide against dangers in time:

When death or old age shall stare in my face,

What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,

If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now, while my beauty and strength are in
bloom, [shall come,

Let me think what will serve me when sickness

And pray that my sins be forgiv'n:

Let me read in good books, and believe and obey,

That, when death turns me out of this cottage of

I may dwell in a palace in heaven. [clay.

WATTS.

MAN.

How poor! how rich! how abject! how august!

How complicate! how wonderful is Man!

How passing wonder he who made him such!

Who centred in our make such strange extremes!

From different natures marvellously mixt.

Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!

Distinguish'd link, in being's endless chain

Midway from nothing to the Deity!

A beam ethereal sullied, and absorb'd!

Tho' sullied, and dissolv'd, still divine!

Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
 Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !
 A worm ! a god ! I tremble at myself ;
 And in myself am lost ! at home a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
 And wond'ring at her own ; how reason reels !
 O what a miracle to man is man !
 Triumphantly distress'd, what joy, what dread !
 Alternately transported and alarm'd !
 What can preserve my life, or what destroy ?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

YOUNG.

A HYMN TO CHRIST JESUS, THE ETERNAL
LIFE.

WHERE shall the tribes of Adam find
 The sovereign good to fill the mind ?
 Ye sons of moral wisdom, show
 The spring whence living waters flow.

Say, will the stoic's flinty heart
 Melt, and this cordial juice impart ?
 Could Plato find these blissful streams,
 Amongst his raptures and his dreams ?

In vain I ask ; for nature's power
 Extends but to this mortal hour ;
 'Twas but a poor relief she gave
 Against the terrors of the grave.

Jesus, our kineman, and our God,
 Array'd in Majesty and blood,

Thou art our life ; our souls in thee
Possess a full felicity.

All our immortal hopes are laid
In thee, our surety, and our head ;
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,
Are big with glories yet unknown.

Let Atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme
The Eternal Life, and Jesus' name ;
A word of his Almighty breath
Dooms the rebellious world to death.

But let my soul for ever lie
Beneath the blessings of thine eye ;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, to taste thy love. WATTS

THE COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

Few are the days, and full of woe, . .
O man or woman born !
Thy doom is written, ' Dust thou art,
' And shalt to dust return.'

Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head ;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

Alas ! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span ;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.

Gay is thy morning ; flattering hope
Thy sprightly step attends ;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.

Before its splendid hour, the cloud
 Comes o'er the beam of light ;
 A pilgrim in a weary land,
 Man tarries but a night.

Behold ! sad emblem of thy state,
 The flowers that paint the field ;
 Or trees, that crown the mountain's brow.
 And boughs and blossoms yield.

When chill the blast of Winter blows,
 Away the Summer flies,
 The flowers resign their sunny robes,
 And all their beauty dies.

Nipt by the year, the forest fades ;
 And, shaking to the wind,
 The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
 The wilderness behind.

The Winter past, reviving flow'rs
 Anew shall paint the plain ;
 The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
 And flourish green again :

But man departs this earthly scene,
 Ah ! never to return !
 No second spring shall e'er revive
 The ashes of the urn.

Th' inexorable doors of death
 What hand can e'er unfold ?
 Who from the cerements of the tomb
 Can raise the human mold ?

The mighty flood that rolls along
 Its torrents to the main,
 The waters lost can ne'er recall
 From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages, dark
 Descending down to night,
 Can never, never be redeem'd
 Back to the gates of light.

So man departs the living scene,
 To night's perpetual gloom;
 The voice of mourning ne'er shall break
 The slumbers of the tomb.

Where are our father's? whither gone
 The mighty men of old?
 The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
 In sacred books enroll'd?

Gone to the resting-place of man,
 The everlasting home,
 Where ages past have gone before,
 Where future ages come.

Thus nature pour'd the wail of woe,
 And urg'd her earnest cry;
 Her voice in agony extreme
 Ascended to the sky.

Th' Almighty heard; then from his throne
 In majesty he rose;
 And from the heaven, that open'd wide,
 His voice in mercy flows.

When mortal man resigns his breath,
 And falls a clod of clay,
 The soul immortal wings its flight
 To never-setting day.

Prepar'd of old, for wicked men,
 The bed of torment lies;
 The just shall enter into bliss
 Immortal in the skies.

LOGAN.

THE SACRED LYRE.

MY BIRTHDAY.

"My birthday!"—what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears !
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears !

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old ;
And, as Youth counts the shining links,
That Time around him binds so fast,
Pleas'd with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.
Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said *—"were he ordain'd to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he *had* done."—
Ah! 'tis not thus the voice, that dwells
In sober birthdays, speaks to me ;
Far otherwise—of time it tells,
Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly—
Of counsel mock'd—of talents, made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines—
Of nursing many a wrong desire—
Of wandering after Love too far,
And taking every meteor fire,
That cross'd my path-way, for his star!
All this it tells, and, could I trace,
Th' imperfect picture o'er again,
With power to add, retouch, efface,
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,

* *Fontenelle*.—"Si je recommençais ma carrière, je ferais tout ce que j'ai fait."

How little of the past would stay !
 How quickly all should melt away—
 All—but that Freedom of the Mind,
 Which hath been more than wealth to me ;
 Those friendships, in my boyhood twin'd,
 And kept till now unchangingly,
 And that dear home, that saving ark,
 Where Love's true light at last I've found,
 Cheering within, when all grows dark,
 And comfortless, and stormy round !

MOORE.

SEARCHING AFTER GOD.

My God, I love and I adore ;
 But souls that love, would know thee more.
 Wilt thou for ever hide, and stand
 Behind the labours of thy hand ?
 Thy hand unseen sustains the poles
 On which this huge creation rolls :
 The starry arch proclaims thy power,
 Thy pencil glows in every flower :
 In thousand shapes and colours rise
 Thy painted wonders to our eyes ;
 While beasts and birds with lab'ring throats,
 Teach us a God in thousand notes.
 The meanest pin in Nature's frame,
 Marks out some letter of thy name.
 Where sense can reach, or fancy rove,
 From hill to hill, from field to grove,
 Across the waves, around the sky,
 There's not a spot, or deep or high,
 Where ~~the~~ Creator has not trod,
 And left the footstep of a God ?

But are his footsteps all that we
 Poor grov'ling worms, must know or see ?

Thou Maker of my vital frame,
 Unveil thy face, pronounce thy name,
 Shine to my sight, and let the ear
 Which thou hast form'd, thy language hear
 Where is thy residence? Oh, why
 Dost thou avoid my searching eye,
 My longing sense? Thou Great Unknown
 Say, do the clouds conceal thy throne?
 Divide, ye clouds! and let me see
 The Power that gives me leave to be.

Or art thou all diffus'd abroad
 Through boundless space, a present God,
 Unseen, unheard, yet ever near?
 What shall I do to find Thee here?
 Is there not some mysterious art
 To feel thy presence at my heart?
 To hear thy whispers soft and kind,
 In holy silence of the mind?
 They rest my thoughts; nor longer roam
 In quest of joy, for heaven's at home.

But, oh! thy beams of warmest love!
 Sure they were made for worlds above.
 How shall my soul her powers extend,
 Beyond where time and nature end,
 To reach those heights, thy best abode,
 And meet thy kindest smiles, my God?
 What shall I do? I wait thy call;
 Pronounce the word, my Life, my All.
 O for a wing to bear me far
 Beyond the golden morning-star!
 Fain would I trace th' immortal way,
 That leads to courts of endless day,
 Where the Creator stands confess'd,
 In his own fairest glories dress'd.
 Some shining spirit help me rise,

Come waft a stranger thro' the skies;
 Bless'd Jesus! meet me on the road,
 First offspring of th' eternal God;
 Thy hand shall lead a younger son;
 Clothe me with vestures yet unknown,
 And place me near my Father's throne.

WATTS.

RETIREMENT.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
 From strife and tumult far;
 From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With pray'r and praise agree;
 And seem by thy sweet bounty made,
 For those who follow thee.

There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God!

There like the nightingale she pours
 Her solitary lays,
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and guardian of my life,
 Sweet source of life divine,
 And (all harmonious names in one)
 My Saviour, thou art mine!

What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
 A boundless, endless store,

Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

(OWPER.)

HYMN

Praise to Jehovah.

SING to the Lord with joyful voice,
Let every land his name adore ;
Ye favour'd British isles, rejoice,
And sound his praise from shore to shore.

Nations, attend before his throne,
With solemn fear and sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create and he destroy.

His pow'rful word, which all things made,
Gave life to clay and form'd us men .
And, when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker ! to thy name.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the Heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command ,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

WATTS.

THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE-HYMN.

SLEEP, sweet babe ! my cares beguiling :
 Mother sits beside thee smiling :
 Sleep, my darling, tenderly !
 If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
 Singing as her wheel she turneth ;
 Come, soft slumber, balmily !

THE CHAPEL OF WILLIAM TELL.

MARK this holy chapel well !
 The Birth-place, this, of WILLIAM TELL,
 Here, where stands God's altar dread,
 Stood his parents' marriage-bed.
 Here first, an infant to her breast,
 Him his loving mother prest ;
 And kiss'd the babe, and bless'd the day,
 And pray'd as mothers use to pray.
 " Vouchsafe him health, O God ! and give
 The child thy servant still to live !"
 But God hath destin'd to do more
 Through him, than through an armed power.
 God gave him reverence of laws,
 Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause—
 A spirit to his rocks akin,
 The eye of the Hawk, and fire therein !
 To Nature and to Holy Writ
 Alone did God the boy commit :
 Where flash'd and roar'd the torrent, oft
 His soul found wings, and soar'd aloft !
 The straining oar and chamois chase
 Had form'd his limbs to strength and grace :

On wave and wind the boy would toss,
Was great, nor knew how great he was !

He knew not that his chosen hand,
Made strong by God, his native land
Would rescue from the shameful yoke
Of *Slavery*—the which he broke !

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of heaven's joy,
Sphere born, harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse.
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ,
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ;
And to our high-rai'd phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure consent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee ;
Where the bright seraphim, in burning row
Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow ;
And the cherubic host, in thousand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just sp'rits that wear victorious palms.
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly :
That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motions
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood [sway'd
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O, may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long

To his celestial concert us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light!

MILTON.

THE BURIAL ANTHEM.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wip'd from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burthen of the flesh,
And from care and fear releas'd,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er,
And borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode;
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus
Upon his father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail:
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now
And we seal thy narrow bed:

But thy spirit, brother, soars away
 Among the faithful blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

MILMAN.

ON THE ETERNITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.

HAIL, wond'rous Being, who in power supreme
 Exists from everlasting! whose great name
 Deep in the human heart, and ev'ry atom
 The Air, the Earth, or azure Main contains,
 In undecypher'd characters is wrote—
Incomprehensible!—O what can words,
 The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,
 Or what can thoughts (tho' wild of wing they rove
 Thro' the vast concave of th' æthereal round)?
 If to the Heav'n of Heav'ns they wing their way
 Advent'rous, like the birds of night they're lost,
 And delug'd in the flood of dazzling day.

May then the youthful, uninspired Bard
 Presume to hymn th' Eternal? may he soar
 Where Seraph and where Cherubim on high
 Resound th' unceasing plaudits, and with them
 In the grand chorus mix his feeble voice?

He may—if thou, who from the witless babe
 Ordainest honour, glory, strength, and praise,
 Uplift th' unpolish'd Muse, and deign'st to assist,
 Great Poet of the Universe! his song.

Before this earthly Planet wound her course
 Round Light's perennial fountain; before Light
 Herself 'gan shine, and at th' inspiring word
 Shot to existence in a blaze of day,
 Before the Morning-Stars together sang,
 And hail'd Thee Architect of countless worlds,
 Thou art—All-glorious, All-beneficent,
 All Wisdom and Omnipotence—Thou art.

But is the æra of Creation, fix'd
 At when these worlds began? Could aught retard
 Goodness, that knows no bounds, from blessing ever;
 Or keep th' immense Artificer in sloth?
 Avaunt the dust-directed crawling thought,
 That Puissance immeasurably vast,
 And Bounty inconceivable, could rest
 Content, exhausted with one week of action!
 No—in th' exertion of thy righteous pow'r,
 Ten thousand times more active than the Sun,
 Thou reign'd and with a mighty hand compos'd
 Systems innumerable, matchless all,
 All stamp'd with thine uncounterfeited seal.

But yet (if still to more stupendous heights
 The Muse unbalm'd her aching sense may strain)
 Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,
 The best of Beings on the noblest theme
 Might ruminate at leisure, scope immense!
 Th' Eternal Pow'r and Godhead to explore,
 And witness itself th' Omniscient Mind replete.
 This were enough to fill the boundless All,
 This were a Sabbath worthy the Supreme!
 Perhaps enthron'd amidst a choicer few
 Of spirits inferior, he might greatly plan
 The two prime Pillars of the Universe,
 Creation and Redemption—and awhile
 Pause—with the grand presentiments of glory,
 Perhaps—but all's conjecture here below,
 All ignorance, and self-plum'd vanity—
 O Thou, whose ways to wonder at's distrust,
 Whom to describe's presumption (all we can,
 And all we may be glorified, be prais'd.

A day shall come when all this earth shall perish,
 Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; it shall come,
 When all the armies of the elements
 Shall war against themselves, and mutual rage,

To make Perdition triumph ; it shall come,
 When the capacious atmosphere above
 Shall in sulphureous thunders groan, and die,
 And vanish into void ; the earth beneath
 Shall sever to the centre, and devour
 Th' enormous blaze of the destructive flames.
 Ye rocks that mock the ravings of the floods,
 And proudly frown upon th' impatient deep,
 Where is your grandeur now ? Ye foaming waves,
 That all along th' immense Atlantic roar,
 In vain ye swell ; with a few drops suffice
 To quench the inextinguishable fire ?
 Ye mountains, on whose cloud-crown'd tops the
 Are lessen'd into shrubs magnific piles, [cedars,
 That prop the painted chamber of the heavens,
 And fix the earth continual ; Athos, where ?
 Where, Teneriffe, 's thy stateliness to-day ?
 What, Ætna, are thy flames to these ? No more
 Than the poor glow-worm to the golden sun.

Nor shall the verdant valleys then remain
 Safe in their meek submission ; they the debt
 Of nature and of justice too must pay.
 Yet I must weep for you, ye rival fair,
 Arno and Andalusia ; but for thee
 More largely, and with filial tears must weep,
 O Albion ! O my country, Thou must join,
 In vain dis severed from the rest, must join
 The terrors of th' inevitable ruin.

Nor thou, illustrious monarch of the day ;
 Nor thou, fair queen of night ; nor you, ye stars,
 Tho' million leagues and million still remote,
 Shall yet survive that day ; ye must submit,
 Sharers, not bright spectators of the scene.

But tho' the earth shall to the centre perish,
 Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos ; tho' the air
 With all the elements must pass away,

Vain as an idiot's dream ; tho' the huge rocks,
 That brandish the tall cedars on their tops,
 With humbler vales must to perdition yield ;
 Tho' the gilt sun, and silver-tressed moon,
 With all her bright retinue must be lost :
 Yet thou, Great Father of the world, surviv'st
 Eternal, as thou wert. Yet still survives
 The soul of man immortal, perfect now,
 And candidate for unexpiring joys.

He comes ! he comes ! the awful trump I hear ;
 The flaming sword's intolerable blaze
 I see ! He comes ! th' Archangel from above.
 " Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
 " Awake incorruptible, and arise :
 " From east to west, from the Antarctic pole
 " To regions Hyperborean, all ye sons,
 " Ye sons of Adam, and ye heirs of heaven—
 " Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
 " Awake incorruptible, and arise."

'Tis then, nor sooner, that the restless mind
 Shall find itself at home ; and like the ark,
 Fix'd on the mountain top, shall look aloft
 O'er the vague passage of precarious life ;
 And wings and waves, and rocks and tempests, past,
 Enjoy the everlasting calm of Heaven :
 'Tis then, nor sooner, that the deathless soul
 Shall justly know its nature and its rise :
 'Tis then the human tongue, new-tun'd, shall give
 " Praises more worthy the Eternal ear.

Yet what we can, we ought ;—and therefore Thou,
 Purge Thou my heart, Omnipotent and good !
 " Purge Thou my heart, with hyssop, lest, like Cain,
 I offer fruitless sacrifice, and with gifts
 Offend, and not propitiate the Ador'd.
 Tho' Gratitude, were blest with all the powers
 Her bursting heart could long for ; tho' the swift,

'The fiery wing'd Imagination soar'd
 Beyond Ambition's wish—yet all were vain
 To speak him as he is, who is ineffable.
 Yet still let Reason thro' the eye of Faith
 View him with fearful love ; let Truth pronounce,
 And adoration on her bended knee,
 With heav'n-directed hands, confess his reign,
 And let the angelic, archangelic band,
 With all the host of Heav'n, cherubic forms,
 And forms seraphic, with their silver trump
 And golden lyres attend —“ For thou art holy,
 “ For thou art one, th' Eternal, who alone
 “ Exerts all goodness, and transcends all praise !”

SMART.

THE IGNORANCE OF MAN.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant griev'd
 With hunger, thirst, and pain ;
 That asks to have the wants reliev'd
 It knows not to complain,

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
 And utters, as it can,
 The woes that in its bosom rise,
 And speak its nature —man.

That infant, whose advancing hour
 Life's various sorrows try ;
 (Sad proof of sin's transmissive pow'r)
 That infant, Lord, am I.

A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
 Though long in years mature ;
 Unknowing whence I feel distress,
 And where, or what, its cure.

Author of good ! to thee I turn :
 Thy ever-wakeful eye
 Alone can all my wants discern ;
 Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
 Thy love my footsteps guide ;
 That love shall vainer loves expel ;
 That fear all fears beside.

And, oh ! by error's force subdued,
 Since oft my stubborn will
 Prepost'rous shuns the latent good,
 And grasps the specious ill ;

Not to my wish, but to my want,
 Do thou thy gifts apply :
 Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant ;
 What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

MERRICK.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. MR. KENNETH
 BAYNE, GREENOCK.

If sorrow's holiest tears could bring
 Thy spirit from its native skies,—
 Then might we hope that pity's wing
 Would waft thee back from paradise !
 But all our sorrow is unknown,
 In that blest place where thou art gone.

Farewell ! farewell ! beloved shade,—
 Long shall thy memory linger here,
 Till they that lov'd thee too are dead,
 And mingling in another sphere ;
 Where death's cold hand can never tear,
 The ties that bound us shortly here.

Oh ! happy was that change to thee,
 When death appear'd without a frown ;
 And life—and 'immortality—
 Display'd thy bright unfading crown !
 For thou wert faithful to the call,
 Which rais'd thee as a guide to all.

Well may they weep, who round thee hung,—
 The church shall long thy loss deplore ;
 For oh that heart is cold,—that tongue
 On earth, shall praise our God no more ;
 For thou hast join'd the hosts above,
 Who triumph through redeeming love !

No more by care and sorrow worn,
 Thy voice reproves each dull delay ;
 And oh ! no more shall they who mourn,
 Hear thy kind voice in sorrow's day ;
 And who shall them conduct and guide,
 On life's tempestuous swelling tide ?

" Still trust in God ! " our hearts may hear
 The parting words—the last he gave,
 When death's cold hand was ling'ring near
 Which brought him quickly to the grave !
 That bed from which none shall arise,
 Till heaven's last thunder rends the skies.

Then, may our souls devoutly think,
 From life one step divides the tomb ;
 We're standing on an awful brink,
 And moments soon will seal our doom !
 Yes ! all who mourn his sudden call,
 Must soon obey—it speaks to all !

THE FEMALE SUICIDE.

SHE left her infant on the Sunday morn,
 A creature doom'd to shame¹ in sorrow born ;
 A thing that languish'd, nor arrived at age,
 When the man's thoughts with sin and pain en-
 gage—

She came not home to share our humble meal,
 Her father thinking what his child would feel
 From his hard sentence—still she come not home.
 The night grew dark, and yet she was not come ;
 The east wind roar'd, the sea return'd the sound,
 And the rain fell as if the world were drown'd :
 There were no lights without, and my goodman,
 To kindness frighten'd, with a groan began
 To talk of Ruth, and pray ;² and then he took
 The Bible down, and read the holy book ;
 For he had learning : and when that was done
 We sat in silence—whither could we run ?
 We said, and then rush'd frighten'd from the door,
 For we could bear our own conceit no more :
 We call'd on neighbours—there she had not been ;
 We met some wand'ers—ours they had not seen ;
 We hurried o'er the beach, both north and south,
 Then join'd, and wander'd to our haven's mouth :
 Where rush'd the falling waters wildly out,
 I scarcely heard the goodman's fearful shout,
 Who saw a something on the billow ride,
 And—Heaven have mercy on our sins ! he cried,
 It is my child³ !—and to the present hour
 So he believes—and spirits have the power.

And she was gone ! the waters wide and deep
 Roll'd o'er her body as she lay asleep.
 She heard no more the angry waves and wind,
 She heard no more the threat'ning of mankind ;

Wrapt in dark weeds, the refuse of the storm,
 To the hard rock, was borne her comely form!
 But O! what storm was in that mind? what strife,
 That could compel her to lay down her life?
 For she was seen within the sea to wade,
 By eye at distance, when she first had pray'd;
 Then to a rock within the hither shoal
 Softly and with a fearful step she stole;
 Then, when she gain'd it, on the top she stood
 A moment still—and dropt into the flood!
 The man cried loudly, but he cried in vain,—
 She heard not then—she never heard again!

She had, pray, Heav'n!—she had that world in
 sight,
 Where frailty mercy finds, and wrong has right;
 But sure, in this, her portion such has been,
 Well had it still remain'd a world unseen!

(RABBE.)

HYMN.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes I past unhurt,
 And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
 Made every region please;
 The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
 And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in ev'ry heart,
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
While in the confidence of pray'r
My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life.
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

THE COMMON LOT

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
 There liv'd a man :—and WHO WAS HE?
 —Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast,
 That Man resembled Thee.

Unknown the regions of his birth,
 The land in which he died unknown :
 His name has perish'd from the earth,
 This truth survives alone .—

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
 Alternate triumph'd in his breast ;
 His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear !
 —Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
 The changing spirits' rise and fall ;
 We know that these were felt by him,
 For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd—but his pangs are o'er ;
 Enjoy'd—but his delights are fled ;
 Had friends—his friends are now no more ;
 And foes—his foes are dead.

He lov'd,—but whom he lov'd, the grave
 Hath lost, in its unconscious womb :
 O she was fair ! but nought could save
 Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen ;
 Encounter'd all that troubles thee :
 He was—whatever thou hast been ;
 He is what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,

Erewhile his portion, Life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky.
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN !

MONTGOMERY.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O, Death !

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer ;
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the Earth !

The banquet hath its hour,
Its fev'rish hour of mirth, and song, and wine ;
There comes a day for Grief's o'erwhelming
power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine !

Youth and the op'ning rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee!—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey !

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,

And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O, Death

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there;

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O, Death!

HEMANS.

TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY.

"Thou thy worldly task hast done."
SHAKESPEARE.

High peace to the soul of the dead,
From the dream of the world she has gone;
On the stars in her glory to tread,
Till bright in the blaze of the throne.

In youth she was lovely, and time,
 When her rose with the cypress he twined,
 Left the heart all the warmth of its prime,
 Left her eye all the light of her mind.

The summons came forth—and she died !
 Yet her parting was gentle, for those
 Whom she lov'd, mingled tears at her side—
 Her death was the mourner's repose.

Our weakness may weep o'er her bier,
 But her spirit has gone on the wing
 To triumph for agony here,
 To rejoice in the joy of its King.

CANTATA.

 SECOND PSALM.

WHEREFORE do the heathen wage
 War against the King of kings,
 Whence the people's madd'ning rage
 Fraught with vain imaginings ?

Haughty chiefs and rulers proud
 Forth in banded fury run,
 Braving, with defiance loud,
 God, and his anointed son !

“ Let us break these bands in twain,
 Let us cast their cords away ; ”
 But the Highest, with disdain,
 Sees and mocks their vain array.

“ High on Zion I prepare,
 (Thus he speaks,) a regal throne,
 Thou, my Prince, my chosen heir,
 Rise and claim it as thine own.”

“ Son of God, with God the same,
 Enter thine imperial dome
 Lo! the shaking heavens proclaim,
 Mightiest Lord! thy kingdom come.

“ Pomp or state dost thou demand?
 In thy Father's glory shine;
 Dost thou ask for high command?
 Lo! the universe is thine.”

Ye who spurn his righteous sway,
 Yet, oh yet, he spares your breath;
 Yet his hand, averse to slay,
 Balances the bolt of death.

Ere that dreadful bolt descends,
 Haste before his feet to fall;
 Kiss the sceptre he extends,
 And adore him Lord of all.

R. GRANT.

ODE TO SPRING

Now Spring returns, but not to me returns
 The vernal joy my better years have known;
 Dim in my breast, life's dying taper burns,
 And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
 Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
 Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
 And count the silent moments as they pass.

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
 No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
 Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
 And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Of morning dreams presage approaching fate,
 And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true;
 Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
 And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of wo;
 I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore;
 The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
 Which mortals visit, and returns no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
 Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
 Where Melancholy with still silence reigns,
 And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless
 ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
 When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes;
 The world and all its busy follies leave,
 And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
 When death shall shut these weary aching eyes:
 Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
 Till the long night is gone, and the last morn

LINES

*Written by Lord Byron, a few weeks before his
 death, on the blank leaf of a Bible.*

WITHIN this awful volume lies
 The mystery of mysteries;
 Happiest they of human race •
 To whom their God has given grace

To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
 To lift the latch, to force the way;
 And better had they ne'er been born,
 Than read to doubt, or read to scorn.

THE POOR MAN'S PRAYER

As much have I of worldly good
 As e'er my Master had,
 I diet on as dainty food
 And am as richly clad,
 Tho' plain my garb, tho' scant my board.
 As Mary's Son and Nature's Lord.

The manger was his infant bed,
 His home the mountain-cave,
 He had not where to lay his head,
 He borrow'd e'en his grave;
 Earth yielded him no resting spot,
 Her maker, but she new him not.

As much the world's good-will I share,
 Its favours and applause,
 As He whose blessed name I bear,
 Hated without a cause;
 Despis'd, rejected, mock'd by pride,
 Betray'd, forsaken, crucified.

Why should I court my Master's foe?
 Why should I fear its frown?
 Why should I seek for rest below,
 Or sigh for brief renown?
 A pilgrim to a better land,
 An heir of joy at God's right hand.

THE BIBLE—A GUIDE.

WHAT is the world? a wildering maze,
Where sin hath track'd ten thousand ways

Her victims to ensnare;
All broad and winding, and aslope,
All tempting with perfidious hope,
All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng these roads
Bearing their baubles or their loads
Down to eternal night,
One humble path that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep ascends
From darkness into light.

Is there no guide to show that path?
The Bible—he alone who hath
The Bible need not stray.
But he who hath and will not give,
That light of life to all who live,
Himself shall lose the way.

MONTGOMERY.

EPITAPH ON A BELIEVER.

FORGIVE, blest shade, the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And staid thy progress to the realms of bliss.
No more confin'd to grov'ling scenes of earth,
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay,
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight
And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

MRS. STEELE.

MORNING HYMN

AWAKE, my soul and with the sun.
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
 Thy precious time mispent, redeem,
 Each present day, thy last, esteem ;
 Improve thy talent with due care,
 For the great day thyself prepare.
 In conversation be sincere,
 Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear.
 Think how the all-seeing God thy ways
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part ;
 Who all night long, unwearied sing
 High praise to the eternal King.
 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
 Scatter my sins as morning dew,
 Guard my first springs of thought and will
 And with thyself my spirit fill.
 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
 All I design, or do, or say ;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

BISHOP KERN

EVENING HYMN.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light.
 Keep me, O ! keep me, King of kings,
 Under thy own almighty wings.
 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 Thee that I this day have done ;

That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live—that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die—that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below .
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.' .

BISHOP KENN.

LINES

Written on the blank leaf of a Bible.

Hail ! blessed book thy page by me
Has been, alas ! too oft forgot ;
Though I have found when far from thee,
The world contain'd no sunny spot.

Would that this heart was just as free
From guilt, as when I first was taught
To read thy page, which bade me flee
From sin, in word, in deed, or thought.

Though cold neglect laid thee aside,
Though I have broke thy sacred law.

Still be to me my only guide,
And make a wretched sinner pause.

For oh, if aught our steps can guide,
To peace below, or bliss above ;
Thou canst, and nothing else beside,
For all thy precepts speak of love.

Yes, love to God and love to man,
From truth's own lips sublimely giv'n ;
While Jesus, and salvation's plan,
Bid sinners look from earth to Heaven.

Oh ! may that light which heaven can shed,
Shine forth as o'er thy page I pore—
Illumine my steps and dying bed,
And lead me to the eternal shore.

WEIR.

HAPPINESS.

One morning in the month of May
I wander'd o'er the hill ;
Tho' nature all around was gay,
My heart was heavy still.
Can God, I thought, the just, the great,
These meaner creatures bless,
And yet deny to man's estate
The boon of happiness ?
Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye blessed birds around,
In which of nature's wide domains
Can bliss for man be found !
The bird wild caroll'd over head,
The breeze around me blew,
And nature's awful chorus said—
Needless for man she knew.

I question'd Love, whose early ray
 So rosy bright appears,
 And heard the timid genius say
 His light was dimm'd by tears.

I question'd FRIENDSHIP: FRIENDSHIP sigh'd,
 And thus her answer gave—
 The few, whom fortune never turn'd
 Were wither'd in the grave!

I ask'd if VICE could bliss bestow?
 Vice boasted loud and well,
 But fading, from her wither'd brow
 The borrow'd roses fell.

I sought of FEELING, if her skill
 Could soothe the wounded breast;
 And found her mourning, faint, and still,
 For others' woes distress'd!

I question'd VIRTUE: Virtue sigh'd,
 No boon could she dispense—
 Nor virtue was her name, she cried,
 But humble penitence.

I question'd DEATH—the grisly shade
 Relax'd his brow severe—
 And “I AM HAPPINESS,” he said,
 “If virtue guides thee here.”

HEBR.

HYMN:

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face,
 O! how shall I appear?

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks
And trembles at the thought

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O ! how shall I appear ?

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

ANON

AN EVENING SERVICE.

The cold wind strips the yellow leaf,
The stars are twinkling faintly o'er us ;
All nature wears her garb of grief,
While day's fair book is clos'd before us.

The songs have ceased,—and busy men
Are to their beds of silence creeping ;
The pale, cold moon looks out again
On the tir'd world so softly sleeping.

Oh in an hour so still as this,
Care, and toil, and tumult stealing,

I'll consecrate an hour to bliss—
 To meek devotion's holy feeling ;
 And rise to Thee—to Thee, whose hand
 Unroll'd the golden Lamp of heaven ;
 Mantled with beauty all the land ;
 Gave light to morn, and shade to even
 Being, whose all-pervading might
 The laws of countless worlds disposes ;
 Yet gives the sparkling dew's their light—
 Their beauty to the blushing roses ;
 Thou Ruler of our destiny !
 With million gifts hast Thou supplied us.
 Hidd'n from our view futurity,
 Unveiling all the past to guide us.
 Tho' dark may be earth's vale, and damp,
 A thousand stars shine sweetly o'er us,
 And immortality's pure lamp
 Gladdens and gilds our path before .

BOWRING.

 THE SPRING FLOWER.

A LOVELY flower, at morning hour,
 Bloom'd sweetly on its parent stem ;
 But ere the day had died away,
 I saw no more the beautiful gem :
 Yet it had promis'd fair to view,
 For 'midst the storms its branches grew ;
 It was the earliest flower of spring,
 The first, of all its blossoming.
 But now untimely nipt it lies,
 Its every promise lost for ever ;
 And all the dewdrops from the skies
 May fall—but can revive it never.

Thus have I seen a flower as fair ;
 A doating parent's only joy,
 Bud forth, when storms were beating there,
 And wither in a milder sky.
 She withered,—but unlike the flower,
 Which hears no more the voice of spring,
 And never decks again the bower,
 Which saw its early blossoming.
 For when on earth, she fades and dies,
 She blooms afresh in paradise :
 A bud transplanted from our soil,
 To live, beside those living streams,
 Which ever, and forever smile
 Beneath those uncreated beams—
 Whose blessed light, and ceaseless ray,
 Make Heaven's eternal summers day.

WEIR.

‘VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS,’ PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come visit every pious mind ;
 Come pour thy joys on human kind.
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
 The Father's promis'd Paraclete !
 Thrice-holy fount, thrice holy fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire :
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring
 To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy sevenfold energy !

Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
 Whose pow'r does heaven and earth command.
 Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
 Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
 And crown thy gift with eloquence !

Refine and purge our earthly parts ;
 But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts !
 Our frailties help, our vice control,
 Submit the senses to the soul ;
 And when rebellious they are grown,
 Then lay thy hand, and hold them down,
 Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow,
 And, lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truth receive,
 And practise all that we believe :
 Give us thyself that we may see
 The Father, and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend th' Almighty Father's name :
 Thy Saviour son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to thee !

• • DRYDEN.

TO A LADY.

THINK not, because thy quiet day,
 In silent goodness steals away,
 Think not, because to me alone
 Thy deeds of cheerful love are known,
 That, in the grave's dark chamber laid,
 With thee those gentle acts shall fade.

From the low turf where virtue lies
 Shall many a bloodless trophy rise,
 Whose everlasting bloom shall shame
 The laurell'd conqueror's proudest name ;
 For there the hoary sire shall come,
 And lead his babes to kiss thy tomb,
 Whose manlier steps shall oft repair
 To bless a Parent buried there. .
 The youth, whose grateful thought reveres
 The hand that ruled his wayward years ;
 The tender maid, whose throbbing breast
 Thy gentle wisdom sooth'd to rest,
 And he who well thy virtues knew,
 When Fortune fail'd and friends were few ;
 All who thy blameless course approv'd,
 Who felt thy goodness, or who lov'd,
 Shall crowd around thy honour'd shrine,
 And weep and wish an end like thine.

BOWDLER.

 LINES.

REFLECTED on the lake, I love
 To see the stars of evening glow,
 So tranquil in the heavens above,
 So restless in the waves below.
 Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
 But earthly hope how bright so'er,
 Still fluctuates o'er this changeful scene,
 As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

HEBER

HYMN.

The invisible God.

WITH deepest rev'rence, at thy throne,
 Jehovah, peerless and unknow'n,

Our feeble spirits strive, in vain,
 A glimpse of thee, great God, to gain,
 Who, by thy closest search, can find
 Thy mighty uncreated mind?
 Nor men nor angels can explore
 Thy heights of love, thy depths of pow'r!
 We know thee not! but this we know,
 Thou reign'st above, thou reign'st below;
 And, though thine essence is unknown,
 To all the world thy pow'r is shown.
 That pow'r we trace on ev'ry side;
 O may thy wisdom be our guide;
 And while we live, and when we die,
 May thine almighty love be nigh.

REV. EDM. BUTCHER.

 HYMN
Liberal Judgement.

ALL-seeing God! 'tis thine to know
 The springs whence wrong opinions flow,
 To judge, by principles within,
 When frailty errs and when we sin.

Who, among men, high Lord of all,
 Thy servant to his bar shall call,
 For modes of faith judge him a foe,
 And doom him to the realms of woe?

Who with another's eye can read?
 Or worship by another's creed?
 Revering thy commands alone,
 We humbly seek, and use our own.

If wrong, forgive; approve, if right
 While, faithful, we obey our light,

THE SACRED LYRE

And, cens'ring none, are zealous still
To follow, as to learn, thy will.

When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people fashion'd in thy mould?
And charity our lineage prove,
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love!

JOHN SCOTT.

HAIL, source of pleasures ever new!
While thy kind dictates I pursue,
I taste a joy sincere;
Too high for little minds to know,
Who on themselves, alone, bestow
Their wishes and their care.

By thee inspir'd, the gen'rous breast,
In blessing others only blest,
With kindness large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to stay,
To teach the blind their smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.

O God! with sympathetic care,
In others' joys and griefs to share,
Do thou mine heart incline;
Each low, each selfish, wish control,
Warm with benevolence my soul
And make me wholly thine.

BLACKLOCK.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Like summer eve, when sunlight throws
A beauteous parting ray around;

And silent shades in peace repose
Upon the soft and dewy ground.

As still, as peaceful, and serene,
Is the last ray when life is done;
When Hope's bright beam, smiles o'er the scene
Which saw a glorious race begun.

What though around his couch may fall,
The dewdrops from kind pity's eye;
The happy spirit smiles on all,
And shines upon another sky.

Oh! such is life, whose parting ray
Throws lustre on a world of sorrow;
For as its brightness dies away,
There's promise of a glorious morrow.

WEIR.

PSALM.

On Providence.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,

My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
 Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

- Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds, I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

ADDISON.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
 On thee my hopes remain;
 And when the day of trouble comes,
 I shall not trust in vain.

Thou art our kind Preserver, from
 The cradle to the tomb:
 And I was cast upon thy care,
 Ev'n from my mother's womb.

In early years thou wast my guide,
 And of my youth the friend:
 And as my days began with thee,
 With thee my days shall end.

I know the Pow'r in whom I trust,
 The arm on which I lean;
 He will my Saviour ever be,
 Who has my Saviour been.

- In former times, when trouble came,
 Thou didst not stand afar;
 Nor didst thou prove an absent friend
 Amid the din of war.

My God, who causedst me to hope,
 When life began to beat,
 And when a stranger in the world,
 Didst guide my wand'ring feet ;
 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age,
 And evil days descend ;
 Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
 To mourn my latter end .
 Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
 In death I will adore ;
 And after death will sing thy praise,
 When time shall be no more .

HYMN TO VIRTUE

Ever lovely and benign,
 Endow'd with energy divine,
 Hail, Virtue ! hail ! From thee proceed
 The great design, the heroic deed,
 The heart that melts for human woes,
 Valour, and truth, and calm repose.
 Though fortune frown, though fate prepare
 Her shafts and wake corroding care,
 Though wrathful clouds involve the skies,
 Though lightnings glare and storms arise,
 In vain, to shake the guiltless soul,
 Chang'd fortune frowns, and thunders roll.
 Pile, Avarice, thy yellow hoard ;
 Spread, Luxury, thy costly board ;
 Ambition, crown thy head with bays ;
 Let Sloth recline on beds of ease ;
 Admir'd, ador'd, let Beauty roll
 The magic eye that melts the soul ;

Unless, with purifying fires,
 Virtue the conscious soul inspires ;
 In vain, to bar intruding woe,
 Wealth, Fame, and Power, and Pleasure, flow.

To me thy sovereign gift impart,
 The resolute unshaken heart,
 To guide me from the flow'ry way
 Where Pleasure tunes her syren lay :
 Deceitful path ! where shame and care
 The pois'nous shaft, conceal'd, prepare !
 And shield me with thy gen'rous pride.
 When fashion scoffs and fools deride.

Ne'er let ambition's meteor ray
 Mislead my reason and betray
 My fancy with the gilded dream
 Of hoarded wealth and noisy fame.
 But let my soul, consenting, flow,
 Compassionate of other's woe.
 Teach me the kind endearing art
 To heal the mourner's broken heart,
 To ease the rankling wounds of care,
 And soothe the frenzy of despair.

So, lovely virgin, may I gain
 Admission to thy hallow'd fane ;
 Where peace of mind, of eye serene,
 Of heavenly hue, and placid mein,
 Leads, smiling, thy celestial choir,
 And smites the consecrated lyre.
 And may that minstrelsy, whose charm
 Can rage, and grief, and care, disarm,
 Can passion's lawless force control,
 Soothe, melt, and elevate, my soul !

VERSES.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
 I might not weep for thee ;
 But I forgot, when by thy side,
 That thou couldst mortal be .
 It never through my mind had past,
 The time would e'er be o'er,
 And I on thee should look my last,
 And thou shouldst smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
 And think 'twill smile again ;
 And still the thought I will not brook,
 That I must look in vain !
 But when I speak—thou dost not say,
 What thou ne'er left ~~st~~ unsaid ;
 And now I feel, as well I may,
 Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
 All cold and all serene—
 I still might press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been !
 While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own ;
 But there I lay thee in thy grave—
 And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me ;
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
 In thinking too of thee :
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light ne'er seen before,
 As fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore !

SIC VITA.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles ard;
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew;
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood;
 Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
 Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.

The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
 The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
 The dew dries up, the star is shot,
 The flight is past—and man forgot.

THE SETTING SUN.

THAT setting sun—that setting sun!
 What scenes, since first its race begun,
 Of varied hue, its eye hath seen,
 Which are, as they had never been

That setting sun! full many a gaze
 Hath dwelt upon its fading rays,
 With sweet, according thought sublime,
 In every age, and every clime!

'Tis sweet to mark thee, sinking slow
 The ocean's fabled caves below,
 And when th' obscuring night is done,
 To see thee rise, sweet setting sun.

So when my pulses cease to play,
 Strenely close my evening ray,

To rise again, death's slumber done,
 Glorious like thee, sweet setting sun!

ANON.

TO A MOTHER ON THE DEATH OF A PROMISING
 CHILD

O weep not thus, tho' the child thou hast lov'd,
 Still, still as the grave in silence sleeps on;
 Midst the tears that are shed, his eye is unmov'd,
 And the beat of that bosom forever is gone:
 Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
 When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest.

The world to him, with its sorrow and sighs,
 Has fled like a dream when the morn appears;
 While the spirit awakes in the light of the skies,
 No more to revisit this valley of tears:
 Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
 When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest.

Few, few were his years, but had they been more,
 The sunshine which smil'd might have vanish'd
 away;
 And he might have fall'n on some far friendless
 shore,
 Or been wreck'd amidst storms in some desolate
 bay:

Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
 When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest.

Like a rosebud of promise, when fresh in the morn,
 Was the child of thy heart while he lingered
 here;

But now from thy love—from thine arms he is
 torn,

Yet, to bloom in a lovelier, happier sphere.

Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
 When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest.
 How happy the pilgrim whose journey is o'er,
 Who, musing, looks back on its dangers and
 woes;
 Then rejoice at his rest, for sorrow no more
 Can start on his dreams, or disturb his repose.
 Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
 When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest.
 Who would not recline on the breast of a friend,
 When the night-cloud has lower'd o'er a sor-
 rowful day?
 Who would not rejoice at his journey's end,
 When perils and toils encompass'd his way?
 Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
 When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest.

WFIL.

DEATH OF A BELIEVER

O THINK that, while you're weeping here,
 His hand a golden harp is stringing;
 And, with a voice serene and clear,
 His ransom'd soul, without a tear,
 His Saviour's praise is singing!

And think that all his pains are fled,
 His toils and sorrows clos'd for ever;
 While He, whose blood for man was shed,
 Has placed upon his Servant's head
 'A crown that fadeth never!

And think that, (in that awful day,
 When darkness sun and moon is shading,
 The form that, 'midst its kindred clay,

Your trembling hands prepare to lay,
Shall rise to life unfading !

Then weep no more for him, that's gone
Where sin and suffering ne'er shall enter .
But on that great High Priest alone,
Who can for guilt like ours alone,
Your own affections centre !

For thus, while round your lowly bier
Surviving friends are sadly bending,
Your souls, like his, to Jesus dear,
Shall wing their flight to yonder sphere,
Faith lightest pinions lending.

And thus, when to the silent tomb
Your lifeless dust like his is giv'n,
Like faith shall whisper, 'midst the gloom
That yet again, in youthful bloom,
That dust shall smile in heaven !

BLESSED BE THY NAME FOR EVER.

BLESSED be thy name for ever,
Thou, of life the guard and giver ;
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping ;
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever.

Thou, who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest ;
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day

THE SACRED LYRE

That rises from the azure sea
Like breathings of eternity.
God of life ! that fade shall never,
Blessed be thy name for ever. ♣

• HOGG.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice !

For she has treasure greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left, the prize of fame
And honour bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

• LOGAN.

SOLITUDE.

HAIL ! Solitude, thou blest abode,
Of those who worship nature's God.

Delightful shade! thy charms have power
 To soothe the solitary hour.
 I love the silence of those plains,
 Where nature, simple nature, reigns;
 Where undisturb'd those wilds among,
 The artless minstrel pours his song;
 And where the world whose pleasures seem
 An airy, unsubstantial dream,
 Is quite forgot;—it cannot grieve,
 And hope, and joy, no more deceive.

Let me but live 'midst such a scene,
 In winter's storms, or summer's green;
 I would not seek th' abodes of men,
 Or live amidst their cares again;
 Enough to me the mountains wild,
 In lone and rugged grandeur pil'd;
 The boiling stream, that seeks below
 A placid, and a calmer flow:
 Or let me sit at close of day,
 And watch the sun-light die away;
 Or see from yon aerial height,
 The slow and solemn march of night;
 And hear the minstrel's latest strain,
 As darkness wraps the dewy plain.

'Midst scenes like this, the mind will rise.
 From earth, to those sublimer skies;
 And hold sweet converse with its God,
 In his celestial bright abode.
 Hail! God of nature and of grace,
 In solitude thy steps we trace;
 Thy voice is heard in every gale,
 Thy footsteps linger in the vale;
 In storms, thy awful might we see,
 When riding forth in Majesty;

The lightning on^d thy steps attend,
 And thund'ring clouds beneath thee bend.
 Even 'midst the silence of the grove,
 We hear the whispers of thy love ;
 The hill and vale their God proclaim,
 The mountain echoes back thy name ;
 And as the solemn whisper dies,
 The breezes bear to it the skies.

How sweet amidst those wilds to stray,
 At morning hour, or close of day ;
 For there the wounded, bleeding breast,
 Flies for a home, and place of rest ;
 In solitude the tear is shed,
 In silent mem'ry^l of the dead ;
 In solitude how oft we find,
 The broken heart and greiv'd mind '
 And 'midst its silence love to dwell
 Those who have bade the world farewell.

ON THE GOODNESS OF THE SUPREME BEING.

ORPHEUS, for so the Gentiles* call'd thy name,
 Israel's sweet Psalmist, who alone could'st wake
 Th' inanimatè to motion ; who alone
 The joyful killocks, the applauding rocks,
 And floods with musical persuasion drew ;
 Thou, who to hail and snow gav'st voice and sound^{ful}
 And mad'st the mute melodious !—greater yet
 Was thy divinest skill, and rul'd o'er more
 Than art and nature ; for thy tuneful touch
 Drove trembling Satan from the heart, of Saul.

* See this conjecture strongly supported by Melany, in his
 Life of David.

And quell'd the evil Angel— in this breast :
 Some portion of thy genuine spirit breathe,
 And lift me from myself; each thought impure
 Banish; each low idea raise, refine,
 Enlarge, and sanctify;—so shall the Muse
 Above the stars aspire, and aim to praise
 Her God on earth as he is prais'd in heaven.

Immense Creator ! whose all-powerful hand
 Fram'd universal being, and whose eye
 Saw like thyself, that all things form'd were good
 Where shall the timorous Bard thy praise begin,
 Where find the purest sacrifice of song, [light,
 And just thanksgiving?—The thought-kindling
 Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
 Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
 And fills my soul with gratitude and Thee.
 Hail to the cheerful rays of ruddy morn,
 That paint the streaky East and blithsome rouse
 The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest !
 Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
 And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew.
 Without the aid of yonder golden globe,
 Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,
 The tulip and auricula's spotted pride ;
 Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight
 So pleasing in its pomp and glossy glow.
 O thrice-illustrious ! were it not for Thee,
 Those pausies, that reclining from the bank
 View thro' th' immaculate pellucid stream
 Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
 Might as well change their triple boast, the white.
 The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
 The Eastern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock.
 Ev'n with the baneful hemlock's irksome green.
 Without thy aid, without thy gladson beams.
 The tribes of woodland warblers would remain

Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
 The praise of Him, who, ere he form'd their lord.
 Their voices tun'd to transport, wing'd their flight,
 And bade them call for nurture, and receive:
 And lo! they call; the blackbird and the thrush,
 The woodlark and the redbreast jointly call:
 He hears, and feeds their feather'd families;
 He feeds his sweet musicians—nor neglects
 Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide;
 And tho' their throats coarse rattling hurt the ear,
 They mean it all for music, thanks and praise
 They mean, and leave ingratitude to man;—
 But not to all—for, hark! the organs blow
 Their swelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
 And grace the harmonious choir, celestial feast
 To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind!
 The thrilling trebles and the manly bass
 Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
 All to the sacred subject suit their song.
 While in each breast sweet melancholy reigns
 Angelically pensive, till the joy
 Improves and purifies; the solemn scene
 The sun thro' storied panes surveys with awe,
 And bashfully withholds each bolder beam.
 Here, as her house, from morn to eve frequents
 The cherub Gratitude; behold her eyes!
 With love and gladness weepingly they shed
 Ecstatic smiles; the incense, that her hands
 Uprear, is sweeter than the breath of May
 Caught from the nect'rine's blossom, and her voice
 Is more than voice can tell: to Him she sings,
 To Him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
 Who made, and who preserves, whatever wells
 In air, in steadfast earth, or fickle sea.
 O He is good, He is immensely good!
 Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for man

Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
 Dispensing all his blessings for the best,
 In order and in beauty.—rise, attend,
 Arrest, and praise, ye quarters of the world !
 Bow down, ye elephants, submissive bow
 To Him who made the mite ! Tho', Asia's pride,
 Ye carry armies on your tower-crown'd backs,
 And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to Him
 Who is as great, as perfect, and as good
 In his less striking wonders, till at length
 The eye's at fault, and seeks th' assisting glass.
 Approach, and bring from Araby the Blest
 The fragrant cassia, frankincense, and myrrh,
 And, meekly kneeling at the altar's foot,
 Lay all the tributary incense down.
 Stoop, feeble Africa, with rev'rence stoop,
 And from thy brow take off the painted plume ;
 With golden ingots all thy camels load
 T' adorn his temples, hasten with thy spear
 Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,
 While unpursued thy lions roam and roar,
 And ruin'd tow'rs, rude rocks, and caverns wide
 Re-murmur to the glorious, surly sound.
 And thou, fair Indian, whose immense domain
 To counterpoise the hemisphere extends, [ers,
 Haste from the West, and with thy fruits and flow-
 Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.
 More than the plenteousness so fam'd to flow
 By fabled bards from Amalthea's horn
 Is thine ; thine therefore be a portion due
 Of thanks and praise : come with thy brilliant crown
 And vest of fur ; and from thy fragrant lap
 Pomegranates and the rich ananas pour.
 But chiefly thou, Europa, seat of Grace
 And Christian excellence, his goodness own.
 Forth from ten thousand temples pour his praise.'

Clad in the armour of the living God,
 Approach, unsheath the spirit's flaming sword;
 Faith's shield, salvation's glory—compass'd helm
 With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart
 Fair Truth's invulnerable breast-plate spread;
 Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
 And let the song of Charity begin
 In strains seraphic, and melodious prayer:
 "O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
 "Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear!
 "Thou, who to lowest minds dost condescend,
 "Assuming passions to enforce thy laws,
 "Adopting jealousy to prove thy love
 "Thou, who resign'd humility uphold'st,
 "Ev'n as the florist props the drooping rose,
 "But quell'st tyrannic pride with peerless power.
 "Ev'n as the tempest rives the stubborn oak
 "O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
 "Thou, God of Goodness, and of Glory, hear!
 "Bless all mankind; and bring them in the end
 "To heav'n, to immortality, and Thee!"

SMART.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Deo Opt. Max.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
 In ev'ry clime ador'd,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
 Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confin'd
 To know but this, that Thou art good,
 And that myself am blind.
 Yet give me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill;

And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free from human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath,
 O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Thro' this day's life, or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot ;
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not ;
 And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth sea, skies !
 One chorus let all being raise !
 All Nature's incense rise ?

POFF.

 HYMN

MESSIAH ! at thy glad approach
 The howling wilds are still !
 Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
 And breathe from every hill.

The hidden fountains, at thy call,
 Their sacred stores unlock ;
 Loud in the desert, sudden streams
 Burst living from the rock.

The incense of the spring ascends
 Upon the morning gale ;
 Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
 The lilies in the vale.

Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,
 A robe of beauty wears ;
 And in new heavens a brighter sun
 Leads on the promis'd years.

The kingdom of Messiah come
 Appointed time disclose :
 And fairer in Emanuel's land
 The new creation glows.

Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
 The loud Hosannah sing !
 With Hallelujahs and with hymns,
 O Zion, hail thy King !

LOGAN.

MAN'S IMMORTALITY PROVED BY NATURE.

NATURE, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
 Of thee the great Immutable, to man
 Speaks wisdom ; is his oracle supreme ;
 And he who most consults her, is most wise.
 Look nature through, 'tis revolution all.
 All change, no death. Day follows night ; and night
 The dying day ; stars rise, and set, and rise !
 Earth takes th' example. See the summer gay
 With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flow'rs,
 Droops into pallid autumn · winter grey,
 Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
 Blows autumn, and his golden fruits away,
 Then melts into the spring ; soft spring, with breath
 Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
 Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades :
 As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend :
 Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

With this minute distinction, emblems just,
 Nature revolves, but man advances ; both
 Eternal, that a circle, this a line.
 That gravitates, this soars. Th' aspiring soul
 Ardent, and tremulous, like flame ascends ;
 Zeal, and humility, her wings to heaven.

The world of matter, with its various forms,
 All dies into new life. Life born from death
 Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.
 No single atom, once in being, lost,
 With change of counsel, charges the Most High.

Matter, immortal? and shall spirit die?—
 Above the nobler, shall less nobler rise?
 Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
 No resurrection know? shall man alone,
 Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
 Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
 Is man, in whom alone is power to prize
 The bliss of being, or with previous pain
 Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate
 Severely doom'd death's single unredeem'd?

YOUNG.

HYMN.

When Israel, of the Lord belov'd,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her father's God before her mov'd,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonish'd lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow;
 By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
 Return'd the fiery column's glow.
 There rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,
 And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
 With priest's and warrior's voice between.
 No portents now our eyes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
 Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
 And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen!
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of THEE a cloudy screen
 To temper the deceitful ray.
 And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be THOU, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
 No censer round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
 But THOU hast said, the blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice.

SIR. W. SCOTT.

CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGED.

CHILDREN of God, who, pacing slow,
 Your pilgrim path pursue,
 In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
 To God's high calling true:

Why move ye thus, with ling'ring tread,
 A doubtful, mournful band?
 Why faintly hangs the drooping head;
 Why fails the feeble hand?

Oh! weak to know a Saviour's pow'r,
 To feel a Father's care;
 A moment's toil a passing show'r
 Is all the grievous share.

The Lord of Light, though, veil'd awhile,
 He hides his noontide ray,

Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile,
 To gild the closing day;
 And, bursting through the dusky shroud.
 That dar'd his pow'r invest,
 Ride thron'd in light o'er ev'ry cloud,
 And guide you to his rest.

BOWDLER.

LIFE, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

A shadow moving by one's side,
 That would a substance seem,
 That is, yet is not,—though descried—
 Like skies beneath the stream.
 A tree that's ever in the bloom,
 Whose fruit is never ripe;
 A wish for joys that never come,—
 Such are the hopes of Life.
 A dark, inevitable night,
 A blank that will remain;
 A waiting for the morning light,
 When waiting is in vain;
 A gulph where pathway never led
 To show the depth beneath;
 A thing we know not, yet we dread,—
 That dreaded thing is Death.
 The vaulted void of purple sky
 That everywhere extends,
 That stretches from the dazzled eye,
 In space that never ends:
 A morning, whose uprisen sun
 No setting e'er shall see;
 A day that comes without a noon,—
 Such is Eternity.

ANON.

HYMN.

WHERE high the heav'nly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands.
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The patron of mankind appears.

He who for men in mercy stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heav'n his plan of grace,
The guardian God of human race.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye,
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow suff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The man of Sorrows had a part ;
He sympathises in our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known.
And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r,
To help us in the evil hour.

LOGAN.

LOVE OF GOD.

Oh! never, never canst thou know
What then for thee the Saviour bore.
The pangs of that mysterious woe
That wrung his name at ev'ry pore,

The weight that press'd upon his brow,
 The fever of his bosom's core!
 Yes! man for man perchance may brave
 The horrors of the yawning grave;
 And friend for friend, or child for sire,
 Undaunted and unmov'd expire,
 From love—or piety—or pride.
 But who can die as Jesus died?

A sweet, but solitary beam,
 An emanation from above,
 Glimmers o'er life's uncertain dream,—
 We hail that beam, and call it Love!
 But fainter than the pale star's ray
 Before the noontide blaze of day,
 And lighter than the viewless sand
 Beneath the wave that sweeps the strand,
 Is all of love that man can know,—
 All that in angel-breasts can glow,—
 Compar'd, O! Lord of Host! with thine,
 Eternal—fathomless—divine!
 That love, whose praise, with quenchless fire
 Inflames the blest seraphic choir:
 Where perfect rapture reigns above,
 And love is all—for Thou art Love!

DALL.

THE SEA,

If for a time the air be calm,
 "Serene and smooth, the sea appears,
 And shows no danger to alarm."
 The unexperienc'd landsman's fears:
 But if the tempest once arise,
 "The faithless water swells and raves;"

THE SACRED LYRE.

Its billows, foaming to the skies,
Disclose a thousand threat'ning graves.

My un'xy'd heart thus seem'd to me
(So little of myself I knew)
Smooth as the calm unruffled sea,
But, ah ! it prov'd as treach'rous too !

The peace of which I had a taste
When Jesus first his love reveal'd,
I fondly hop'd would always last,
Because my foes were then conceal'd.

But when I felt the tempter's pow'r
Rouse my corruptions from their sleep,
I trembled at the stormy hour,
And saw the horrors of the deep.

Now on presumption's billows borne,
My spirit seem'd the Lord to dare ;
Now, quick as thought, a sudden turn,
I plung'd me in gulfs of black despair.

Lord, save me, or I sink, I pray'd ;
He heard, and bid the tempest cease ;
The angry waves his word obey'd,
And all my fears were hush'd to peace.

The peace is his, and not my own,
My heart (no better than before)
Is still to dreadful changes prone,
Then let me never trust it more.

NEWTON.

THE DYING HOUR.

Why does the day which life is brief,
Smile sadly o'er the western sea ;

Why does the brown autumnal leaf,
 Hang restless on its parent tree ;
 Why does the rose with drooping head,
 Send richer fragrance from the bower ?
 Their golden time of life had fled—
 It was their dying hour.

Why does the swan's melodious song,
 Come thrilling on the gentle gale ;
 Why does the lamb which stray'd along,
 Lie down to tell its mournful tale ;
 Why does the deer when wounded fly
 To the lone vale where night-clouds loy't ?
 Their time was past, they liv'd to die,
 It was their dying hour.

Why does the dolphin change its hues,
 Like that aerial child of light ;
 Why does the cloud of night refuse,
 To meet the morn with beams so bright ;
 Why does the man we saw to-day,
 To-morrow fade like some sweet flower ?
 All earth can give must pass away,
 It was their dying hour.

WEIR.

RESIGNATION.

Oh thou whose mercy guides my way,
 Tho' now it seems severe,
 Forbid my unbelief to say,
 There is no mercy here !

Oh grant me to desire the pain
 That comes in kindness down,
 More than the world's supremest gain
 Succeeded by a frown.

Then, tho' thou bend my spirit low,
 Love only shall I see :
 The very hand that strikes the blow,
 Was wounded once for me.

EDMESTON.

JEHOVAH JESUS.

My song shall bless the Lord of all,
 My praise shall climb to his abode ;
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
 The great supreme, the mighty God.
 Without beginning or decline,
 Object of faith, and not of sense ;
 Eternal ages saw him shine,
 He shines eternal ages hence.

As much, when in the manger laid,
 Almighty Ruler of the sky ;
 As when the six days' work he made
 Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.

Of all the crowns JEHOVAH bears,
 Salvation is his dearest claim ;
 That gracious sound well-pleased he hears,
 And owns Emmanuel for His name.

A cheerful confidence I feel,
 My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see ;
 My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal
 To worship him who died for me.

As man, he pities my complaint,
 His pow'r and truth are all divine :
 He will not fail, he cannot faint,
 Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

COWPER.

RESIGNATION

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the *past*,
 And mourns the *present* pain ;
 How sweet to think of *peace* at last,
 And feel that death is gain !

'Tis not that morn'ring thoughts arise,
 And dread a Father's will ;
 'Tis not that meek submission flie,
 And would not suffer still.

It is that heav'n-taught *faith* surveys,
 The path to realms of light ;
 And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
 And lose herself in *sight*.

It is that *hope* with ardour glows,
 To see HIM face to face,
 Whose dying love no language knows
 Sufficient art to trace.

It is that harass'd *conscience* feels,
 That pangs of struggling sin ;
 Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,
 And ends her war within.

Oh! let me wing my hallow'd flight
 From earth-born woe and care ;
 And soar beyond these realms of night.
 My Saviour's bliss to share.

NOVI!

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind
 Which seem'd to fancy's ear
 The mournful music of the mind,
 The echo of a tear

And still methought[^] the hollow sound,
 Which melting swept along,
 The voice of other days had found,
 With all the powers of song.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
 And thought of friends untrue—
 Of hearts that seem'd so fondly twin'd,
 That nought would e'er undo :
 Of cherish'd hopes, once fondly bright—
 Of joys which fancy gave—
 O youthful eyes, whose lovely light
 Where darken'd in the grave.

nigh

When all was still as death ;
 When nought was heard, before, behind—
 Not even the sleeper's breath.
 And I have sat at such an hour,
 And heard the sick man's sigh ;
 Or seen the babe like some sweet flower,
 At that lone moment die.

listen'd to the midnight wind,
 And wept for others woe,
 Nor could the heart such music find,
 To bid its tear drops flow.
 The melting voice of one we lov'd,
 Whose voice was heard no more—
 Seem'd when those fancied chords were mov'd
 Still breathing as before.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
 And sat beside the dead,
 And felt those movings of the mind
 Which own a heart dread.

The ticking clock which told the hour
 Had then a sadder chime;
 And these winds seem'd an unseen power,
 Which sung the dirge of time.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
 When, o'er the new-made grave
 Of one whose heart was true and kind,
 Its rudest blasts did rave.
 O! there was something in the sound,
 A mournful melting tone,
 Which led the thoughts to that dark ground,
 Where he was left alone.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
 And courted sleep in vain
 While thoughts like these have oft combin'd,
 To rack the wearied brain.
 And even when slumber soft and deep,
 Have seen the eyelid close;
 The restless soul which cannot sleep—
 Has stray'd till morning rose.

MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

WHEN restless on my bed I lie,
 Still courting sleep, which still will fly,
 Then shall reflection's brighter pow'r
 Illume the lone and midnight hour.

If hush'd the breeze and calm the tide,
 Soft will the stream of mem'ry glide
 And all the past, a gentle train,
 Waked by remembrance, live again.

Perhaps that anxious friend I trace,
 Belov'd till life's last throb shall cease,
 Whose voice first taught a Saviour's worth
 A future bliss unknown on earth.

His faithful counsel, tender care,
 Unwearied love and humble pray'r :
 O these still claim the grateful tear,
 And all my drooping courage cheer.

If loud the wind, the tempest high,
 And darkness wraps the sullen sky,
 I muse on life's tempestuous sea,
 And sigh, O Lord, to come to thee.

Toss'd on the deep and swelling wave,
 O mark my trembling soul and save ;
 Give to my view that harbour near,
 Where thou wilt chase each grief and fear.

NOI L.

VICTORY IN DEATH

AWAY ! thou dying saint, away !
 Fly to the mansions of the blest,
 Thy God no more requires thy stay,
 He calls thee to eternal rest.

Thy toils at length have reach'd a close,
 No more remains for thee to do ;
 Away, away to thy repose,
 Beyond the reach of evil go.

Away to yonder realms of light,
 Where multitudes, redeem'd with blood,
 Enjoy the beatific sight,
 And dwell for ever with their God,

Go, mix with them, and share their joy,
 In heav'n behold the sinner's friend;
 In pleasures share that never cloy,
 In pleasures that will never end.

And may our happy portion be
 To join thee in the realms above,
 The glory of our Lord to see,
 And sing his everlasting love.

KEILY.

COMPASSION FOR THE AGED.

Lov'st thou to see the light of morn
 Across the wintry landscape gleam,
 Now glist'ning on the silver'd thorn,
 Now glaucing from the frozen stream
 Then go, and bid the smile of joy
 To age's wither'd cheek return;
 The pow'r, which heav'n has lent, employ
 To make the taper clearer burn.

Though, pale and dim, the orb of day,
 May not the face of nature warm;
 His fitful glance, his feeble ray
 Impart a faint, a passing charm:
 And though the sad, the stranger smile
 May not reverse the sufferer's doom,
 'Twill ease the aching heart a while,
 And light the passage to the tomb.

 SUMMER HYMN.

God of my sires! yon arch of blue—
 The balmy breeze—that verdant hue;

And this warm glow of summer's prime
 Transport me o'er the bounds of Time.
 To FAN's gaze new worlds arise
 And people yonder orient skies ;
 The boundless realms of 'erial space
 Have many a bright and beauteous place
 That earth-born eye may never see ;
 That earth-born thought, howe'er so free,
 Can image not, nor shadow out,
 Even with the misty trace of doubt.
 Yet there, O God ! like ocean's sand
 Strew'd on the shelving surf-beat strand,
 Innumerable hosts—a countless throng,
 Spontaneous swell the choral song
 Of endless praise ; for there, as here,
 All that asks worship, love, or fear ;
 All, all above, around, below,
 To thee, First Cause, their being owe :
 Thy fiat gave them instant birth ;
 Thou, thou from chaos call'dst them forth.
 Vast, awful, measureless, immense
 Thy power is, and omnipotence !
 But oh ! thy gentle Love,
 Softly streaming from above ;
 Warm as the solar beam of day,
 Yet calm and sweet as Hesper's ray.
 As far—to space's utmost ends,
 In one glad reign of bliss extends !
 Before thy strength,—before thy power
 'Tis felt ;—Oh ! even in childhood's hour,
 Or e'er the mind hath garner'd thought,
Instinct to worship that hath taught !
 'Tis that which gave yon gushing stream ;
 'Tis that which gave this gladd'ning beam ;
 This flowery mead—yon spreading lawn ;
 The healthful breeze of early dawn,

The yellow broom ;—yon heather-bell,
The primrose blushing in the dell ;
The pearly dew, that crowns each stem,
Each flower, each leaf, with many a gem,
Fairer than decks a diadem !

And, nor the last nor least, with praise
And swelling heart, in artless lays,
Giv'st me to kneel before thy throne
Here, in this temple of thine own :
Its roof, yon arch of azure hue,
A clear, calm, holy, cloudless blue ;
Its altar, yon steep hills that rise
In misty grandeur to the skies ;
Its incense, that one fleecy cloud.
Stainless as infant beauty's shroud ;
Its matin hymn, that swelling note
That warbles through the lark's clear throat.
This humble love, yet strong—sincere ;
This pensive joy ; this happy tear ;
Its worship all.—Its priest, the thought
With prostrate adoration fraught,
That *Thou* art all in all !—that Man, what is
he ?—Nought !

ATKINSON.

THE GRACE OF GOD.

MARK where the wave, at eventide,
In seeming slumber lies ;
Mark how its glassy face reflects
The richly-painted skies

The brightest hues of heaven there
In faint resemblance shine,
Thou gh oft the passing ripple breaks
The beautiful design.

So, when redeeming love has sooth'd
 Man's stormy soul to rest ;
 No more by raging passion toss'd,
 By anxious sorrow press'd ;

Cold and unstable in himself
 As yonder changeful waves,
 His bosom still reflects to heaven
 The image it receives.

He feels a love, by love inspir'd,
 Returning whence it came,
 Than can surrender all for One,
 Who left so much for him.

And there is joy—the joy of One
 Who, from a state of bliss,
 Looks back upon the awful depth
 Of wrath that once was his :

Peace such as earth hath none to give ;
 The peace of sin forgiv'n ;
 And hopes exalted from the world,
 And bliss secur'd in heav'n :

Faith that can rest upon her God,
 However dark his ways ;
 While reason questions of his word,
 Believes it—and obeys.

Patience, forbearance, gentleness,
 The offspring all of heav'n,
 Such as befit a contrite soul,
 Mindful of sin's forgiv'n :

These, and whatever else may seem
 Most beautiful, most fair,

Serenely beaming on the soul,
Will trace their image there.

MRS. FRY.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

A star appear'd, and peaceful threw
Around its holy ray;
It caught the faithful Magi's view,
It led the wondrous way,
From far-fam'd Persia's smiling bow'ers,
Fair land of beauty, fruits, and flow'rs.

Each heart throughout the gazing throng
What anxious gladness fills,
While slowly mov'd that star along,
O'er Judah's sacred hills;
And softly fix'd its mellow light
On distant Bethlehem's joyful night.

There, unknown to rich and great,
Or the perfum'd halls of state,
Where the golden lamps so bright
Mock the silence of the night,
And the strains of music tender
Rise and fall 'mid scenes of splendour.—

The Prince of Peace, so young, so fair,
In lowly state was sleeping;
While near, with kind parental care,
His mother watch was keeping.
The Magi view'd the blest of heav'n,
Their joy was full—their gifts were giv'n.
Let the sound of the sweet harp of Judah arise!
Let the hymns of the Gentiles ascend to the skies!

CAMPBELL.

TO A FRIEND ON THE BIRTH OF HIS FIRST
BORN.

THY little one has now begun
 Her journey in a vale of tears,
 And cradl'd on a mother's breast,
 She shares her anxious hopes and fears ;
 For many a scene before her lies,
 Ere death will close those smiling eyes..

To gaze upon that lovely face,
 To hear her soften'd tender cry ;
 Reminds us of those early days—
 Our helpless years of infancy ;
 When once as young, and free from care,
 A mother breath'd for us her prayer.

Her morn of life is calm and bright,
 No envious cloud is ling'ring there ;
 And may the noon and eve of life
 Present a scene as richly fair :
 And may those hopes our God hath given,
 Lead her thro' life from earth to heaven.

Oh ! Thou that know'st our wand'rings here,
 We dedicate this babe to thee ;
 'This tender bud which bears within,
 A spark of immortality :
 And from thy bright and holy place,
 Look on her with a smiling face.

WEIR.

TO THE MEMORY OF QUINTIN LEITCH, ESQ.
GREENOCK.

Look on that grave, it is no common spot,
 Nor will that hallowed place be soon forgot :

Ah ! let no monumental pile be here,
 To court the tribute of a passing tear ;
 Let but the name, the simple name be shown,
 And 'tis enough to decorate the stone ;
 Enough to arrest the thoughtless passer bye,
 And bring a tear drop to the gazer's eye.
 When he was carried to that lowly place,
 'Twas sad to see the mourner's downcast face
 When he was left beneath that silent stone,
 Silence was broke by many a heavy moan ;
 And few descended to the grave's dark bed,
 With more regret—more blessings on their head :
 'Twas not those feelings sordid souls impart,
 But the fond language of the human heart ;
 Griev'd that those noble traits which nature gave,
 Should thus so soon be sunk into the grave :—
 Yes, he who slumbers in the dust below,
 Was one who keenly felt for others woe ;
 A kinder bosom, or a heart more brave,
 Ne'er tempted danger on the stormy wave :
 Where long he voyag'd thro' the angry blast ;
 Yet bore the seaman's feelings to the last :
 Warm, gen'rous, ardent, and in friendship true,
 Nor shunn'd the man he when a schoolboy knew.
 No common path of life his steps pursued,
 For he was ever where he might do good,
 To make the load of human suffering less,
 By giving counsel, or to aid distress ;
 Yet calm and modest, he would rather share
 The meed of praise his generous deeds had won.
 A judgment clear, a firm and active mind,
 With all his many virtues were combined ;
 Yet these, which round his name a lustre shed,
 Could not avert a sick and dying bed,
 For trouble came, and tho' he linger'd long,
 While death his certain summons did prolong,

No anxious look, no murm'ring word was there,
 For he had hopes the righteous only share;
 And as the world grew dim, a beam more bright
 Burst from that region of unclouded light,
 To guide his spirit to that happy shore
 Where all is peace, and man can vex no more.*

WEIR.

A MORNING HYMN. ADAM AND EVE.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almight, thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these Heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen,
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
 And carol symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
 On Earth, join all ye creatures to extol
 His first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,

* The above lines are due to the memory of this amiable and highly gifted individual; he was for six years Magistrate of Greenock, and the public works which were planned and extended during this period, will long remain as a monument of his pains and industry. Indeed it may be said, that Greenock stands indebted to him for her principal improvements. His death, which took place on the 20th September, 1827, was felt as a severe public loss; and the inhabitants, out of respect for his memory, shut all their shops during the period that his body was consigned to the dust:—Peace to his memory; for a more benevolent or kinder hearted individual never breathed than Quintin Leitch, who was taken amidst his usefulness, and laid in that place where change affects not, and where the weary are at rest.

If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou
 fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
 In mystic dance, not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author rise.
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolor'd sky
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye
 trees,

With every plant in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices, All ye living Souls; ye Birds,
 That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise,

Ye that in the waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;
 Witness it be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 • Hail universal Lord ! be bounteous still
 To give us only good ; and if the night
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark,
 MILTON.

FUNERAL HYMN.

YE midnight shades, o'er nature spread !
 Dumb silence of the dreary hour !
 In honour of th' approaching dead,
 Around your awful terrors pour.
 " Yes, pour around
 On this pale ground
 Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
 The sober thought,
 The tear untaught,
 Those meekest mourners at a tomb.
 Lo ! as the surpliced train drew near
 To this last mansion of mankind,
 The slow sad bell, the sable brie,
 • In holy mourning wrapt, the mind !
 And while their beam,
 • With trembling stream,
 Attending tapers faintly dart ;
 " Each mould'ring bone,
 Each sculptur'd stone,
 Strikes mute instruction to the heart !
 Now let the sacred organ blow,
 With solemn pause, and sounding slow

Now let the voice due measure keep,
 In strains that sigh, and words that weep,
 Till all the vocal current blended roll,
 Not to depress, but lift, the soaring soul :
 To lift it in the Maker's praise,
 Who first informed our frame with breath ;
 And, after some few stormy days,
 Now, gracious, gives us o'er to death.
 No King of Fears
 In him appears
 Who shuts the scene of human woes,
 Beneath his shade
 Securely laid,
 The dead alone find true repose.

Then while we mingle dust with dust,
 To One, supremely good and wise,
 Raise hallelujahs! God is just,
 And man most happy when he dies !
 His winter past,
 Fair spring at last
 Receives him on her flow'ry shore !
 Where pleasure's rose
 Immortal blows,
 And sin and sorrow are no more !

MALLFT.

JOB'S COMPLAINT.

Of all my race there breathes not one,
 To comfort or deplore me ;
 Pain wakes a pulse in every bone,
 And death is closing o'er me.
 Still doth his lifted stroke delay,
 Protracted tortures dooming,

I feel, ere life has pass'd away,—

His very worm consuming.

Night spreads her mantle o'er the sky,

And all around are sleeping ;

While I, in tears of agony, ,

My restless couch am steeping.

I sigh for morn,—the rising day

Awakes the earth to gladness :

I turn with sick'ning soul away,—

It smiles upon my sadness.

Curs'd be that day,—in tempest wild,—

When first, with looks delighted,

My mother smil'd upon her child,

And felt her pangs requited !

Oh ! that, by human eye unseen,

I might have fled from sorrow ;

And been as though I had not been,—

As I would be to-morrow !

The light wave sparkling in the beam,

That trembles o'er the river,

A moment shades its quiv'ring gleam,

Then shuns the sight for ever :

So soft a ray can pleasure shed,

While secret snares surround it ;

So swift that faithless hope is fled,

Which wins the heart to wound it !

A crown of glory grac'd my brow,

Whole nations bent before me,

Princes and hoary sires would bow

To flatter and adore me :

To me the widow turn'd for aid, o

And ne'er in vain address'd me :

For me the grateful orphan pray'd,

The souls of mis'ry bless'd me. o

I rais'd the drooping wretch that pin'd,—
 In lonely anguish lying;
 Was balm unto the wounded mind,
 And solace to the dying.
 Till one stern stroke of all my state,
 Of all my bliss, bereft me;
 And I was worse than desolate,
 For God himself had left me.

Ye, too, as life itself belov'd,
 When all conspir'd to bless me,
 I deem'd ye friends,—but ye have prov'd
 The foes who most oppress me.
 I could have borne the slave's rude scorn,
 The wreck of all I cherish'd:
 Had one,—but one,—remain'd to mourn
 O'er me, when I too perish'd.

My children sleep in death's cold shade,
 And nought can now divide them;
 Oh! would the same wild storm had laid
 Their wretched sire beside them!
 I had not then been doom'd to see
 The loss of all who love me;
 Unbroken would my slumbers be,
 Though none had wept above me.

All hope on earth for ever fled,
 A higher hope remaineth;
 'E'en while his wrath is o'er me shed,
 I know my Saviour reigneth.
 The worm may waste this with'ring clay,
 When flesh and spirit sever;
 My Soul shall see eternal day,
 And dwell with God for ever.

THE DREAM.

IN a dream of the night I was wafted away
 To the mairlands of mist, where the martyrs lay;
 Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen.
 Engrav'd on the stone where the heather grows
 green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
 When the minister's home was the mountain and
 wood; [Zion,
 When in Welwood's dark valley the standard of
 All bloody and torn 'mong the heather was lying;
 'Twas morning;—and summer's young sun from
 the east [breast :

Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's
 On woodland and cairn-table the clear shining dew
 Glistened sheen 'mong the heath bells and moun-
 tain flowers blue!

And far up in heaven near the white sunny cloud,
 The song of the lark was melodious and loud;
 And in Glenmore's wild solitudes, lengthen'd and
 deep,

Was the whistling of plovers, and bleating of sheep;
 And Welwood's sweet valley breath'd music and
 gladness, [redness;

And its fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and
 Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
 And drink the delights of a sweet July morning.
 But there were hearts cherished far other feelings,
 Illum'd by the light of prophetic revealings,

Who drank from the scen'ry of beauty but sorrow,
 For they knew that their blood would bedew it
 to-morrow. [were lying.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron
 Conceal'd 'mong the mist, where the heath fowl
 was crying; [hov'ring,
 For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were

And the bridal reins rung through the thin misty
 cov'ring [sheathed,
 Their faces grew pale, and their swords were un-
 But the vengeance that darken'd their brow was
 unbreathed ;

With eyes rais'd to heaven in calm resignation,
 They sang their last song to the God of salvation
 The hills with the deep mournful music were
 ringing,

The curlew and plover in concert were singing,—
 But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter.
 As the host of ungodly rush'd on the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they
 were shrouded, [clouded ;
 The souls of the righteous were calm and un-
 Their dark eyes flash'd lightning, as firm and un-
 bending [ing.

They stood like the rock which the thunder is rend-
 The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were
 gleaming,

The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was
 streaming; [roaring

The heavens grew dark and the thunder was,
 When in Welwood's dark muirlands the mighty
 were falling. [was ended

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat
 A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended ;
 The drivers were angels, on horses of whiteness,
 And its burning wheels turn'd upon axles of
 brightness !

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
 All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining ; [tion,
 And the souls that came forth out of great tribula-
 Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation ;
 On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,—
 Through the paths of the thunder the horsemen
 are riding !—

Glide swiftly, bright spirits ! the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory !

ANON.

VERSES

*Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during
his solitary abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez.*

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute ;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude ! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone ;
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see ;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their lameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
O had I the wings of a dove, ,
How soon would I taste you again !
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word !

More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford:
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks ne'er heard,
 Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell.
 Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see?

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there;
 But, alas! recollection, at hand,
 Soon hurries me back to despair,

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair.
 E'en here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There is mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought!
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

A BIRTH DAY THOUGHT.

Can I, all-gracious Providence !

 Care I deserve thy care ?

Ah ! no : I've not the least pretence
 To bounties which I share.

Have I not been defended still
 From dangers and from death ;
Been safe preserv'd from ev'ry ill
 E'er since thou gav'st me breath ?

I live once more to see the day
 That brought me first to light ;
Oh ! teach my willing heart the way
 To take thy mercies right.

Though dazzling splendour, pomp, and show,
 My fortune has denied ;
Yet more than grandeur can bestow
 Content hath well supplied.

No strife has e'er disturb'd my peace,
 No mis'ries have I known ;
And, that I'm bless'd with health and ease
 With humble thanks I own.

I envy no one's birth or fame,
 Their titles, train, or dress ;
Nor has my pride e'er stretch'd its aim
 Beyond what I possess.

I ask and wish, not to appear
 More beauteous, rich, or gay ;
Lord, make me wiser ev'ry year,
 And better ev'ry day.

ON A FUTURE STATE

'Tis done!—dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
 See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
 Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame?
 Those restless cares, those busy bustling days?
 Those gay-spent, festive, nights? those veering
 thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal never-failing friend of Man,
 His guide, to happiness on high.—And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heaven, and earth! awak'ning Nature hears
 The new creating word, and starts to life
 In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
 For ever free. *The great eternal scheme,*
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
 And Wisdom, oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd neglected: why the good Man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd,

In starving solitude; while luxury
 In palaces lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants; why heaven-born truth,
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Unbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd Evil, is no more:
 The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
 And our unbounded Spring encircle all.

THOMSON.

A CHARACTER.

Now, Truth, perform thine office; waft aside
 The curtain drawn by Prejudice and Pride,
 Reveal (the man is dead) to wond'ring eyes
 This more than monster, in his proper guise.
 He lov'd the World that hated him: the tear
 That dropp'd upon his Bible was sincere:
 Assail'd by Scandal and the tongue of strife,
 His only answer was a blameless life;
 And he that forg'd, and he that threw the dart
 Had each a brother's int'rest in his heart.
 Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbrib'd,
 Were copied close in him, and well transcrib'd.
 He follow'd Paul! his zeal a kindred flame,
 His apostolic charity the same.
 Like him, cross'd cheerfully tempestuous seas,
 Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease;
 Like him he labour'd, and like him content
 To bear it, suffer'd shame wherever he went.

Blush, Calumny ! and write upon his tomb,
 If honest Eulogy can spare thee room,
 Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies,
 Which, aim'd at him, have pierc'd th' offended skies'
 And say, Blot out my sin, confess'd, deplor'd,
 Against thine image, in thy saint, O Lord !

COWPER.

THE GLORY OF GOD.

WE see, with rapt'rous joy, the sun,
 And own its Maker's pow'r ;
 And when its daily course is run,
 His glory still adore :

For then His countless worlds, on high,
 The glittering Heaven deck ;
 What myriads praise Him in the sky
 On each resplendent speck !

Great, wond'rous, empyreal King !
 We on thy glories gaze,
 Whilst earth, and all her fulness, sing,
 Unceasingly, thy praise.

O may I never cease my part
 In that grand song to bear ;
 But, grateful, tune my ravish'd heart
 When day or night appear.

ROBY.

HYMN!

THOU didst, O mighty God ! exist
 Ere time began its race ;
 " Before the ample elements
 Fill'd up the void of space :

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
 In fluid air was stay'd,
 Before the ocean's mighty springs
 Their liquid stores display'd ;
 Ere through the gloom of ancient night
 The streams of light appear'd ;
 Before the high celestial arch,
 Or starry poles were rear'd :
 Before the loud melodious spheres
 Their tuneful round begun ;
 Before the shining roads of heav'n
 Were measur'd by the sun :
 Ere through the empyrean courts
 One hallelujah rung ;
 Or to their harps the sons of light
 Ecstatic anthems sung :
 Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
 Or prais'd thy wond'rous name ;
 Thy bliss, O sacred spring of life !
 Thy glory, was the same.
 And when the pillars of the world
 With sudden ruin break,
 And all this vast and goodly frame
 Sinks in the mighty wreck ;
 When from her orb the moon shall start,
 Th' astonish'd sun roll back,
 And all the trembling starry lamps
 Their ancient course forsake ;
 For ever permanent and fix'd,
 From agitation free,
 Unchang'd in everlasting years,
 Shall thy existence be.

PSALM CXXII.

THE festal Morn, my God, is come,
 That calls me to thy honour'd Name
 Thy presence to adore :
 My feet the summons shall attend,
 With willing steps thy Courts ascend,
 And tread the hallow'd floor.

Ev'n now to our transported eyes
 Fair *Sion's* tow'rs in prospect rise ;
 Within her gates we stand,
 And, lost in wonder and delight,
 Behold her happy Sons unite
 In friendship's firmest hand.

Hither from *Judah's* utmost end
 The Heav'n-protected Tribes ascend ;
 Their off'rings hither bring :
 Here, eager to attest their joy,
 In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
 And hail th' immortal King.

By his Command impell'd, to Her
 Contending Crowds their cause refer ;
 While Princes, from her Throne,
 With equal doom, th' unerring Law
 Dispense, who boast their birth to draw
 From *Jesse's* favour'd Son.

Be Peace thy Each implor'd on thee,
 O *Salem*, while with bended knee
 To *Jacob's* God we pray ;
 How blest, who calls himself thy Friend !
 Success his labour shall attend,
 And safety guard his way.

O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
 Not the loud voice of tumult hear,

Nor war's wild wastes deplore :
 May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
 And in thy courts with lavish hand
 Distribute all her store.

Seat of my Friends and Brethren, hail !
 How can my tongue, O *Salem*, fail
 To bless thy lov'd abode ?
 How cease the zeal that in me glows
 Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose
 The mansion of my God ?

MERRICK.

 HYMN.

BEHOLD ! the mountain of the Lord
 In latter days shall rise,
 Above the mountains and the hills,
 And draw the wond'ring eyes.
 To this the joyful nation round,
 All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;
 Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
 And to his house we'll go.

The beam that shines on Zion Hill
 Shall lighten ev'ry land ;
 The King who reigns in Zion Towers
 Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign
 Or mar the peaceful years,
 To ploughshares soon they beat their swords,
 To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encount'ring hosts,
 Their millions slain deplore ;
 They hang the trumpet in the hall,
 And staid war no more.

Come then—O come from ev'ry land,
 To worship at his shrine;
 And, walking in the light of God,
 With holy beauties shine.

LOGAN.

 MARTYRS.

PATRIOTS have toil'd, and in their country's cause
 Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,
 Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
 Their names to the sweet lyre. Th' histor'c muse.
 Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
 To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
 Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
 To guard them, and t' immortalize her trust.
 But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
 To those, who, posted at the shrine of Truth,
 Have fall'n in her defence. A patriot's blood,
 Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,
 And for a time ensure, to his lov'd land
 The sweets of liberty and equal laws;
 But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
 And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
 In confirmation of the noblest claim,
 Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
 To walk with God, to be divinely free,
 To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
 Yet few remember them. They liv'd unknown,
 Till Persecution dragg'd them into fame,
 And chas'd them up to Heav'n. Their ashes flow
 —No marble tells us whither. With their names
 No bard embalms and sanctifies his song:
 And history, so warm on meaner themes,
 Is cold on this. She execrates indeed

The tyranny, that doom'd them to the fire,
But gives the glorious sufferers little praise.

COWPER.

THE CONTRITION OF PETER.

HITHER he came, and falling on his knees,
Like the' humble publican smote on his breast,
And this confession self-accusing made.

Here let me fall and in repentant tears
Weep out my soul upon these pit'less stones,
Made sacred by His steps, whose awful name
Thrice blasphem'd; thrice abjur'd, I dare not speak,
Though in my supplication. Can I say,
Spare me, O God of mercy? Can I ask
Pardon of God, unpardon'd of myself?
Oh! wretched recreant creature as I am,
What shall redeem me from this misery,
And reconcile my conscience to itself,
A perjur'd conscience? Never more can peace
Dwell in this bosom; never can my soul
Ascend out of the dust, or lift a thought
In hope towards heav'n. With JUDAS let me
Colleague in treason; with his sin my sin dwell,
In th' execration of all time be link'd.
Or shall I venture to look up and say,
O God, behold a wretch, who dares not sue
For mercy but for mitigated wrath,
For punishment proportion'd to my bearing,
Protracted, not too sudden, lest it take
My senses from me and with them all power
Of meditation, penance and atonement?
Spare me a little to abhor myself;
And if the arrow, which my conscience drives
Into this guilty heart, draws not enough
Of its vile blood to purify what's left,

Let the strong hand of justice force it home
 And finish me at once. Was I not warn'd
 Of my presumption, and a signal set
 To number my denials, when I swore
 Never to swerve, but follow him to death?
 Mine, like ISCARIOT'S, was predicted sin:
 I spar'd not him, I call'd his wilful guilt,
 Obstinate malice; and can I now urge
 Necessity my plea? All things are known
 To CHRIST! the evil motions of my will
 He saw, not over-rul'd: I might have pray'd
 For grace, support, prevention; I pray'd not,
 But heedless of the prophecy, and blind,
 Rush'd into sin prepen'se, self-will'd, self-lost.
 What fascination seiz'd me to draw forth
 The sword in rash defence of Him, whose word
 Legions of Angels could have call'd from heav'n?
 And what prevaricating demon breath'd
 The lie into my lips, when the same night,
 Nay, the same hour, that saw me prompt to oppose
 My life to danger, saw me meanly shrink
 From what I courted, and behind a lie,
 Three times repeated like a coward, sculk?
 And did I not know CHRIST whom I denied?
 Did I not know the Master whom I serv'd,
 Who call'd me to him, pour'd into my heart
 His heav'nly doctrines, rais'd my lowly thoughts
 From the mean drudgery of a fisher's trade,
 And taught me in the energy of faith
 To walk upon that sea, in which ere-while
 I dragg'd the net and toil'd for daily bread?
 O memory, once my glory, now my curse,
 To what sad purpose do I call thee home,
 Absent in danger, present in despair?
 Is there no wonder done of CHRIST on earth
 I have not witness'd? Did I not behold

Dead Lazarus revive at his command?
 What shall I say to him, whom I saw die,
 When living He arraigns me face to face?
 What answer make to those, whom I have serv'd
 From one small wallet with the bread of thousands?
 The very blind, are they receiv'd their sight,
 Saw more than I, and hail'd him LORD and CHRIST.
 Who shall believe when I renounce belief?
 The very dev'l's own Him whom I denied.
 Can I call these accurst, whose impious cry
 Dooms him to death; who smite him with their
 palms
 Blaspheming? Harder than their hands my heart.
 Wretch! 'twas my false tongue train'd them on to,
 On me, me only all their sin rebounds: [murder:
 I stand condemn'd, they free. Can I forget
 How oft my lips confess'd him son of God?
 Perish that tongue, which could revoke its faith,
 Disown confession and belie my heart.
 Denied of me on earth, when in the clouds
 Of heav'n he comes at the right hand of Power,
 And sends his Angels with the trumpet's sound
 To gather his elect from the four winds,
 When, as a shepherd culling out his flock.
 To separate all nations and divide
 The good from evil he proceeds, Ah! then,
 Then will he not retort the fatal words
 First us'd of me, I know thee not! Depart,
 Thou wicked servant, into utter darkness,
 There weep and gnash thy teeth in fires prepar'd
 For SATAN and his outcast crew accurst?

CUMBERLAND.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

WEAK and irresolute is man;
 The purpose of to-day,

Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring
Vice seems already slain ;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part ;
Virtue engages his assent,
But Pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view ;
And, while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true,

Bound on a voyage of awful length
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength.
Man vainly trusts his own,

But oars alone can ne'er prevail,
To reach the distant coast !
The breath of Heav'n must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

COWPER.

A RECEIPT FOR HAPPINESS.

TRAVERSE the world, go fly from pole to pole,
Go far as winds can blow or waters roll,
All, all is vanity, beneath the sun,
To certain death through different paths we run.
See the pale miser poring o'er his gold ;
See there a galley-slave to misery sold !
Ambition's vot'ries groan beneath its weight,

The splendid victim of the toils of state.
 Lo! in the mantling bowl sweet poisons flow;
 Love's softest pleasures terminate in woe:
 Even learning ends her vast career in doubt,
 And puzzling on makes nothing clearly out.
 Where then is sov'reign bliss? Where doth it grow
 Know, mortal! happiness ne'er dwelt below.
 Look towards Heav'n, be Heav'n thy only care;
 Spurn the vile earth—go seek thy treasure there;
 A virtuous course, and Heav'n alone you'll find,
 Can fill a boundless and immortal mind.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

 HYMN.

Mutability of the Creation; immutability of God,

GREAT Former of this various frame!
 Our souls adore thine awful name!
 And bow and tremble, while they praise
 The Ancient of eternal days.

Thou, Lord, with unsurpris'd survey,
 Saw'st nature rising yesterday;
 And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye
 See earth and stars in ruin lie.

Beyond an angel's vision bright,
 Thou dwell'st in self-existent light,
 Which shines, with undiminish'd ray,
 While suns and worlds in smoke decay.

Our days a transient period run,
 And change with ev'ry circling sun;
 And, in the firmest state we boast,
 A moth can crush us into dust.

But, let the creatures fall around,
 Let death consign us to the ground,

Let the last gen'ral flame arise,
 And melt the arches of the skies:
 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
 Can all the wreck of nature see;
 While grace secures us an abode
 Unshaken as the throne of God.

P. DODDRIDGE.

THE FUTILITY OF MAN'S RESOLUTIONS

VIRTUE for ever frail as fair below,
 Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
 Nor touches on the world without a stain:
 The world's infectious; few bring back at eve
 Immaculate the manners of the morn,
 Something we thought, is blotted; we resolv'd,
 Is shaken; we renounc'd, returns again.
 Each salutation may slide in a sin
 Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
 Nor is it strange light, motion, concourse, noise,
 All scatter us abroad; thought outward bound,
 Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
 In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
 And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

YOUNG.

CHRIST'S PREDICTION FULFILLED.

'ON us and on our children be his blood!'
 Such was your imprecation, O ye Jews,
 When, in your sight the world's Redeemer stood
 Gash'd o'er with wounds, and emptying ev'ry vein,
 For man's redemption; and behold! it flows,
 It whelms upon you in a flood-gate tide;
 Steep'd to the lips ye are in all the blood
 Of all the righteous shed upon the earth,

From blood of righteous Abel to the blood
 Of Zechariah, whom your fathers ston'd
 Betwixt the altar and the house of God.
 Ye have enough ; the mark is on your race ;
 Ye have drawn down the judgment ye provok'd,
 It rests upon you . Yet for you no rest,
 No station, no abiding-place is found,
 Strangers and weary wand'ers upon earth.
 It in the dust of your Jerusalem
 With foot proscrib'd ye dare to tread, ye die ;
 A savage race usurps your sacred mount,
 And Jordan echoes an unhallow'd name ;
 Should ye but stop to shed a filial tear
 Upon the soil where your forefathers sleep,
 Woe to the circumcis'd that so is found !
 Oh ! slow of heart, when will ye understand,
 That thus afflicted, scatter'd, and dispers'd
 Through every clime and kingdom of the world
 Ye are sent forth to publish, as ye pass,
 How truly CHRIST predicted of your fate
 And though your lips deny, your suff'rings prove
 That prophet JESUS, whom your fathers slew,
 Was Saviour, Christ, Messias, Son of God.

CUMBERLAND

 A DREAM.

Well may sleep present us fictions,
 Since our waking moments teem
 With such fanciful convictions
 As make life itself a dream.—
 Half our daylight faith 's a fable
 Sleep disports with shadows too,
 Seeming in their turn as stable
 As the world we wake to view.

Ne'er by day did Reason's mint
 Give my thoughts a clearer print
 Of assur'd reality,
 Than was left by Phantasy
 Stamp'd and colour'd on my sprite
 In a dream of yesternight. " "

In a bark, methought, lone steering,
 I was cast on Ocean's strife,
 This, 'twas whisper'd in my hearing,
 Meant the sea of life.
 Sad regrets from past existence
 Came, like gales of chilling breath;
 Shadow'd in the forward distance
 Lay the land of death.
 Now seeming more, now less remote,
 On that dim-seen shore, methought,
 I beheld two hands a-pace
 Slow unshroud a spectre's face;
 And my flesh's hair upstood,—
 'Twas mine own similitude.

But my soul reviv'd at seeing
 Ocean, like an emerald spark,
 Kindle, while an air-dropt being,
 Smiling, steer'd my bark.
 Heaven-like—yet he look'd 'as human
 As supernal beauty can,
 More compassionate than woman,
 Lordly more than man.
 And as some sweet clarion's breath
 Stirs the soldier's scorn of death—
 So his accents bade me brook
 The spectre's eyes of icy look,
 Till it shut them—turn'd its head,
 Like a beaten foe, and fled.

"Types not this," I said, "fair Spirit!
 That my death-hour is to come?
 Say, what days shall I inherit?—
 Tell my soul their sum."

"No," he said, "yon phantom's aspect,
 Trust me, would appal thee worse,
 Held in clearly measur'd prospect:—
 Ask not for a curse!

Make not, for I overhear
 Thine unspoken thoughts as clear
 As thy mortal ear could catch
 The close-brought tickings of a watch—
 Make not the untold request
 That 's now revolving in thy breast.

"'Tis to live again, remeasuring
 Youth's years, like a scene rebears'd,
 In thy second life-time treasuring
 Knowledge from the first.
 Hast thou felt, poor self-deceiver!
 Life's career so void of pain,
 As to wish its fitful fever
 New begun again?
 Could experience, ten times thine,
 Pain from Being disentwine—
 Threads by fate together spun?
 Could thy flight heaven's lightning shun?
 No, nor could thy foresight's glance
 Scape the myriad shafts of chance.

"Would'st thou bear again Love's trouble—
 Friendship's death-dissever'd ties;
 Toil to grasp or miss the bubble
 Of Ambition's prize?
 Say thy life's new-guided action
 Flow'd from Virtue's fairest springs—

Still would Envy and Detraction
 Double not their stings?
 Worth itself is but a charter
 To be mankind's distinguish'd martyr."
 —I caught the moral, and cried, Hail,
 Spirit! let us onward sail
 Envying, fearing, hating none,
 Guardian Spirit, steer me on!"

T. CAMPBELL.

SONNETS.

As the tall ears bow to the sunburnt reaper, 't
 Life's joys encounter Time's advancing sickle.
 As mingled shapes float o'er the fever'd sleeper,
 O'er fortunes glide;—more varied, and as fickle
 Yet better far the gale that stirs the soul,
 Than calms, however lovely,—that delay us
 To strive with elements, whose dull control
 Flatters our lazy pride, but to betray us:
 But best,—the heart which builds its lofty aim
 Among the stars;—and, in the hand of heaven,
 Confides its treasures till the day of claim,
 Nor fears Life's billows, wheresoe'er 'tis driven:
 His love cheers ev'n the lazar-house of sorrow,—
 Who sooth'd the storm, and staid the burning levin!

EVENING.

Behold the moon!—whose heavenly alchymy
 Turns waves and clouds to silver. And behold,—
 It is the glorious firmament, which of old
 Shook with its empyrean harmony,—
 When, from his Maker's hands, man first walk'd
 Amid the sinless universe. The gold,— [free
 The fine gold now is dim! Yet he were cold
 Who fallen though he is, could joyless see

Such scene as this ; or stand as I do now
 Mid proofs of love which evermore endures,—
 Nor tell this false frail world, he ne'er shall bow
 To its vain threats, or court its vainer lures
 Alas ! too seldom, ev'n the purest soul
 With pow'r to scorn, and spring from its control.

PARK.

STANZAS.

Oh ! brightly glides the silent stream,
 Along the air no breeze is flowing ;
 Serenely shines the young moonbeam,
 And all the eastern stars are glowing.
 No living leaf's among the trees,
 Save on the aspin's lightest bough ;
 The northern lights are o'er the seas,—
 The mist sits on the dim hill's brow,—
 And all is calm, but thee, my Soul.
 Oh ! all is calm but thee !

The birds have sung themselves to sleep ;
 Nor ev'n the forest owls are hooting ;
 While oft, along night's shadowy steep,
 With silent glance the stars are shooting.
 And sleep is in the city's bounds,
 As well as on the dusky hill,
 The curfew's voice no longer sounds,—
 The hum of multitudes is still,—
 And all at rest, but thee my Soul,
 Oh ! all at rest but thee !

Yet not far distant is the clime
 Where this bright frame of things must sever,
 And the disorder'd stream of Time
 Leap o'er its bound, and break for ever

Then mountains shall be wrapt in flame,
 The spheres conclude their ancient song ;
 Cities lie waste without a name,
 Stars mingle in the ruin's throng,—
 And all decay but thee my Soul,
 Oh ! all decay but thee !

PARK

RACHEL

I will not weep, my boy, for thee,—
 Though thou wert all the world to me.
 I would not wish thee wak'd again,
 To strive, like me, with want and pain.
 I will but close that still bright eye,
 And kiss that brow so pale and high,
 And those pure lips, whose tones divine
 Caught their first words, first pray'rs from mine
 And fold thee to this bosom lone,
 Which thou hast left as cold's thine own,—
 And thus, implore the God who takes,—
 To help the heart thine absence breaks !
 My boy,—my boy,— this darken'd earth
 Shall never more to me seem fair ;
 And I shall stand, 'mid all its mirth,
 Like something which should not be there !
 Yet 'twas to heav'n thy soul was borne,
 And wherefore should thy parent mourn ?
 Perhaps in mercy, He reprov'd
 The selfish zeal with which I lov'd.
 I'll mourn no more ! my God, thou know'st
 The wealth my desolate heart has lost !
 Oh ! shield me from repining cares,
 When other parents point to theirs ;
 Bring back that light I now behold,—
 Oh these lov'd features,—calm and cold,—

That deathless smile, which whispers me
 He died in peace and joy with Thee !
 My boy,— my boy,—sustaining Pow'r
 Thy sinking Mother well may crave,—
 For welcome shall be that blest hour,
 Which sees her share thy lovely grave!

PARK.

STANZAS TO.-

The world's forgotten while I gaze on thee.
 And, sweet as echoes from a lonely shore,
 Thy pensive accents render back to me,
 Feelings of bliss I deem'd for ever o'er.

On thee the broken hearted too-might gaze,
 And half forget that e'er they wish'd to die;
 Nor sin itself,—from Earth could e'er erase
 All Eden,—while thy pure soul lit that eye.

Pure as the dew, absorb'd in heaven's light,
 Ere yet it mingles in the darker show'r,—
 That soul contracts my own to deeper night,
 And makes me but an infant in thy pow'r.

Thy bloom deathless. Neither time nor woe
 Shall see thy Soul's unclouded beauty flit;
 Nor age can ever dim those eyes, whose glow
 Comes from a shrine which God himself hath lit!

PARK.

THE MYSTERY OF A FUTURE STATE, NO ARGUMENT AGAINST IT.

STILL seems it strange, that thou shouldst live for
 ever?

Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all?

This is a miracle; and that no more.
 Who gave beginning, can exclude an end; .
 Deny thou art, then, doubt if thou shalt be.
 A miracle, with miracles inclos'd,
 Is man! and starts his faith at what is strange.
 What less than wonders from the Wonderful?
 What less than miracles from God can flow?
 Admit a God—that mystery supreme!
 That cause uncaus'd! all other wonders cease;
 Nothing is marvellous for him to do:
 Deny him—all is mystery besides.
 We nothing know, but what is marvellous;
 Yet what is marvellous, we can't believe.
 So weak our reason, and so great our God,
 What most surprises in the sacred page,
 Or full as strange, or stranger, must be true.
 Faith is not reason's labor, but repose.

YOUNG

“THE CONTEMPLATIST: NIGHT-PIECE.

THE Queen of Contemplation, Night,
 Begins her balmy reign;
 Advancing in their varied light
 Her silver-vested train.

'Tis strange, the many marshall'd stars
 That ride yon sacred round,
 Should keep, among their rapid cars
 A silence so profound!

A kind, a philosophic calm
 The cool creation wears!
 And what day drank of dewy balm,
 The gentle Night repairs

Behind their leafy curtains hid,
The feather'd race how still !
How quiet now the gamesome kid
That gambol'd round the hill !
The sweets, that, bending o'er their banks,
From sultry Day declin'd;
Revive in little velvet ranks,
And scent the western wind. .
The Moon, preceded by the breeze
That bade the clouds retire,
Appears among the tufted trees,
A Phoenix' nest on fire.

But soft—the golden glow subsides !
Her chariot mounts on high !
And now, in silver'd pomp she rides
Pale regent of the sky !

Where Time upon the wither'd tree
Hath carv'd the moral chair,
I sit from busy passions free,
And breathe the placid air.

The wither'd tree was once in prime ;
Its branches brav'd the sky !
Thus, at the touch of ruthless Time,
Shall Youth and Vigour die.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse :
It glows serenely gay !
Come, Science, by my side advance,
We'll search the Milky Way.

Let us descend—The daring flight
Fatigues my feeble mind :
And science, in the maze of light,
Is impotent and blind.

What are those wild, those wand'ring fires,
That o'er the moorland ran?
Vapours.—How like the vague desires
That cheat the heart of man!

But there's a friendly guide!—a flame,
That, lambent o'er its bed,
Enlivens, with a gladsome beam,
The hermit's osier shed.

Among the russet shades of night,
It glances from afar!
And darts along the dusk; so bright,
It seems a silver star!

In coverts (where the few frequent)
If Virtue deigns to dwell,
'Tis thus the little lamp, Content,
Gives lustre to her cell.

How smooth that rapid river slides
Progressive to the deep!
The poppies, pendent o'er its sides,
Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons;
Ye indolent! ye gay!
Reflect—for as the river runs,
Life wings its trackless way.

That branching grove of dusky green
Conceals the azure sky;
Save where a starry space between
Relieves the darken'd eye.

Old Error, thus, with shades impure
Throws sacred Truth behind:
Yet, sometimes, through the deep obscure
She bursts upon the mind.

Sleep, and her sister Silence reign,
 They lock the shepherd's fold !
 But hark—I hear a lamb complain,
 'Tis lost upon the wold !

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,
 An unresisting prize !
 For, having trod a devious way,
 The little Rambler dies.

As luckless is the Virgin's lot,
 Whom pleasure once misguides :
 When hurried from the halcyon cot,
 Where Innocence presides—

The passions, a relentless train !
 To tear the victim, run ;
 She seeks the paths of peace in vain,
 Is conquer'd—and undone.

How bright the little insects blaze,
 Where willows shade the way ;
 As proud as if their painted rays
 Could emulate the day !

'Tis thus the pigmy sons of pow'r
 Advance their vain parade !
 Thus glitter in the darken'd hour,
 And like the glow-worms fade !

The soft serenity of night
 Ungentle clouds deform !
 The silver host that shone so bright,
 Is hid behind a storm !

The angry elements engage !
 An oak (an ivied bower,)
 Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,
 And shields me from the shower.

The rancour, thus, of rushing fate
 I've learnt to render vain:
 For, whilst Integrity's her seat,
 The soul will sit serene.

A raven, from some greedy vault,
 Amidst that cloister'd gloom,
 Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought!
 Reflect upon the tomb.

The tomb!—The consecrated dome!
 The temple rais'd to Peace!
 The port, that to its friendly home
 Compels the human race!

You village, to the moral mind,
 A solemn aspect wears;
 Where sleep hath lull'd the labor'd hind,
 And kill'd his daily cares:

'Tis but the church-yard of the Night;
 An emblematic bed!
 That offers to the mental sight
 The temporary dead.

From hence, I'll penetrate in thought
 The grave's unmeasur'd deep;
 And tutor'd hence, be timely taught
 To meet my final sleep.

'Tis peace—(the little chaos past!)
 The graceful moon restor'd!
 A breeze succeeds the frightful blast,
 That through the forest roar'd!

The Nightingale, a welcome guest!
 Repews her gentle strains;
 And Hope (just wand'ring from my breast)
 Her wonted seat regains.

—When yon lucid orb is dark,
 And darting from on high;
 My soul, a more celestial spark,
 Shall keep her native sky.

Fann'd by the light, the lenient breeze,
 My limbs refreshment find;
 And moral rhapsodies, like these,
 Gives vigour to the mind.

CUNNINGHAM.

EPITAPH ON D. S. THOMSON.

"A bright to-morrow
 May be never thine."

'Think not though health is bounding in thy vein,
 That health, and youth for ever will remain;
 Nor let the sparkle of a smiling eye,
 Deceive a heart which only beats to die;
 Thy friend was young, and bade as fair to live,
 With all the pleasing dreams which fancy give;
 His morn of life was bright, and hope was there,
 With joys in prospect he should never share;
 And who could think to see his opening bloom,
 That these would soon be wither'd in the tomb;
 He smil'd to-day—to-morrow sickness came,
 And quench'd at once poor life's deceitful flame;
 And ye who live, perhaps may fall as soon,
 Thy Sun, alas, be darken'd ere the noon;
 And the long grass which to the night winds wave
 May be ere long the covering of thy grave;
 This mournful lesson speaks, and speaks aloud,
 For thy young friend now slumbers in his shroud;
 And nought alas, can animate his clay,
 But the loud thunders of judgment day.

WEIR.

NIGHT PRAYER.

Once more 'tis night, and Life's dull weight
 Hath left the earth in blessed sleep,
 The moon shines o'er my chamber floor,
 Nor sound nor sail is on the deep.

The silent sky gleams wide and high,
 With all its glorious host abroad.
 It is the hour whose thoughtful power,
 Bends down my heart to thee, oh God !

O'er life's long track, when I look back,
 I see the false, and mourn the fair,
 I too, have seen the alter'd mein,
 I, too, have worshipp'd Folly's glare ;—

I too have sprung, when Thought was young,
 To claim the sceptic's heartless boast,—
 And wert not Thou my refuge now,
 God of my trust, I too were lost !

The dream is past ;—it could not last !
 And kindly hast thou dealt with me ;—
 To wean my heart from worldly art,
 And fix its wav'ring faith on Thee.

In vainer days, from pleasure's vase
 I quaff'd the draught which millions rue ;
 Its fragments rust amid the dust,
 But Thou canst not deceive me 'too !'

With Thee is life, undimm'd by strife ;
 The strength whose tow'r time never shakes,
 Thou art the way, where none can stray ;
 The only friend who ne'er forsakes.

But sorrow's wave be my hope's grave,—
 Blight all the joys for which I strove,—

I will not shrink, tho' they may sink,
If Thou wilt spare me but thy love !

Thou rein'st the storm, thou feed'st the worm,
These worlds were thy almighty plan,—
Thou giv'st that sky each beauteous dye,—
But what outgoes thy grace to man ?

All love were faint which words can paint ;—
—The sire's who blest me on his knee,
—The breast's that first my frail form nurst,
Compar'd with His who died for me !

PARK.

STANZAS.

"Blest days of youth,
Ye never can return."

'Tis sad to think, there was a time,
The heart was not so scar'd as now,
When even the very dread of crime,
Would bring a cloud upon the brow.

'Tis sad to think those days are gone,
And with them many a dream of bliss ;
And hopes which then in prospect shone,
Have faded nor e'er whisper'd this.

Would that those hours were mine again,
I'd leave ambition's fondest schemes ;
And count her richest treasures vain,
For one short glance of childhood's dreams.

The bird that leaves a sunny isle,
Can thither fly when storms arise ;
Ah ! tho' in autum moments smile,
Nought can recall their peaceful skies.

The heart was then so pure, so free,
 From folly, and the vice of age;
 And never thought such blots could be
 Upon the face of manhood's page.

Sincere in love, in friendship true,
 Its little word was free from care;
 But sorrow with its moments grew,
 Till nought of youth was ling'ring there.

The eye grew dim which once was bright—
 We smile but ah! 'tis not sincere:
 And tho' at times the heart grows light,
 How soon 'tis clouded with a tear.

At morn some fix'd resolve is made—
 'Tis broke before the day is past;
 And night comes only to upbraid,
 The fleeting joys we thought would last.

Thus day by day life hurries on,
 By hope and fancy still beguil'd;
 And friends are falling one by one
 Who were our playmates when a child.

Oh! I could weep as oft I think
 How happy then, how alter'd now,
 While standing on the grave's dark brink,
 With care deep mark'd upon my brow.

'Tis sad to think the time is past,
 When shone the morning of our day;
 'Tis sad to see the sky o'ercast,
 As evening comes with solent grey.

Then farewell early hopes and joys,
 To me you only can give pain,
 And vain alas! are all those sighs
 Since childhood cannot come again.

THERE IS A TEAR THAT FALLS UNSEEN.

There is a tear that falls unseen,
Nor seeks the downcast eye ;
And from its dark and cheerless bed,
Ascends the frequent sigh.

Like drops within some hidden cave,
That wastes the rocks away ;
It falls within the bosom's core,
And makes the heart decay.

Its victim too may seem to smile,
Forgetful of its woe,
While life is running fast to waste,
Till all has ceased to flow.

This tear hath wasted many a heart,
Ere youth had seen its prime ;
While on life's sea by sorrow tost,
They seem'd the wrecks of time.

This tear hath blighted beauty's cheek,
So full of health and bloom ;
For love which promised fair grew false,
And gave her to the tomb.

This tear hath broke a mother's heart
When thinking on her child,
Ere death stepp'd in, and its soft eye
So full of kindness smil'd.

This tear hath seen the exile pine,
Upon a lonely shore ;
Till hope forsook his homeward dreams,
And life's pulse beat no more.

This tear hath seen the captive fall,
Beside his long worn chain ;

Tho' he undaunted brav'd the fight,
And charg'd amidst the slain.

This tear like that insidious worm,
Which gnaws the giant oak,
Hath levell'd many a noble heart;
And many a heart-string broke.

This tear ne'er courts the busy crowd,
With sympathy to feel;
Nor bids its victim seek those scenes,
Where joy is wont to heal.

Yet, there is one who feels our pain,
Whose hand can send relief,
Who tho' this world may yield no joy
Can mitigate our grief,

And oh! should sorrows path be mine,
That path which Jesus trod;
May the weak heart grow strong in faith,
And soar unto its God.

And full of hope, and joy, and bliss,
May I from earth arise,
When death has set the spirit free,
And wing'd it to the skies.

WEIR.

A PRAYER.

Under the pressure of violent anguish.

O THOU Great Being! what thou art
Surpasses me to know!
Yet sure I am, that, known to thee
Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands,
 All wretched and distressed ;
 But sure those ills that wring my soul
 Obey thy high behest.

Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
 From cruelty or wrath !
 O, free my weary eyes from tears,
 Or close them fast in death !

But if I must afflicted be,
 To suit some wise design ;
 Then man my soul with firm resolves
 To bear, and not repine !

BURNS.

 FAITH.

FAITH bids the soul ascend on high,
 And opens up the gate of bliss ;
 Her restless wing explores the sky,
 And wafts its tidings back to us.
 She speaks of joys the blessed know,
 And tells of scenes divinely fair
 Where streams of gladness ever flow,
 And bids us look with wonder there.

Our friends may fill an early grave,
 Our every hope in life be lost ;
 And 'midst the storm the rising wave
 May see our bark 'midst breakers tost.
 But Faith can gild the dreary tomb,
 Where early friends in silence sleep ;
 And her bright arch can re-illumine
 That shore beyond the swelling deep.

Faith speaks of myriads round the throne,
 Who once were sufferers here below :
 And shows the path which led them on
 To glory from a scene of woe.
 She speaks of one whom hosts adore.—
 Whom Angels worship in the sky ;
 'Tis to the Lamb for evermore
 Who once for guilty man did die.

Faith, saving faith worlds cannot chain.
 To earth's ignoble low abode ;
 And pleasure's voice allures in vain
 To keep her from the throne of God.
 Her chariot is the lightning's wing,
 The Martyr's cup her brightest prize ;
 And death, tho' cruel, will but bring
 Faith to full vision in the skies.

WEIR.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IMITATED.

FATHER of all! Eternal mind!
 Immensely good and great!
 Thy children, form'd and blest by thee,
 Approach thy heav'nly seat.

Thy name in hallow'd strains be sung!
 We join the solemn praise :
 To thy great name, with heart and tongue,
 Our cheerful homage raise.

Thy mild, thy wise, and sov'reign reign,
 Let every being own :
 And in our minds, thy work divine,
 Erect thy gracious throne.

As angels, in the heavenly worlds,
 Thy bless'd commands fulfill,
 So may thy creatures here below
 Perform thy holy will.

On thee we, day by day, depend ;
 Our daily wants supply ;
 With truth and virtue feed our souls,
 That they may never die.

Extend thy grace to every fault ;
 Oh ! let thy love forgive ;
 Teach us divine forgiveness too,
 Nor let resentments live.

Where tempting snares beset the way,
 Permit us not to tread ;
 Avert the threat'ning evil far
 From our unguarded head.

Thy sacred name we would adore.
 With humble joyful mind ;
 And praise thy goodness, power, and truth,
 Eternal, unconfi'd !

ANON.

 PARENTS.

(Exodus xx. 12.)

The voice of nature, yea, the voice of God,
 Commands to honour those that gave us birth,—
 Even her, from whose supporting bosom flowed
 By far the sweetest stream that flows on earth
 Whose tongue of kindness never knew a dearth
 Of soothing words that could our griefs allay—
 Even him who listened to our prattling mirth,

Who early taught our infant lips to pray,
And led our tottering steps to walk in wisdom's way:

A parent is indeed a tender friend,
And, if once lost, we never more shall find
A bosom that so tremblingly can bind
Its feelings with our own congenial mind ;
Our lips may speak their anguish to the wind
That hurries heedlessly and wildly by—
Our hearts, to lonely agony consign'd,
May throb without relief—for no reply,
Comes from the mould'ring breasts that in their
grave-bed lie.

And then we pause to think—alas ! how late !—
Of deeds that wrung a parent's heart with pain :
And oh ! could we but open death's dark gate ;
And lead them back into the world again—
Oh ! but once more to see their face !—tis vain !
Once more to hear their voice !—tis sweetly driven
Across our fancy, and expires,—and then
We wish ourselves away—away to heaven,
To weep upon their breast and there to be forgiven.

KNOX'S SONGS OF ISRAEL.

HYMN:

Love, the new Commandment.

BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands !
His weeping followers, gathering round,
Receive his last commands.

From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fall !

The gentle precept which he gave
Became it's author well.

“Blest is the man, whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain.

“Whose breast expands, with generous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

He spreads his kind supporting arms,
To every child of grief ;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

“To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views, thro' mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe,

“Peace from the bosom of his God
My peace to him I give ;
And, when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.”

“To him protection shall be shewn !
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfill
The perfect law of love.”

BARBAULD.

AURORA BOREALIS.

CHILD of the north, whose vivid light,
All playfully illumines the sky ;

We see thee 'midst the shades of night,
 When cloudless stillness reigns on high.
 Some look on thee with trembling eye,
 As herald of untold designs,—
 Lights bursting on dark prophecy,
 The harbinger of troublous times.

They see in thee the ranks of war,
 The fleets that sail the mighty sea;
 And speak of deeds unknown—afar,
 Reveal'd in signs alone by thee :
 Yet 'midst the blue immensity,
 Regardless of the thoughts of man,
 Thy nightly march is still on high
 As when creation's hours began.

How harmless are those lights which glow
 By night along the northern sphere :
 Reflected to a world below,
 Which mourns the winter of her year.
 Yet I remember still that fear,
 Which childhood felt to gaze on thee,
 When told by some prophetic seer,
 The bloody scenes which soon would be.

But soon philosophy whose flight
 On eagle wing explores the sky
 Dispell'd those fears, and brought delight
 With every meteor flash on high.
 Then while to thee we turn our eye,
 Bright bursting from the dreary pole,
 Let thoughts above philosophy,
 With all thy brightness fill the soul.

STANZAS,

How quickly 'mongst the dying embers,
 When each soft concussion comes,
 The sudden change at once dismembers,
 Tow'rs and temples, groves and domes !

And on the dim and dusky wall,
 Swift flick'ring shapes the muser sees,
 And hears wild voices rise and fall,
 Amid the moanings of the breeze !

So life is fated. Youth increases
 Tow'rs of Hope 'gainst truths of woe,
 Until his early spring-time ceases,
 And like frost-work down they go !

'Then fearful shapes around him stray,
 Which chance no dawn can e'er dispell,
 And fears oppose his future way,
 Which heav'nly grace alone can quell.

PARK.

 THE CURSE OF CAIN.

(Gen. iv. 15 and 16.)

O THE wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing !
 Like the tempest that withers the blossoms of
 spring,

Like the thunder that bursts on the summer's do-
 It fell on the head of the homicide Cain. [main,

And lo ! like a deer in the fright of the chase,
 With a fire in his heart, and a brand on his face,
 He speeds him afar to the desert of Nod—
 A vagabond smote by the vengeance of God.

All nature to him has been blasted and bann'd,
 For the blood of a brother yet reeks on his hand ;
 And no vintage has grown, and no fountain has
 sprung
 For cheering his heart, or for cooling his tongue. ,
 The groans of a father his slumber^f shall start,
 And the tears of a mother shall pierce to his heart,
 And the kiss of his children shall scorch him like
 flame,
 When he thinks of the curse that hangs over his
 name.

And the wife of his bosom—the faithful and fair—
 Can mix no sweet drop in his cup of despair ;
 For her tender caress, and her innocent breath,
 But stir in his soul the hot embers of wrath.

And his off'ring may blaze—unregarded by Hea-
 ven ;
 And his spirit may pray—yet remain unforgiven ;
 And his grave may be closed—but no rest to him
 O the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing ! [bring ;

KNOX'S SONGS OF ISRAEL.

HYMN.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay !
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
 And praise th' Almighty's name :
 Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell th' inspiring theme.
 Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
 Where gay transporting beauty reigns.
 Ye scenes divinely fair !

Your Maker's wond'rous power proclaim.
 Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
 And breath'd the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound !
 While all th' adoring thrones around
 His boundless mercy sing :
 Let ev'ry listening saint above,
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the sweetest string.

Thou, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir ;
 Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
 The mighty chorus aid ;
 Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,
 Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
 And praise him in the shade.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
 Who call'd yon worlds from night :
 " Ye shades, dispell ! "—th' Eternal said :
 At once th' involving darkness fled,
 And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
 That wings the air, that skims the plains,
 United praise bestow :
 Ye dragons, sound his awful name
 To heav'n aloud ; and roar acclaim,
 Ye swelling deeps below.

Let every element rejoice ;
 Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
 To him who bids you roll ;

His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

To him, ye graceful ædars, bow ;
 Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,
 Your great Creator own ;
 Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
 How Sinai kindled at his look,
 And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
 Ye insects flutt'ring on the gale,
 In mutual concourse rise ;
 Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
 And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
 In incense to the skies.

Wake all ye mountain tribes, and sing ;
 Ye plamy warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To him who shap'd your finer mould,
 Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
 And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man by nobler passions sway'd,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heavenly praise employ ;
 Spread his tremendous name around,
 Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
 The gen'ral burst of joy.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
 Nurs'd in the downy lap of ease,
 Fall prostrate at his throne.
 Ye princes, rulers, all adore ;
 Praise him, ye kings, who make your pow'r
 An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
 O praise th' eternal Source of love,
 With youth's enliv'ning fire :
 Let age take up the tuneless lay,
 Sigh his bless'd name—then soar away,
 And ask an angel's lyre.*

OGILVIE.

THE XXV CHAPTER OF JOB PARAPHRASED.

THE will vain man complain and murmur still,
 And stand on terms with his Creator's will !
 Shall this high privilege to clay be given ?
 Shall dust arraign the providence of Heaven ?
 With reason's line the boundless distance scan ?
 Oppose Heaven's awful majesty to man ?
 To what a length his vast dimensions run !
 How far beyond the journey's of the sun !
 He hung yon golden balls of light on high,
 And launch'd the planets through the liquid sky.
 To rolling worlds he mark'd the certain space,
 Fix'd and sustain'd the elemental peace.

Unnumber'd as those worlds his armies move,
 And the gay legions guard his realms above ;
 High o'er th' ethereal plains the myriads rise,
 And pour their flaming ranks along the skies :
 From their bright arms incessant splendors stream,
 And the wide azure kindles with the gleam.

To this low world he bids the light repair,
 Down through the gulfs of undulating air ;
 For man he taught the glorious sun to roll
 From his bright barrier to his western goal.

How then shall man, thus insolently proud,
 Plead with his Judge, and combat with his God ?

How from his mortal mother can he come
Unstain'd from sin, untinctur'd from the womb?

The Lord, from his sublime empyreal throne,
As a dark globe regards the silver moon.
Those stars, that grace the wide celestial plain,
Are but the humblest sweepings of his train,
Dim are the brightest splendours of the sky;
And the sun darkens in Jehovah's eye;
But does not sin diffuse a fouler stain,
And thicker darkness cloud the soul of man?
Shall he the depths of endless wisdom know?
This short-liv'd sovereign of the world below?
His frail original confounds his boast, [dust.
Sprung from the ground, and quicken'd from the
PITT.

HYMN.

Praise to God in prosperity and adversity.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
Clouds that drop their fat'ning dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;

All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :

These to thee, my God, we owe ;
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear,
From its stem the rip'ning ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit ;

Should the vine put forth no more.
Nor the olive yield her store,
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall :

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain ,
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy ;

Yet to thee my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

BARBAULD.

PSALM

The first six verses of the nineteenth Psalm.

O THOU ! the first, the greatest, friend
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place !

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
 Beneath thy forming hand,
 Before this pond'rous globe itself
 Arose at thy command ;

That pow'r which rais'd, and still uphold's
 This universal frame,
 From countless unbeginning time
 Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years,
 Which seem to us so vast,
 Appear no more before thy sight
 Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st thy word : Thy creature, man.
 Is to existence brought ;
 Again thou say'st, ' Ye sons of men,
 Return ye into nought.'

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
 ' In everlasting sleep ;
 As with a flood, thou tak'st them off
 With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
 In beauty's pride array'd,
 But, long ere night, cut down it lies,
 All wither'd and decay'd.

BURNS.

THE WORLD PASSES AWAY.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given ;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow ;
 There's nothing true but Heaven !

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even ;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb ;
There's nothing bright but Heaven !

Poor wand'ers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven ;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way ;
There's nothing calm but heaven !

MOORI

THE RAINBOW

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When science from creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,

Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undelug'd earth
Heaven's cov'nant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign !

And when its yellow lustre smil'd
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child,
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep,
The first made anthem rang
On earth, deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye,
Unraptur'd greet thy beam ;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glitt'ring in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious in thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathom's down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page,
 Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
 Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
 That first spoke peace to man.

CAMPBELL.

THE COVENANTERS' SABBATH.

'Twas Sabbath morn, a lovelier never rose,
 And nature seem'd in holy calm repose;
 No cloud was seen along the azure sky,
 And the pure streamlet glided softly by;
 From tree to tree the warbling minstrels sung,
 And heav'n's bright arch with nature's praises rung:
 'Tho' all was still, yet persecution's rage,
 With awful fury scourg'd a bleeding age:
 Then Scotland groan'd beneath a tyrant's yoke
 Till her proud spirit seem'd for ever broke;
 Her sons were haunted from the abodes of men,
 To savage wilds, or some sequester'd glen:
 Justice stood mute, for dæmons gave the law,
 And many a bloody scene her mountains saw.

What tho' this morning rose so calmly bright,
 The eye which saw it, trembled at its light;
 On Loudon's* braes the bird might find a nest;
 On Pentland's† hills the wounded deer might rest;
 But terror there her gloomy watch did keep,
 Like the death storm which overhangs the deep;
 And homeless man from place to place was driven,
 Bereft of hope, and every stay but heaven.

* Where the Covenanter's often met for worship.

† The melancholy associations connected with Pentland, are too well known to require further notice; and for a full history of the sufferings of the Church of Scotland under the rage of Popery and Prelacy, we would refer our readers to the "Scots Worthies," and Woodrow's History.

No gladsome bell announc'd the Sabbath day,
 The solemn temples moulder'd with decay;
 God's people met, amidst the lonely wild,
 Like wretched outcasts from a world exil'd;
 In a lone cave, the eagle's drear abode,
 They met to worship, and to praise their God
 The fretted rocks around their temple hung,
 And echoed back the praises as they sung;
 Tho' half suppress the thrilling accents rise,
 To God who hears, and answers in the skies;
 The preacher rose, and ev'ry voice grew still,
 Save echoing breezes round the lonely hill;
 With solemn awe he opes the blessed book,—
 Earnest in voice, and heavenly in his look;
 While from his lips the soothing accents flow,
 To cheer his flock, and mitigate their woe;
 For who could tell how soon the sent'nel's breath
 Might give the signal of approaching death;
 For ev'ry moment seem'd to them the last,
 And days to come, more gloomy than the past.

Within that place, the sacramental board
 Was spread in memory of their risen Lord,
 While the deep thunder rent the thick'ning cloud,
 And light'ning flash'd along the mournful crowd;
 And when with lowly hands the bread was broke,
 The sheeted flame fell on the living rock;
 Illum'd the table with its symbols spread,
 As if heaven's brightness rested on their head:
 With placid looks they saw the dark'ning cloud,
 Which hid Jehovah in his awful shroud;
 And when the voice fell deafening on the ear,
 No murm'ring word proclaim'd them men of fear
 But calm and sweet the heaven tun'd "Martyrs"
 Like zephyrs sighing at the tempest's close. [rose,

* Psalm Tune, said to have been sung in caves and
 by the persecuted Covenanters, and no person can

Near to this place where mountain torrents flow
Thro' broken rocks, to calmer scenes below,
How oft was heard the tender infant's sigh,
Its name pronounc'd midst breezes passing by;
While all-unconscious of the holy rite,
It smil'd amidst the dangers of the night.

In caves and glens their Sabbath hours were spent,
Till the pale moon illum'd the firmament;
And there they wander'd at the dead of night,
When the duns tars withheld their glimmering light;
And Oh! how oft their wild retreat's been found
By those who sought them like the blood-train'd
hound,—

And made that place, their oft frequented cave,
The holy Martyrs' solitary grave;
Where nought but winds their dreary death-knell
rung,

And the scar'd bird their mournful requiem sung:
Yet heaven wept, and bade their spirits rise
On angel wings, from sorrow to the skies;
While all they suffer'd shall be ne'er forgot,
Their grave be hallow'd, and their dying spot;
For they to Scotland gave her church, her laws,
And fell like patriots in their country's cause.

Peace to their mem'ry. let no impious breath
Soil their fair fame, or triumph o'er their death:
Let Scotia's grateful sons their tear-drops shed,
Where now they lie in honour's gory bed;

listen, even at the present day, to its exquisite pathos, and heart-touching melody, without feeling emotions of no ordinary kind. Thank God, the days of persecution, for conscience' sake, have passed away; but we should remember, that amidst the calmness and beauty of our civil and religious horizon, that it was to those Martyrs for the cause of Truth and of Freedom, that we are now indebted for all that we enjoy.

Rich with the spoils their glorious deeds had won.
 And purchas'd freedom to a land undone ;
 A land which owes its glory and its worth
 To those whom tyrants banish'd from the earth.

WEIR.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Honour and happiness unite
 To make the Christian's name a praise ,
 How fair the scene, how clear the light,
 That fills the remnant of his days !

A kingly character he bears,
 No change his priestly office knows ;
 Unfading is the crown he wears,
 His joys can never reach a close.

Adorn'd with glory from on high,
 Salvation shines upon his face ;
 His robe is of th' ethereal dye,
 His steps are dignity and grace.

Inferior honours he disdains,
 Nor stoops to take applause from earth ;
 The King of kings himself maintains
 Th' expenses of his heav'nly birth.

The noblest creature seen below,
 Ordain'd to fill a throne above ;
 God gives him all he can bestow,
 His kingdom of eternal love !

My soul is ravish'd at the thought !
 Methinks from earth I see him rise,
 Angels congratulate his lot,
 And shout him welcome to the skies !

COWPER.

NATIVITY.

For thou wert born of woman ! thou didst come,
 O Holiest ! to this world of sin and gloom,
 Not in thy dread omnipotent array ;
 And not by thunders strew'd,
 Was thy tempestuous road ;
 Not indignation burnt before thee on thy way.
 But thee, a soft and naked child,
 Thy mother, undefil'd,
 In the rude manger laid to rest,
 From off her virgin breast.

The heav'ns were not commanded to prepare
 A gorgeous canopy of golden air ;
 Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthroned fires on high ;
 A single silent star
 Came wand'ring from afar,
 Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky ;
 The Eastern Sages leading on,
 As at a kingly throne,
 To lay their gold and odours sweet
 Before thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hush'd to hear
 Bright harmony from ev'ry starry sphere ;
 Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song
 From all the cherub choirs,
 And seraph's burning lyres
 Pour'd, through the host of heav'n the charmed
 One angel troop the strain began, [clouds along.
 Of all the race of man,
 By simple shepherds heard alone,
 That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no ear of flame
 To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came ;

Nor visible angels mourn'd with drooping plumes;
 Nor didst thou mount on high
 From fatal Calvary
 With all thine own redeem'd outbursting from their
 For thou didst bear away from earth [tombs.
 But one of human birth,
 The dying felon by thy side, to be
 In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake,
 A little while the conscious earth did shake
 At that foul deed by her fierce children 'done;
 A few dim hours of day,
 The world in darkness lay,
 Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless
 While thou didst sleep beneath the tomb, [sun:
 Consenting to thy doom,
 Ere yet the white-robed Angel shone
 Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
 With devastation in thy red right hand,
 Plaguing the guilty city's murderous crew;
 But thou didst haste to meet
 Thy mother's coming feet,
 And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few:
 Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise
 Into thy native skies,
 Thy human form dissolved on high
 In its own radiancy.

MILMAN.

 TO-MORROW.

(Proverbs, xxvii. 2.)

TO-MORROW!—mortal, boast not, thou
 Of time and tide that are not now!

But think, in one revolving day
How earthly things may pass away !

To-day—while hearts with rapture spring,
The youth to beauty's lip may cling ;
To-morrow—and that lip of bliss
May sleep unconscious of his kiss.

To-day—the blooming spouse may press
Her husband in a fond caress ;
To-morrow—and the hands that prest
May wildly strike her widow'd breast.

To-day—the clasping babe may drain
The milk-stream from its mother's vein ;
To-morrow—like a frozen rill,
That bosom-current may be still.

To-day, thy merry heart may feast
On herb and fruit, and bird and beast ;
To-morrow—spite of all thy glee,
The hungry worms may feast on thee.

To-morrow !—mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now !
But think, in one revolving day
That even thyself may'st pass away.

KNOX'S SONGS OF ISRAEL.

THE BUTTERFLY.

BEAUTIFUL creature ! I have been
Moments uncounted watching thee,
Now flitting round the foliage green,
Of yonder dark, embow'ring tree ;
And now again, in frolic glee,
Hov'ring around those opening flowers,

Happy as nature's child should be,
Born to enjoy her loveliest bowers.

And I have gaz'd upon thy flight,
Till feelings I can scarce define,
Awaken'd by so fair a sight,
With desultory thoughts combine

Not to induce me to repine,
Or envy thee thy happiness;
But from a lot so bright as thine,
To borrow musings born to bless

Then thou, delightful creature, who
Wert yesterday a sightless worm
Becom'st a symbol fair and true,

Of hopes that own no mortal term;
In thy proud change we see the germ
Of Man's sublimer destiny,
While holiest oracles confirm
The type of immortality!

A change more glorious far than thine,
E'en I, thy fellow-worm, may know,
When this exhausted frame of mine
Down to its kindred dust shall go;
When the anxiety and woe
Of being's embryo state shall seem
Like phantoms flitting to and fro
In some confus'd and feverish dream.

*For thee, who flittest gaily now,
—With all thy nature asks—supplied,
A few brief summer days, and thou
No more amid these haunts shall glide,
As hope's fair herald—in thy pride
The sylph-like genius of the scene,
But, sunk in dark oblivion's tide,
Shall be—as thou hadst never been!

While Man's immortal part, when Time
 Shall set the chainless spirit free,
 May seek a brighter, happier clime
 Than Fancy e'er could feign for thee;
 Though bright her fairy bowers may be,
 Yet brief as bright their Beauties fade,
 And sad Experience mourns to see
 Each gourd Hope trusted in—decay'd.
 Sport on, then, lovely Summer fly,
 With whom began my votive strain:—
 Yet purer joys their hopes supply,
 Who, by Faith's alchemy, obtain
 Comfort in sorrow, bliss in pain,
 Freedom in bondage, light in gloom,
 Though earthly losses, heavenly gain,
 And Life immortal through the Tomb.

BERNARD BARTON.

GRAVE-STONES,

A Fragment.

THE grass is green and the spring floweret blooms
 And the tree blossoms all as fresh and fair
 As death had never visited the earth;
 Yet every blade of grass, and every flower,
 And every bud and blossom of the spring
 Is the memorial that nature rears
 Over a kindred grave.—Ay, and the song
 Of woodland wooer, of his nuptial lay,
 As blithe as if the year no winter knew,
 Is the lament of universal death.
 The merry singer is the living link
 Of many a thousand years of death gone by,
 And many a thousand in futurity,—
 The remnant of a moment, spared by him
 But for another meal to gorge upon.

This globe is but our fathers' cemetery—
 The sun, and moon, and stars that shine on high,
 The lamps that burn to light their sepulchre,
 The bright escutcheons of their funeral vault.
 Yet does man move as gaily as the barge,
 Whose keel sings through the waters, and her sails
 Kytie like the passing meteor of the deep;
 Yet ere to-morrow shall those sunny waves
 That wanton round her, as they were in love,
 Turn dark and fierce, and swell, and swallow her,
 So is he girt by death on every side,
 As heedless of it.—Thus he perishes.
 Such were my thoughts upon a summer eve,
 As forth I walk'd to quaff the cooling breeze.
 The setting sun was curtaining the west
 With purple and with gold, so fiercely bright,
 That eye of mortal might not look on it—
 Pavilion fitted for an angel's home.
 The sun's last ray fell slanting on a thorn
 With blossoms white, and there a blackbird sat
 Bidding the sun adieu, in tones so sweet
 As fancy might awake around his throne.
 My heart was full, yet found no utterance,
 Save in a half-breath'd sigh and moistening tear.
 I wander'd on, scarce knowing where I went,
 Till I was seated on an infant's grave.
 Alas! I knew the little tenant well;
 She was one of a lovely family,
 That oft had clung around me like a wreath,
 Of flowers, the fairest of the maiden spring—
 It was a new-made grave, and the green sod
 Lay loosely on it; yet affection there
 Had rear'd the stone, her monument of fame.
 I read the name—I lov'd to hear her lisp—
 'Twas not alone, but every name was there
 That lately echoed through that happy dome.

I had been three weeks absent; in that time
 The merciless destroyer was at work,
 And spar'd not one of all the infant group.
 The last of all I read the grandsire's name,
 On whose white locks I oft had seen her cheek
 Like a bright sunbeam on a fleecy cloud
 Rekindling in his eye the fading lustre,
 Breathing into his heart the glow of youth.
 He died at eighty of a broken heart,
 Bereft of all for whom he wished to live.

JAMES GRAY.

THE HAPPY EVENING.

How blest is he whose tranquil mind,
 When life declines, recalls again
 The years that time has cast behind,
 And reaps delight from toil and pain.

So, when the transient storm is past,
 The sudden gloom and driving show'r.
 The sweetest sunshine is the last,
 The loveliest is the ev'ning hour.

ANON.

LINES LEFT AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE.

O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above!
 I know thou wilt me hear:
 When, for this scene of peace and love,
 I make my pray'r sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
 Long, long, be pleas'd to spare!
 To bless his little filial flock,
 And show what good men are.

THE SACRED LYRE

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
 With tender hopes and fears,
 O, bless her with a mother's joys,
 But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
 In manhood's dawning blush!
 Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
 Up to a parent's wish!

The beauteous, seraph, sister-band,
 With earnest tears, I pray,
 Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
 Guide thou their steps alway!

When soon or late they reach that coast,
 O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
 May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
 A family in Heav'n!

BURNS

THE MISSIONARY

He left his native land, and far away
 Across the waters sought a world unknown,
 Though well he knew that he in vain might stray
 In search of one so lovely as his own.

He left his home, around whose humble hearth
 His parents, kindred, all he valued, smiled—
 Friends who had known and lov'd him from his birth
 And who still lov'd him as a favourite child.

He left the scenes by youthful hopes endear'd—
 The woods, the streams that sooth'd his infant ear,
 The plants, the trees, that he himself had rear'd,
 And every charm to love and fancy dear.

All these he left, with sad but willing heart,
 Though unallured by honours, wealth, or fame,
 In them not even his wishes claim'd a part,
 And the world knew not of his very name.

Canst thou not guess what taught his steps to stray?
 'Twas love—but not such love as worldlings
 That often smiles its sweetest to betray, [own,
 And stabs the breast that offer'd it a throne.

'Twas love to God! and love to all mankind;
 His master bade the obedient servant go,
 And try if he in distant realms could find [know.
 Some, who His name and saving grace would

'Twas this that nerv'd him when he saw the tears
 His aged mother at their parting shed;
 'Twas this that taught her how to calm her fears,
 And beg a heavenly blessing on his head.

'Twas this that made his father calmly bear
 A godly sorrow, deep, but undismay'd—
 And bade him humbly ask of God, in prayer,
 His virtuous son to counsel, guide, and aid.

And when he rose to bless, and wish him well,
 And bent a head with age and sorrow grey,
 Ev'n while he breath'd a fond and last farewell,
 Half sad, half joyful, dash'd his tears away.

"And go," he said, "though I, with mortal eyes,
 Shall ne'er behold thy filial reverence here;
 But, when from earth to heav'n our spirits rise,
 The hand that gave him shall my child restore.

"I bid thee go, though human tears will steal
 From eyes that see the course thou hast to run
 And God forgive me if I wrongly feel,—
 Like Abraham call'd to sacrifice his son."

And he's gone ! with ardent steps h¹ prest
 Across the hills, to where the vessel lay,
 And soon, I ween upon the ocean's breast,
 They saw the white sails bearing him away.

And did he go unfriended—poor—alone ?
 Did none of those, who, in a favor'd land,
 The shelter of the gospel-tree had known,
 Desire to see its peaceful shade expand ?

'Tis not for me to answer questions here ;
 Let every heart its own responses give ;
 And all, to whom their fellow-men are dear
 Bestow the bread by which their souls may live

M. R.

TIME.

(*Job. ix. 25 and 26.*)

TIME speeds away—away—away.
 Another hour—another day—
 Another month—another year—
 Drop from us like the leaflets sear ;
 Drop like the life-blood from our hearts ;
 The rose-bloom from the cheek departs,
 The tresses from the temples fall,
 The eye grows dim and strange to all.

Time speeds away—away—away :
 Like torrent in a stormy day,
 He undermines the stately tower,
 Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower ;
 And sweeps from our distracted breast
 The friends that loved—the friends that blest ;
 And leaves us weeping on the shore,
 To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away—away—away
 No eagle through the skies of day,
 No winds along the hills can flee
 So swiftly or so smooth as he.
 Like fiery steed—from stage to stage
 He bears us on—from youth to age;
 Then plunges in the fearful sea
 Of fathomless Eternity.

KNOX'S SONGS OF ISRAEL.

IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE.

METHINKS it is good to be here,
 If thou wilt let us build—but for whom?
 Nor Elias, nor Moses appear,
 But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom.
 The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to ambition? Ah! no;
 Affrighted he shrinketh away;
 For see! they would pin him below
 To a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay.
 To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah! no; she forgets
 The charms which she wielded before:
 Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
 The skin which, but yesterday, fools could adore
 For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
 The trappings which dizen the proud?
 Alas! they are all laid aside,
 And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd,
 But the long winding sheet, and the fringe of the
 shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain,
 Who hid in their turns have been hid;
 The treasures are squander'd again;
 And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
 But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which mirth can afford,
 The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
 Ah! here is a plentiful board,
 But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
 And none but the worm is a reveler here.

Shall we build to affection and love?
 Ah! no; they have wither'd and died,
 Or fled with the spirit above,—
 Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
 Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto sorrow? The dead cannot grieve,
 Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear
 Which compassion itself could relieve;
 Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love or fear;
 Peace, peace, is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto death, to whom monarchs must bow?
 Ah! no; for his empire is known,
 And here there are trophies enow.
 Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
 Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
 And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
 The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfill'd;
 And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
 Who bequeath'd us them both when he rose to the
 skies.

H. KNOWLES.

HYMN.

The Divine Omnipresence.

JEHOVAH GOD! thy gracious pow'r
 On ev'ry hand we see;
 O may the blessings of each hour
 Lead all our thoughts to thee.

If, on the wings of morn, we speed
 To earth's remotest bound,
 Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,
 Thine arm our path surround.

Thy pow'r is in the ocean deeps,
 And reaches to the skies;
 Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
 Thy goodness never dies.

From morn till noon, till latest eve,
 The hand of God we see!
 And all the blessings we receive,
 Ceaseless, proceed from thee.

In all the varying scenes of time,
 On thee our hopes depend;
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,
 Our Father and our Friend.

DR. THOMSON.

• TO THE OMNIPOTENT GOD.

ALMIGHTY King, who sitt'st above,
 Enthron'd with majesty and love,
 Eternal arbiter of fate;
 Whether we name thee God of all,
 Or, Allah, Jove, or Mithra call,
 Thou, thou, alone art truly great!

Princes, the shadows of thy nod,
 Live but to shew how low to God
 Is all the gaudy pride of earth:
 Thy kingdom comprehends all space;
 Thy crown, enrich'd with pearls of grace,
 Is glorious as the morning's birth!

If earth's an atom in thy sight,
 Enwapt in folly's mazy night,
 How low am I that on it dwell!
 Thy brightness, not the sun can show;
 Thy voice, not all the winds that blow,
 Nor all the rolling thunders tell;

The earthquake, and the tempest, both
 Are but the bubbles of thy wrath,
 When vice appall'd shrinks at thy frown;
 But fearless virtue's heav'nly form,
 Sits, like an angel, 'mid the storm,
 And smiling wreathes her olive crown.

Grasp the whole earth within thy hand,
 Bid heav'n be nought at thy command,
 Thou, only thou, be still the same;
 The void immense itself shall cry,
 "Glory to thee, O God most high,"
 And ever "hallow'd be thy name!"

HUNT.

 PSALM CXXXIII.

If there be one whose thoughts delight to wander
 In pleasure's fields, where love's bright streams
 If there be one who longs to find [meander;
 Where all the purer blisses are enshrin'd,—
 A happy resting-place of virtuous worth,—
 • A blessed Paradise on earth,—

Let him survey the joy-conferring union
 Of brothers who are bound in fond communion,
 And not by force of blood alone,
 But by their mutual sympathies are known,
 And every heart and every mind relies
 Upon fraternal kindred ties

Oh! blest abode, where love is ever vernal,
 Where tranquil peace and concord are eternal,
 Where none usurp the highest claim,
 But each with pride asserts the other's fame;
 Oh! what are all earth's joys compar'd to thee—
 Fraternal unanimity?

E'en as the ointment whose sweet odours blended
 From Aaron's head upon his beard descended;
 Which hung a while in fragrance there,
 Bedewing every individual hair,
 And falling thence, with rich perfume ran o'er
 The holy garb the prophet wore.

So doth the unity that lives with brothers
 Share its best blessings and its joys with others,
 And makes them seem as if one frame
 Contain'd their minds, and they were form'd the same
 And spreads its sweetest breath o'er every part,
 Until it penetrates the heart.

E'en as the dew, that at the break of morning
 All nature with its beauty is adorning,
 And flows from Hermon calm and still,
 And bathes the tender grass on Zion's hill,
 And to the young and withering herb resigns
 The drops for which it pines:

So are fraternal peace and concord ever
 The cherishers, without whose guidance never
 Would sainted quiet seek the breast—
 The life, the soul of unmolested rest;
 The antidote to sorrow and distress,
 And prop of human happiness.

Ah! happy they whom genial concord blesses
 Pleasure for them reserves her fond caresses,
 And joys to mark the fabric rare,
 On virtue founded, stand unshaken there;
 Whence vanish all the passions that destroy
 Tranquillity and inward joy.

Who practise good are in themselves rewarded,
 For their own deeds lie in their hearts recorded;
 And thus fraternal love, when bound
 By virtue, is with its own blessings crown'd,
 And tastes in sweetness that itself bestows,
 What use, what power from concord flows.

God in his boundless mercy joys to meet it;
 His promises of future blessings greet it,
 And fixt prosperity, which brings
 Long life, and ease, beneath its shadowing wings,
 And joy and fortune—that remains sublime
 Beyond all distance, change, and time.

BOWRING.

HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The year is gone, and silence now
 Hangs o'er its every joy;
 But 'midst the stillness of the past,
 Its voice is heard on high.

It speaks it calls, aloud to all,
 Would we its accents hear;

Have I misspent another term—
Despis'd another year?

My trembling heart finds no excuse,
Nor would excuse repay
The sins the follies which, alas!
Pursued its hours away.

With grief I view my mad career,
And wonder at thy grace,
That I am spar'd that I am here,
Nor driven from thy face.

Teach me, my God, to love thee more,
Nor thus requite thee still,
With hatred for thy blessed love,
And for thy goodness—ill.

For thou hast been to me a guide,
On life's tempestuous wave;
And spar'd me midst the crowds which fell
In youth and manhood's grave.

Oh! may we then the year begin,
As we our years would end:
And seek our Saviour and his love,
That he may be our friend:

Then let the hastening seasons fly,
Their flight we'll mourn no more;
For soon we'll reach that blessed land,
That pure and sinless shore.

ADAM AND EVE'S ALTERNATE HYMN,

(From the Tragedy of *Adam in banishment.*)

ADAM.

The all-quicken^ging light is rolling there,
 Which bids the shadowy forms emerge
 From yon horizon's furthest verge
 And flit across earth's bosom fair:
 The song of birds salutes the day—
 A song whose chorus soars to Ilim
 Who pours on all his blessing's beam,
 And wakes the universal lay.
 Come, let us join that choral song;
 Come, let our voices blend with theirs;
 And as their praises float along
 We'll pour the incense of our prayers.
 I'll lead the grateful hymn, my love!
 And thou a sweeter strain shalt bring;
 How shall we celebrate—how sing
 The Spirit blest that reigns above!

EVE.

Yes! Let us sing of God—the spring,
 The source of all we feel and see;
 What theme can be so blest as He—
 Director—life-sustainer—king!
 Lift, lift, my love! thy thoughts on high;
 I'll follow their sublimest flight,
 And hill and wood and valley bright
 Shall to the joyous hymn reply.

ADAM.

O Father! we approach Thy throne,
 Who bid'st the glorious sun arise:
 All-good, Almighty, and All-wise!
 Great source of all things—God alone!

We see Thee, brighter than the rays
 Of the bright sun: we see Thee shine,
 As in a fountain's face—divine;
 We see Thee—endless fount of days:
 We see Thee, who our frames hast brought,
 With one swift word, from senseless clay—
 Wak'd—with one glance of heavenly ray,
 Our never-dying souls from nought.
 Those souls thou lightedst with the spark
 Of Thy pure fire—and gracious still—
 Gav'st immortality—free will,
 And language—not involved, nor dark.

EVE.

God—God be praised! who formed us thus,
 He was, and is, and shall endure:
 Pure—He shall make all nature pure,
 And fix his dwelling here with us.
 What sweeter thought—what stronger token
 Than that his everlasting hand
 Body and soul in holy band
 Hath bound—that never shall be broken!

ADAM.

'Tis he whose kind and generous care
 This lovely garden's range hath planted,
 Where nought that charms desire is wanted,
 And joy's a guest immortal here.
 The fount of life—whence waters living
 O'erspreading all the garden flow—
 Bright flowers upon their borders grow,
 While to the trees life's food they're giving.
 Here blooms the life-imparting tree,
 Whose fruit, just hid in silvery leaves,
 Makes man a spirit, and retrieves
 His weakness and satiety.

The dews from morning's vault that fall,
 Are honey'd manna on our tongue:
 Shall not his hallow'd praise be sung,
 Whom nature sings—the source of all?

EVE.

O blest be He who blessings pours!
 Who fills the heart with tenderness,—
 And with his richest gifts will bless—
 He wondrous—whom our tongue adores.
 A full, o'erflowing horn of good
 Upon our Eden he has shower'd,
 And peace and hope and joy embower'd,
 In its sweet silent solitude.

ADAM.

Yes! now I feel the charm divine,
 Yes! now I feel the bliss, the pride,
 To press thee, dearest! to my side,
 And join my early vows to thine.
 A unity—in love cemented,
 Blest by thy presence—and by thee
 Gilded with smiles and purity,
 May make my exil'd soul contented.
 O sister—daughter—fairest bride,
 What shall I call thee?—Paradise
 Has million-flowers that smiling rise
 To kiss thy feet, well satisfied.

EVE.

Love! one shall be our will, and one
 Our fate, from the first dawn of day
 When the bright sun begins his way,
 Till when his weary course is done.
 Peace, tenderness, and joy—a shrine
 Sacred to cheerful love—and praise
 To Him, the Lord of ceaseless days,
 Who blended thy fond heart with mine.

BOWRING.

MAY-MORNING.

WHAT love, what wisdom God displays
 On earth and sea and sky,
 Where all that fades and all that stays
 Proclaim his majesty!

He o'er the world—by day, by night—
 Still watches and still wakes;
 And, kindly varying each delight,
 The sweet yet sweeter makes.

Now barren Winter flies the globe,
 And Spring resumes her reign;
 And earth casts down her gloomy robe,
 And Joy laughs out again.

And Nature wears her fairer dress
 Where Winter lately frown'd,
 While the Creator's loveliness
 Bursts through the clouds around!

'Tis May! whose fragrant breath and dyes
 So far o'er earth are gone,
 That memory all her charms supplies,
 Ere she herself comes on.

'Tis May! that loveliest of the year,
 Who with fresh beauty glows!
 The air is sweet, the sun beams clear,
 The wished-for zephyr blows.

At peaceful night the gentle dew
 Descends on field and wood,
 While nature smiles serenely through,
 In silent gratitude.

The earth with varied flowers is dight,
 The bees with honey pass,

The larks chirp gaily and alight
Upon the new-born grass.

The bud its infant blossom yields,
The tree its leaves displays,
While on the crimson clover fields
The tranquil cattle graze.

The busy insect tribes are blest,
And murmuring thoughts are still,
Save man's—whose bosom knows no rest—
A slave to stubborn will.

Yes! man,—in whom few virtues glow,
On guilty pleasures bent,
To others and himself a foe,—
Destroys his own content.

To life—vain life, which quickly ends,
As Autumn's withering leaf,
And of itself to sorrow tends,
He adds ideal grief.

The ox is slaughter'd—slight the thrills
That wait his parting breath;
But man, by self-inflicted ills,
Dies many times ere death.

Oh! blest would be through every stage
Man's fleeting life on earth,
Were he, when stain'd with vice, more sage—
Had he, when sage, more worth.

Ah! were the human race but wise,
And would they reason well,
That earth would be a paradise—
Which folly makes a hell.

• BOWRING.

THE GENIUS OF DEATH.

WHAT is death? 'Tis to be free!
 No more to love, or hope, or fear—
 To join the great equality:

All alike are humble there!

The mighty grave

Wraps lord and slave;

Nor pride nor poverty dares come
 Within that refuge-house, the tomb!

Spirit with the drooping wing,

And the ever-weeping eye,

Thou of all earth's kings art king!

Empires at thy footstool lie!

Beneath thee strew'd

Their multitude

Sink, like waves upon the shore;
 Storms shall never rouse them more!

What's the grandeur of the earth

To the grandeur round thy throne!

Riches, glory, beauty, birth,

To thy kingdom all have gone.

Before thee stand

The wond'rous band;

Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,

Who darken'd nations when they died!

Earth has hosts; but thou canst show

Many a million for her one;

Through thy gates the mortal flow

Has for countless years roll'd on:

Back from the tomb

No step has come;

There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound

Shall bid thy pris'ners be unbound!

REV. G. CROLY.

THE SACRED LYRE.

SUNDAY EVENING.

WELCOME the hour of sweet repose,
 The evening of the Sabbath day!
 In peace my wearied eyes shall close
 When I have turned my vesper lay
 In humble gratitude to Him
 Who waked the morning's earliest beam.

In such an hour as this, how sweet,
 In the calm solitude of even,
 To hold with heaven communion meet,
 Meet for a spirit bound to heaven;
 And, in this wilderness beneath,
 Pure zephyrs from above to breathe!

It may be that the Eternal Mind
 Bends sometimes from His throne of bliss,
 Where should we then His presence find,
 But in an hour so blest as this—

•An hour of calm tranquillity,
 Silent, as if to welcome Thee?

Yes! if the Great Invisible,
 Descending from His seat divine,
 May deign upon this earth to dwell—
 Where shall He find a welcome shrine,
 But in the breast of man, who bears
 His image, and His Spirit shares?

Now let the solemn thought pervade
 My soul,—and let my heart prepare
 A throne:—Come, veil'd in awful shade,
 Spirit of God! that I may dare
 Hail Thee!—nor, like Thy prophet, be
 Blinded by Thy bright majesty.

Then turn my wand'ring thoughts within,
 To hold communion, Lord! with Thee;

And, purified from taint of sin
 And earth's pollutions, let me see
 Thine image,—for a moment prove,
 If not Thy majesty, Thy love—

That love which over all is shed—
 Shed on the worthless as the just ;
 Lighting the stars above our head,
 And waking beauty out of dust :
 And rolling in its glorious way
 Beyond the farthest comet's ray.

To him alike the living stream
 And the dull regions of the grave :
 All watch'd, protected all, by Him,
 Whose eye can see, whose arm can save,
 In the cold midnight's dangerous gloom,
 Or the dark prison of the tomb.

Thither we hasten—as the sand
 Drops in the hour-glass, never still,
 So, gather'd in by Death's rude hand,
 The storehouse of the grave we fill ;
 And sleep in peace as safely kept
 As when on earth we smiled or wept.

What is our duty here?—To tend
 From good to better—thence to best :
 Grateful to drink life's cup,—then bend
 Unmurmuring to our bed of rest ;
 To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
 Scattering their fragrance as we go.
 And so to live, that when the sun
 Of our existence sinks in night,
 Memorials sweet of mercies done
 May 'shrine our names in Memory's light ;
 And the blest seeds we scatter'd bloom
 A hundred fold in days to come.

BOWRING.

TO THE CCMET OF 1811.

How lovely is this wilder'd scene,
 As twilight from her vaults so blue
 Steals soft o'er Yarrow's mountains green
 To sleep embalm'd in midnight dew!

All hail, ye hills, whose towering height,
 Like shadows, scoops the yielding sky!
 And thou, mysterious guest of night,
 Dread traveler of immensity!

Stranger of Heaven! I bid thee hail!
 Shred from the pall of glory riven,
 That flashest in celestial gale,
 Broad pennon of the King of Heaven!

Art thou the flag of woe and death,
 From angel's ensign-staff unfurl'd?
 Art thou the standard of his wrath
 • Waved o'er a sordid sinful world?

No, from that pure pellucid beam,
 That erst o'er plains of Bethleh'm shone,
 No latent evil we can deem,
 Bright herald of the eternal throne!

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
 Thy streaming locks so lovely pale,—
 Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
 Stranger of Heaven, I bid thee hail!

Where hast thou roam'd these thousand years?
 Why sought these polar paths again,
 From wilderness of glowing spheres,
 To fling thy vesture o'er the wain?

* It was reckoned by many that this was the same Come which appeared at the birth of our Saviour.

And when thou scal'st the milky-way,
 And vanishes from human view,
 A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray
 Through wilds of yon empyreal blue !

O ! on thy rapid prow to glide !
 To sail the boundless skies with thee
 And plough the twinkling stars aside,
 Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea !

To brush the embers from the sun,
 The icicles from off the pole ;
 Then far to other systems run,
 Where other moons and planets roll !

Stranger of Heaven ! O let thine eye
 Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream ;
 Eccentric as thy course on high,
 And airy as thine ambient beam !

And long, long may thy silver ray
 Our northern arch at eve adorn ;
 Then, wheeling to the east away,
 Light the grey portals of the morn !

HOGG

JEHOVAH THE PROVIDER.*

AUTHOR of being ! life-sustaining king !
 Lo ! Want's dependent eye from thee implores
 The seasons, which provide nutritious stores ;
 Give to her prayers the renovating spring,
 And summer's heats all perfecting, that bring
 The fruits which autumn from a thousand shores
 Selecteth provident ! when earth adores
 Her God, and all her vales exulting sing.

Without thy blessing, the submissive steer
 Bends to the ploughman's galling yoke in vain ;
 Without thy blessing on the varied year,
 Can the swarth reaper grasp the golden grain !
 Without thy blessing, all is blank and drear ;
 With it, the joys of Eden bloom again.

WORDSWORTH.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

(From *Lucifer*.)

Who sits above heaven's heights 'sublime,
 Yet fills the grave's profoundest place,
 Beyond eternity, or time,
 ' Or the vast round of viewless space :
 Who on himself alone depends—
 Immortal—glorious—but unseen—
 And in His mighty being blends
 • What rolls around or flows within.
 Of all we know not—all we know—
 Prime source and origin—a sea,
 Whose waters pour'd on earth below
 Wake blessing's brightest radiancy.
 His power—love—wisdom, first exalted
 And waken'd from oblivion's birth
 Yon starry arch—yon palace, vaulted—
 Yon heaven of heavens—to smile on earth,
 From His refulgent majesty
 • We shade us 'neath our sheltering wings.
 While awe-inspired and tremblingly
 • We praise the glorious King of kings,
 With sight and sense confus'd and dim ;
 Q name—describe the Lord of lords,
 The seraphs' praise shall hallow Him ;—
 • Or is the theme too vast for words ?

RESPONSE.

'Tis GOD! who pours the living glow
 Of light, creation's fountain-head :
 Forgive the praise—too mean and low—
 Or from the living or the dead.

No tongue Thy peerless name hath spoken
 No space can hold that awful name ;
 The aspiring spirit's wing is broken ;—
 Thou wilt be, wert, and art the same !

Language is dumb—Imagination,
 Knowledge, and Science, helpless fall ;
 They are irreverent profanation,
 And thou, O God ! art all in all.
 How vain on such a thought to dwell !
 Who knows Thee—Thee the All-unknown
 Can angels be thy oracle,
 Who art—who art Thyself alone ?
 None—none can trace Thy course sublime,
 For none can catch a ray from Thee,
 The splendour and the source of time—
 The Eternal of eternity.

Thy light of light out-pour'd conveys
 Salvation in its flight, elysian,
 Brighter than e'en Thy mercy's rays ;—
 But vainly would our feeble vision
 Aspire to Thee. From day to day,
 Age steals on us—but meets Thee never
 Thy power is life's support and stay—
 We praise Thee—sing Thee, Lord ! for ever.
 Holy—holy—holy ! Praise—
 Praise be His in every land ;
 Safety in His presence stays—
 Sacred is His high command !

THE SABBATH LYRE.

HYMN.

The Lord's Day Morning.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray ;
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn
 And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapp'd
 The heathen world in gloom !
 O what a sun, which broke, this day,
 Triumphant from the tomb !

This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung ;
 Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
 And praise on ev'ry tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
 To hail this welcome morn,
 Which scatters blessings from its wings
 To nations yet unborn.

BARBAULD

AN EVENING SERVICE.

THE cold wind strips the yellow leaf,
 The stars are twinkling faintly o'er us ;
 All nature wears her garb of grief,
 While day's fair book is closed before us.

The songs have ceased,—and busy men
 Are to their beds of silence creeping ;
 The pale, cold moon looks out again
 On the tired world so softly sleeping.

O ! in an hour so still as this,
 From care, and toil, and tumult stealing.

THE SACRED LYRL

I'll consecrate an hour to bliss—
To meek devotion's holy feeling :

And rise to Thee—to Thee, whose hand
Unroll'd the golden map of heaven ;
Mantled with beauty all the land ;
Gave light to morn, and shade to even.

Being, whose all-pervading might
The laws of countless worlds disposes ;
Yet gives the sparkling dews their light—
Their beauty to the blushing roses .

Thou, Ruler of our destiny !
With million gifts hast Thou supplied us,
Hidd'n from our view futurity,
Unveiling all the past to guide us.

Tho' dark may be earth's vale, and damp,
A thousand stars shine sweetly o'er us,
And immortality's pure lamp
Gladdens and gilds our path before us.

And in the silence of the scene
Sweet tones from heaven are softly speakin'
Celestial music breathes between,
The slumbering soul of bliss awaking.

Short is the darkest night, whose shade
Wraps nature's breast in clouds of sadness ;
And joy's sweet flowers, that seem to fade,
Shall bloom anew in kindling gladness.

Death's darkness is more bright to him
Who looks beyond in vision's holy,
Than passion's fires, or splendour's dream,
Or all the glare of sin and folly

The silent tear, the deep-fetcht sigh,
Which virtue heaves in hours of quiet,
Are dearer than pomp's revelry,
Or the mad laugh of frenzied riot ;

Smiles from a conscience purified,
Far lovelier than the fleeting glory
Confer'd in all a monarch's pride,
Embalm'd in all the light of story.

This joy be ours—our weeks shall roll—
And let them roll—our bark is driv'n
Safe to its harbour—and our soul
Awaking, shall awake in heaven.

POWELL.

THE END OF TIME.

"Day came, and went"—a lovelier never dawn'd
Since that fair morn which saw the infant world,
Sparkling with dew drops from her maker's hand.
From bower to bower, the voice of song was heard.
And the gay minstrels floating through the air,
Bore up to heaven's gate the voice of praise:
The day went calmly on—and when the eve,
Drest in her dusky garb approach'd the east,
And look'd in solemn silence o'er the scene,
Earth seem'd to say, rejoice, rejoice oh ! man,
For the rich store that hails the evening breeze,
And waves luxuriant o'er the ripening plain,
Shall hail the autumnal sweetness of the year :
But autumn ne'er will come :—The setting sun
Saw from her golden throne the end of days ;
And the bright glow along the verge of heaven,
Which many an eye beholds, so full of hope !

So bright with promise of a coming day -
 But such a day how few anticipate :—
 Th' eternal morning of unchanging years.
 O'er heaven and earth, a solemn silence reigns,
 And midst her brilliant galaxy of stars,
 The moon the queen of night portentous shines,
 With red and awful glare : and from the north,
 A vivid light, wax'd broad and broader still—
 And flash'd upon the sky ; like that once seen
 For many a night above Jerus'lem's towers,
 And round Judea's land. As it was then—
 And in the days of Lot ; so is it now,
 Men disregard the signs of God's approach,
 Foretold by prophets, and which long before
 Was told in signs and wonders in the sky :
 And on this night the last that e'er should reign,
 Nature seem'd conscious of some awful change :
 Yet even now the voice of mirth, the song,
 The dance, all these went merry as before :
 Crimes still went on, and wicked deeds were done
 Before high heaven ; nor were men wiser grown,
 Tho' every moment as it hasten'd on,
 Was trembling in its speed ; and tottering time.
 Who level'd all before, was now grown old ;
 Upon his face the symptoms of decay,
 Show'd that his dying hour was nigh at hand :—
 He tried, but tried in vain, to gain those heights,
 Where oft careering on the viewless winds,
 His airy flight had been : but there the breath
 Of the approaching morn was felt around.
 The conscious earth, warn'd of the change in him
 Who measured out its moments, days, and years ;
 Quak'd to its centre ; and now trembling groan'd
 In horrible suspense ; the fires within
 Which oft in days of old burst wildly forth

From Etna, Stromboli, and a hundred hills
 Were issuing now to light the funeral pile,
 'On nature's dread but all-consuming day ;
 Yet man ' vain man, the creature of an hour
 A worm of dust, a speck in nature's works.
 Who bears within, a principle of life,
 Which will outlive the awful coming storm,
 Nor perish 'midst the wreck of thousand worlds
 Is quite at ease, and thinks his bark secure ;
 For it had stood for many ages past,
 Nor seem'd more frail then when its course began.
 But 'midst his airy dreams of days to come,
 And while the thoughtless unsuspecting smile,
 Was playing on his cheek : oh ! heavens,
 A giant form came sailing o'er the sky,
 So bright, so radiant, that the rising sun
 Grew pale and hid at once his cheering ray ;
 And from the trumpet's dread astounding voice,
 A sound was heard, which smote on every ear,
 Proclaiming loud, and louder through the sky ;
 " That time shall be no more." Earth trembling
 heard ;
 The roaring deep grew silent at the voice ;
 And the dark grave where silence reign'd before,
 Began to stir with life ; time now was dead,
 And 'midst the general blaze of nature's works,—
 The bright descending throne of God the Judge—
 The shout of triumph—and the hopeless wail,
 All that had liv'd from Adam to that hour,
 Were thronging in the air from every clime,
 To meet the Son sole arbiter of all,
 Coming in clouds of glory from the sky,
 With his bright angels and the voice of praise.

MORNING AND EVENING

How beautiful is morn !
 When daylight, newly born,
 From the bright portals of the east is breaking ;
 While songs of joy resound
 From countless warblers round,
 To light and life from silent slumber waking.

The parting clouds unfold
 Their edges ting'd with gold ;
 Bright is the summit of the lofty mountain ;
 The glist'ning tops of trees,
 Touch'd by the rustling breeze,
 Are bright and tuneful as the muses' fountain.

As upward mounts the sun,
 The valleys, one by one,
 Ope their recesses to the living splendour ;
 The mighty ocean's breast
 Heaves upward to the blest,
 And bids its waves reflected light surrender.

Each humble flower lifts up
 Its dewy bell or cup,
 Smiling through tears that know no tinge of sad-
 The insect tribes come out, [ness ;
 And, fluttering all about,
 Fill the fresh air with gentle sounds of gladness.

Oh ! who can witness this,
 Nor feel the throb of bliss
 With which creation's ev'ry pulse seems beating !
 Or who, 'mid such a store
 Of rapture flowing o'er,
 The tribute of the heart forbear repeating ?

Yet have I known an hour
 Of more subduing power

Than this of beauty glowing—music gushing :—
 An hour whose quiet calm
 Diffus'd an holier balm,
 Whose watch-word—"Peace, be still!" the inmost
 heart, was hushing.

It is the close of day,
 When evening's hues array
 The western sky in all their radiant lustre.
 When round the setting sun,
 His goal of glory won,
 Resplendent clouds in silent beauty muster.

'Tis when day's parting light,
 Dazzling no more the sight,
 Its chastening glory to the eye is granting,
 That "thoughts too deep for tears,"
 Unearthly hopes and fears,
 And voiceless feelings in the heart are panting.

While thus the western sky
 Delights the gazing eye,
 With thrilling beauty, touching and endearing ;—
 What still of earth is fair
 Borrows its beauty there,
 Though every borrow'd charm is disappearing.

Ere yet those charms grow dim,
 Creation's vesper hymn,
 Grateful and lovely, is from earth ascending ;
 'Till, with that song of praise,
 The hearts of those who gaze
 With solemn feelings of delight are blending.

Then from those portals bright
 A farewell gleam of light
 Breaks with unearthly glory on the vision ;

And through the folding'doors
The eye of thought explores
Seraphic forms and phantasies elysian.

These pass like thought away !
Yet may their hallow'd sway
Rest on the heart,—as dew-drops round adorning
The drooping silent flowers,
Feed them through night's dark hours,
And keep them fresh and living till the morning.

Thus should the sunset hour,
With soul-absorbing power,
Nurse by its glories the immortal spirit;
And plume its wings for flight
To realms of cloudless light,
Regions its God hath form'd it to inherit.

Fair, bright, and sweet is MORN !
When daylight, newly born,
In all its beauty is to sense appealing ;
Yet Eve to me is fraught
With more *unearthly thought*,
And purer touches of *immortal feeling* !

BERNARD BARTON

MESSIAH

Ye nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !
Rapt into future times, the bard began :
A virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !

From Jesse's (a) root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
 The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 • Ye heavens! (b) from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
 The sick (c) and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail:
 Returning Justice (d) lift aloft her scale;
 Place o'er the world her olive wand extended,
 And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 • With all the incense of the breathing spring:
 See lofty Lebanon (e) his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies!
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
 Prepare the way! (f) A God, a God appears!
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
 The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise!
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
 • Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way.
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold
 Hear him, ye deaf; and all the blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:

Isa. xi. ver. 1. (b) Ch. xiv. ver. 4. (c) Ch. xxv. ver. 4.
 Ch. ix. ver. 7. (d) Ch. xxxv. ver. 2. (f) Ch. xl. ver. 4.

'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm the unfolding ear :
 The dumb (g) shall sing, the lame his crutch
 forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear ;
 From every face he wipes off every tear.
 In adamant (h) chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd (i) tends his fleecy care,
 Sucks freshest pasture, and the purest air ;
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms, a
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promised father (j) of the future age.
 No more shall nation (k) against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
 Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son (l)
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren deserts (m) with surprise
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear,
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.

(g) Isa. Ch. xliii. ver. 18. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.
 (h) Ch. xli. ver. 8. (i) Ch. xl. ver. 11. (j) Ch. ix. ver. 6.
 (k) Ch. li. ver. 4. (l) Ch. lxxv. ver. 21, 22.
 (m) Ch. xxxv. ver. 1, 7.

On ritted rocks, the dragons late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods,
 Waste sandy valleys (*n*), once perplex'd with thorn
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
 To leafless shrubs the flowery palm succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs (*o*) with wolves shall graze the verdant
 mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead.
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents (*p*) lick the pilgrim's feet
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleaced, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem (*q*), rise!
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
 See a long race (*r*) thy spacious courts adorn ;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
 See barbarous nations (*s*) at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings
 And heap'd with products of Sabean (*t*) springs !
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day !
 No more the rising sun (*u*) shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;

(*n*) Isa. xli. ver. 19, and ch. xlv. ver. 13.
 (*o*) Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8. (*p*) Ch. lxxv. ver. 2.
 (*q*) Ch. lx. ver. 1. & (*r*) Ch. lx. ver. 4. (*s*) Ch. lx. ver. 2.
 (*t*) Ch. lx. ver. 6. (*u*) Ch. lx. ver. 19, 20.

But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
 Flow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
 Eternal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The seas (v) shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

POPE.

 THE SEASONS; A HYMN.

Oft have I seen the laughing Spring,
 Shed her rich blessings o'er the Earth,
 While, born beneath her fragrant wing,
 Sprung Beauty forth, and Love and Mirth.

But Spring soon fled, and Summer then
 Her genial heats diffus'd around,
 And Nature's wildest roughest glen
 Was by her hand with verdure crown'd.

Sweet Summer, too, alas! was doom'd
 To quit the rich and smiling plain:
 For while in fruitfulness she bloom'd,
 Autumn began her glorious reign.

But Autumn's sun soon ceas'd to burn,
 And clouds, which roll'd athwart the sky,
 Declar'd that Winter and his urn
 In viewless icy car was nigh.

When Winter came, the gorgeous sun
 Turn'd pale, and seem'd to wait his doom

And all that late so radiant shone,
Now sunk in Winter's joyless tomb.

Thus blooming is Life's early spring ;
For Nature on each path bathed
Her smiles, and Pleasure seeks to fling
Her garlands round each youthful head.

My Spring has fled, and Summer now
Rich o'er my youthful cheek doth breathe,
And soon to deck this gladsome brow,
Autumn her holiest sweets will wreath

Yet, ere dim Winter's gloomy birth,
Or Age destroy this cheek of bloom,
Oh ! I may press my mother Earth,
And quit this vain world for the tomb.

Then let me, Lord, at whose command,
Summer and Spring and Winter roll,
Praise, while I've life, th' Almighty hand
That spans the world from pole to pole.

At morning's light, Lord, of all space,—
I'll praise Thee ; and at close of even ;
Then lend me, Lord, some ray of grace
To light my trembling steps to Heaven.

RICHARD RYAN.

THE RAINBOW.

STILL young and fine, but what is still in view
We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnish'd flaming arch did first descry
When Terah, Na'hor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot

Did with intentive looks watch every hour
 For thy new light, and tremble at each shower!
 When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and
 fair;

Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
 Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
 Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
 Bright pledge of peace and sunshine, the sure ty
 Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye!
 When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
 Distant and low, I can in thine see him,
 Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
 And minds the covenant betwixt all and One.

* * * * *

Y A U G H A N.

REASONS FOR THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
 Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
 Who ever ceas'd to wish when he had health?
 Or, having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind?

'Then as a bee, which among weeds doth fall
 Which seem sweet flowers, with lustre fresh and
 gay,

She lights on this and that, and tasteth all;
 But, pleased with none, doth rise and soar away.

So when the soul finds here no true content,
 And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
 She doth return from whence she first was sent,
 And flies to him that first her wings did make.

D A Y I S.

THE SACRED LYRE.

VIRTUE.

SWEET Day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;—
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave;—
And thou must die:

Sweet Spring! full of sweet days and roses,
A box, where sweets compacted lie;
My music shews ye have your closes:—
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But, tho' the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

HERBERT.

A MEDITATION.

O THOU great Power! in whom we move,
By whom we live, to whom we die,
Behold me through thy beams of love,
Whilst on this couch of tears I lie,
And cleanse my sordid soul within
By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

No hallow'd oils, no gums I need,
No new-born drams of purging fire;
One rosy drop from David's seed
Was worlds of seas to quench thine

O precious ransom ; which once paid,
That *Consummatum est* was said.

And said by him, that said no more,
But seal'd it with his sacred breath .
Thou then, that hast dispurg'd our score,
And dying wert the death of death,
Be now, whilst on thy name we call,
Our life, our strength, our joy, our all !

WOTTON.

DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit ! rest thee now !
E'er while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath !
Soul to its place on high !
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE PLACE OF REST.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a tear for soul distress.
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven !

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even :
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest their aching head,
And find repose in heaven !

There is a home for weeping souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven;
 When tost on life's tempestuous shoals
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—but heaven !

There faith lifts up the tearful eye.
 The heart with anguish riven :
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven !

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven !

ANON.

 HYMN.

Perfect happiness not earthly.

PROVIDENCE, profusely kind,
 Whereso'er you turn your eyes,
 Bids you, with a grateful mind,
 View a thousand blessings rise.

Thankful own what you enjoy ;
 But a changing world, like this,
 Where a thousand fears annoy,
 Cannot give you perfect bliss.

Perfect bliss resides above,
 Far above yon azure sky ;
 Bliss that merits all your love,
 Merits ev'ry anxious sigh.

When your bosom breathes a sigh,
 Or your eye emits a tear,
 Let your wishes rise on high,
 Ardent rise to bliss sincere.

A. STEEL

TRANSLATION.

Pellegrino Gaudenzi.

BRIGHTEST of spirits ! proudly thron'd on high,
 'Midst the gold flames that flash from star and sun
 In the wide deserts of th' etherial sky—
 Thou ! Incomprehensible, Almighty One !
 Dart the pure radiance of Thy presence down
 On this benighted vale ;—to mortal eye
 Display the splendours of thy majesty,
 And open all the glories of thy throne.
 Ages of old Thee recognised,—tho' seen
 Dimly amidst thy works :—and man uprais'd
 Temples and altars to Thy shadow'd name.
 A God, a Father all Thy works proclaim,
 Who is, and shall be, and hath ever been,
 Though veil'd in darkness, and in silence prais'd !

BOWRING.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM LXXIV. 16, 17.

"The day is thine ; the night also is thine, thou
 "hast prepared the light and the sun.
 "Thou hast set all the borders of the earth ; thou
 "hast made summer and winter "

My God ! all nature owns thy sway,
 Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day
 When all thy lov'd creation wakes,
 When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
 And bathes in dew the op'ning flower,
 To Thee we owe her fragrant hour ;

And when she pours her choral song,
 Her melodies to Thee belong !
 Or when, in paler tints array'd,
 The evening slowly spreads her shade,
 That soothing shade, that grateful gloom.
 Can, more than day's enliv'ning bloom,
 Still ev'ry fond and vain desire,
 And calmer, purer thoughts inspire
 From earth the pensive spirit free,
 And lead the soften'd heart to Thee.

In ev'ry scene thy hands have dress'd,
 In ev'ry form by Thee impress'd,
 Upon the mountain's awful head,
 Or where the shelt'ring woods are spread.
 In ev'ry note that swells the gale,
 Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
 The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
 A voice is heard of praise, and love.
 As o'er thy works the seasons roll,
 And sooth, with change of bliss, the soul,
 Oh never may their smiling train
 Pass o'er the human soul in vain !
 But oft, as on the charm we gaze,
 Attune the wond'ring soul to praise,
 And be that joy what most we prize
 The joys that from thy favour rise !

MISS WILLIAMS

 HYMN.

In the dust I'm doom'd to sleep,
 But shall not sleep for ever ;
 Fear may for a moment weep,
 Christian courage—never.
 Years in rapid course shall roll,
 By time's chariot driven,

And my re-awaken'd soul
Wing its flight to heaven.

What tho' o'er my mortal tomb
Clouds and mists be blending?
Sweetest hopes shall chase the gloom,
Hopes to heaven ascending.
These shall be my stay, my trust,
Ever bright and vernal;—
Life shall blossom out of dust,
Life and joy eternal.

BOWEN

THE FOLLY OF ATHEISM

DULL Atheist! could a giddy dance
Of atoms lawless hurl'd,
Construct so wonderful, so wise,
So harmoniz'd a world?

Why do not Arabe's driving sands,
The sport of ev'ry storm,
Fair freighted fleets, the child of chance,
Or gorgeous temples form?

Presumptuous wretch, thyself survey,
That lesser fabric scarf;
Tell me from whence th' immortal dust,
The god, the reptile man?

Where wast thou when this pop'lous earth
From chaos burst its way?
When stars exulting sang the morn,
And hail'd the new-born day?

What, when the embryo speck of life
The miniature of man,

Nurs'd in the womb, its slender form
To stretch and swell began.

Say, didst thou warp the fibre woof?
Or mould the sentient brain?
Thy fingers stretch the living nerve?
Or fill the purple vein?

Didst thou then bid the bounding heart
Its endless toil begin?
Or clothe in flesh the hard'ning bone
Or weave the silken skin?

Who bids the babe, to catch the breeze,
Expand its panting breast;
And with impatient hands, untaught,
The milky rill arrest.

Or who, with unextinguish'd love,
The mother's bosom warms,
Along the rugged paths of life
To bear it in her arms.

A God! a God! the wide earth shouts!
A God! the heav'n's reply;
He moulded in his palm the world,
And hung it in the sky.

Let us make man!—With beauty clad,
And health in ev'ry vein;
And reason thron'd upon his brow,
Stepp'd forth majestic man.

Around he turns his wand'ring eyes,
All Nature's works surveys!
Admires the earth; the skies, himself,
And tries his tongue in praise.

Ye hills, and vales! ye meads and woods,
 Bright sun, and glitt'ring stars,
 Fair creatures, tell me, if you can,
 From whence and what I am?

What parent power, all great and good,
 Do these around me own;
 Tell me, creation, tell me how
 I adore the vast Unknown!

DARWIN.

 HYMN.
Jesus Teaching the People.

How sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 When listening thousands gather'd round,
 And joy and reverence fill'd the place!

From heaven he came—of heaven he spoke,
 To heav'n he led his followers' way;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come wanderers, to my Father's home,
 "Come, all ye weary ones and rest!"

Yes! sacred Teacher,—we will come—
 Obey thee,—love thee and be blest!

Decay then, tenements of dust
 Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
 A nobler mansion waits the just,
 And Jesus has prepared the way.

BOWRING.

THE CREATION FINISHED AND SURVEYED.

HERE finished he, and all that he had made
 View'd, and behold all is entirely good ;
 So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day ;
 Yet not till the Creator from his work
 Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
 Thence to behold this new-created world,
 Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
 Follow'd by acclamation and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies ; the earth, the air,
 Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)
 The heavens and all the constellations rang,
 The planets in their stations listening stood,
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant,
 Open, ye everlasting gates, they sang,
 Open, ye heav'ns, your everlasting doors ; let in
 The great Creator from his work return'd
 Magnificent, his six days work, a world.

MILTON.

 GOD IS LOVE.

'Tis sweet when cloudless suns arise,
 As through the vale we move ;
 But oh, more sweet to recognise,
 Through dreary nights and starless skies,
 The smiling face of Love !

I hail the breeze that, soft and clear,
 Wafts influence from above ;
 But chief the storm delighted hear,

While breathes o'er faith's attentive ear,
The whispering voice of Love !

When health invigorates the frame,
Let joy the bliss improve ;
But tort'ring pain and fever's flame,
With teaching pow'r alike proclaim
Thy tender hand of Love !

Thou canst not weep, frail child of clay,
Such blessings taught to prove ;
Each cloud, that dims thy upward way,
Shall more endear the glorious day
That gilds the land of Love !

ANON

LINES.

"I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now
mine eye seeth thee."

THE spirit of Beauty smiles over the earth,
Still fresh, as when Eden rejoic'd in her birth ;
A seraph might gaze on these scenes as his own,
O'er which yon large star like a seraph looks down.
Oh ! now, when intensely on valley and hill,
The breath of their Maker seems visible still,—
Each coil of my nature its long sleep unfolds,
As if yearning to mingle with what it beholds.
And the calm of the sky, and the blue of the sea,
Are like the bright features of lov'd ones to me,
Tho' still sin and sorrow their victim retain,
I feel not their presence,—I drag not their chain.
Oh ! stern as the tempest, misfortunes might pour,
Their darkness around me, could such hours endure,
Nor the fierce pangs of death could o'ersadow my
bless,
If my dying eye gazed on a glory like this.

HYMN

WHEN Jesus, by the Virgin brought,
 So runs the law of Heav'n,
 Was offer'd holy to the Lord,
 And at the altar giv'n;

Simeon the just and the devout,
 Who, frequent in the fane,
 Had for the Saviour waited long,
 But waited still in vain.

Come, Heav'n directed, at the hour
 When Mary held her Son;
 He stretched forth his aged arms;
 ' While tears of gladness run:

With holy joy upon his face
 The good old father smil'd,
 While fondly in his wither'd arms
 He clasp'd the promis'd Child.

And then he lifted up to Heav'n
 An earnest asking eye;
 My joy is full, my hour is come,
 Lord, let thy servant die.

At last my arms embrace my Lord,
 Now let their vigour cease!
 At last my eyes my Saviour see,
 Now let them close in peace!

The star and glory of the land
 Hath now begun to shine;
 The morning that shall gild the globe
 Breaks on those eyes of mine!

WRITTEN AT SEA.

WHEN the bark by a gentle breath is driven
 And the bright sun dances in the heaven
 Up and down, as the rocking boat
 Upon the ridgy waves doth float—
 And the fresh sea sprinkles the sloping deck
 And nought is seen but some snowy speck,
 On the distant verge—and the sky above,
 And the waters around—'tis sweet to move
 Gladly from one to another strand,
 Guided by some invisible hand.

Gladly, aye! for him who leaves
 No friend behind, who dreams, and grieves,
 And dreads that every breezy breath
 Is the wing'd charioteer of death,

Ah! that love is a fearful thing;
 It hovers round on a vampire's wing
 Darkness is its abode—it dwells
 In caverns and spectre-peopled cells:
 'Tis wont to play with phantoms dread,
 And wreathes the aconite round its head—
 The desert and the grove it seeks,
 And clouds are on its splendid cheeks;
 And it sits in storms,—and builds its throne
 In terror's dark pavilion;
 And its bright and spirit-piercing eyes
 Are shrouded in thick anxieties.

Onwards! onwards!—lo, we sweep
 The heaving bosom of the deep,—
 Freshens the wind!—how gay to ride
 On the pinions of the Eternal tide,
 And to live, as it were, in life's excess,
 'Mid the wild waters' frowardness!
 It is as if life's currents too,
 Driven by an impulse strange and new

Roll'd with a swifter course,—partaking
Of the eager spirit round us waking.

But soon, too soon, the busy sea
Is still'd to us—reality
Waves over us her leaden wand :
We tread the dull and changeless land !
Our bark conducts us to the shore,
And the fresh breeze impels no more ;
For us repose the joyous waves—
And we all slumber in our graves.

Thou Steerer of the Storm ! who guidest
Our little vessel,—who dividest
The waves around us,—who hast spread
Heaven's canopy above our head,
And scatter'd thro' it gales of love,
To waft us to our port above :
Thou ! whose omnipotent voice can still
The mighty ocean as the rill ;
Thou ! subject vast of praise and wonder.
Who in the breeze and in the thunder
Art heard alike—to Thee, O Friend !
O Father ! I my lot commend.
And be it Thine, All-wise ! as now,
A favouring passage to bestow
Through life's dark ocean—till the tomb
Receives us in its mighty womb,
Where we shall slumber till the day
Of days the greatest, send its ray
Into the gloom sepulchral—then
Shall the rais'd spirit live again,
And enter on a course which never
Can be disturb'd by vain endeavour,
Nor check'd by storms or billows dreary,—
Nor hearts despond—not hopes be weary.

BOWRING.

HYMN.

Awake, my soul! lift up thine eyes,
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a num'rous host;
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

Here, giant Danger threat'ning stands
Must'ring his pale terrific bands;
There Pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousand of ten thousand slain.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round
Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
But most the traitor in thy heart.

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armour from above
Of heav'nly truth and heav'nly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell.
The man of Calvary triumph'd here;
Why should his faithful followers fear?

MRS. BARBAULD

THE POPLAR FIELD.

The poplars are fell'd, farewell to the shade,
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade

The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elaps'd, since I last took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew,
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat, that once lent me a shade

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat
~~And~~ the scene, where his melody charm'd me before,
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead,

'Tis a sight to engage me, if any thing can,
To muse on the perishing pleasure of man;
Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see
Have a being less durable even than he.

COWPER

HYMN.

I HAVE seen the morning vapour
Scatter'd by the eye of day;
I have seen the evening taper
Shine, and glimmer, and decay;
And bethought me, as I stood,
These are man's similitude.

Man is like a vapour flying
With the twilight o'er the dell;
Man is like a pale lamp dying
In its solitary cell—

Light and shade—and ill and good—
Such is man's vicissitude.

Man in like a vapour, blending
With the dew of morning's breath ;
Man is like a pale lamp tending
To its melancholy death :
Neither spar'd by whirlwinds rude—
Such is man's similitude.

BOWRING

HYMN IN MEDITATION OF THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

MERCY, my Judge ! mercy I cry,
With blushing cheek and bleeding eye ?
The conscious colours of my sin,
Are red without, and pale within.

O, let thine own soft bowels pay,
Thyself, and so discharge that day !
If sin can sigh, Love can forgive,
O, say the word, my soul shall live !

Those mercies which thy Mary found,
Or who thy cross confess'd and crown'd,
Hopes tells my heart, the same loves be
Still alive, and still for me.

Though both my prayers and tears combine,
Both worthless are, for they are mine ;
But thou thy bounteous self still be,
And show thou art by saving me.

O ! when thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats, to folds of flame,
And all thy lost sheep found shall be,
Let "Come, ye blessed," then call me.

When the dread "Ite" shall divide
 Those limbs of death from thy left side,
 Let those life-speaking lips command,
 That I inherit the right hand.

O ! hear a suppliant heart all crush'd,
 And crumbled into contrite dust :
 My hope, my fear, my Judge, my friend,
 Take charge of me, and of my end.

CRASHAW

 STANZAS.

How happy is he born, or taught,
 'That serveth not another's will !
 Whose armour's his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are ;
 Whose soul is still prepar'd for death ;
 Untied unto the world, with care
Of public fame or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Nor Vice : who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given—by praise ;
 Nor rules of *state*—but rules of *good* ;

Who hath his life from rumours free ;
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed
 Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth, late and early, pray,
 'More of his *grace* than *gifts* to lend ;
 And entertains the harmless day,
 With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTCOTE.

PSALM VI.

O SPARE me, Lord, nor o'er my head
 The fulness of thy vengeance shed.
 With pitying eye my weakness view,
 Heal my vex'd soul, my strength renew ;
 And O, if yet my sins demand
 The wise corrections of thy hand,
 Yet give my pains their bounds to know,
 And fix a period to my woe.
 Return, great God, return, and save
 Thy servant from the greedy grave.
 Shall Death's long-silent tongue, O say,
 The records of thy power display,
 Or Pale Corruption's startled ear,
 Thy praise within its prison hear !
 By langour, grief, and care oppress,
 With groans perpetual heaves my breast,
 And tears, in large profusion shed,
 Incessant lave my sleepless bed.
 My life, though yet in mid career,
 Beholds the winter of its year,
 (While clouds of grief around me roll,
 And hostile storms invade my soul.)
 Relentless from my cheek the trace
 Of youth and blooming health erase,
 And spread before my wasting sight,
 The shades of all-obscuring night.

Hence, ye profane: My Saviour hears;
 While yet I speak, he wipes my tears,
 Accepts my pray'r, and bids each foe
 With shame their vain attempts forego,
 And, struck with horror from on high,
 In wild disorder backward fly. #

MERRICK

 AN ASPIRATION.

It 'twere but to retire from woe,
 To undisturb'd, eternal rest—
 How passing sweet to sleep below,
 O! nature's fair and flow'ry breast!

But when faith's finger points on high,
 From death's decaying, dismal cell;
 O, 'tis a privilege to die—
 To dream of bliss ineffable!

In balmy sleep our eyes to close,
 When life's last sunshine gilds our even;
 And then to wake from long repose,
 When dawns the glorious day of heaven!

BOWRING

 VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

WHERE then shall hope and fear their objects find.
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate!
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?

Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
 Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain
 Will raise, for good, the supplicating voice,
 But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice,
 Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious prayer.
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest
 Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best :
 Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resign'd ;
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill.
 For patience sov'reign o'er transmuted ill ;
 For faith that, panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind nature's signal for retreat ;
 These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
 These goods he grants, who grants the power to
 gain ;
 With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

JOHNSON.

 THE VIIIth PSALM TRANSLATED

O KING eternal and divine !

The world is thine alone :

Above the stars thy glories shine,

Above the heavens thy throne.

How far extends thy mighty name !

Where'er the sun can roll,

That sun thy wonders shall proclaim,

Thy deeds from pole to pole

The infant's tongue shall speak thy power,

And vindicate thy laws,

THE SACRED LYRE

The tongue that never spoke before,
Shall labour in thy cause.

For when I lift my thoughts and eyes,
And view the heavens around,
Yon stretching waste of azure skies,
With stars and planets crown'd.

Who in their dance attend the Moon,
The empress of the night,
And pour around her silver throne
Their tributary light :

Lord ! what is mortal man, that he
Thy kind regard should share ?
What is his son, who claims from thee,
And challenges thy care ?

Next to the blest Angelic kind,
Thy hands created man,
And this inferior world assign'd
To dignify his span.

Him all revere, and all obey
His delegated reign ;
The flocks that through the valley stray,
The herds that graze the plain.

The furious tiger speeds his flight,
And trembles at his power ;
In fear of his superior might,
The lions cease to roar.

Whatever horrid monsters tread
The paths beneath the sea,
Their king, at awful distance, dread,
And sullenly obey.

O Lord ! how far extends thy name !
 Where'er the sun can roll,
 That sun thy wonders shall proclaim ;
 Thy deeds from pole to pole.

PITT.

 HYMN

THE glorious armies of the sky
 To thee, Almighty King,
 Triumphant anthems consecrate,
 And hallelujahs sing.
 But still their most exalted flights
 Fall vastly short of thee :
 How distant then from human praise
 Must thy perfections be !
 Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
 When to my ravish'd sense
 Each creature every where around
 Displays thy excellence !
 The active lights that shine above,
 In their eternal dance,
 Reveal their skilful Maker's praise
 With silent elegance.
 The blushes of the morn confess
 That thou art still more fair,
 When in the East its beams revive,
 To gild the fields of air.
 The fragrant, the refreshing breeze
 Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom
 In balmy whispers own, from Thee
 Their pleasing odours come.

The singing birds, the warbling winds,
 And waters murmur'ing fall,
 To praise the first Almighty Cause
 With diff'rent voices call.

Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,
 And shall I silent be ?
 'No ; rather let me cease to breathe,
 Than cease from praising Thee !

MRS. ROWE.

HYMN.

BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,
 Our dying Master stands !
 His weeping followers, gath'ring round,
 Receive his last commands.

From that mild Teacher's parting lips
 What tender accents fell !
 The gentle precept which he gave
 Became its author well.

" Blest is the man whose soft'ning heart —
 " Feels all another's pain :
 " To whom the supplicating eye
 " Was never rais'd in vain.

" Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth
 " A stranger's woes to feel ;
 " And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
 " He wants the power to heal.

" He spreads his kind supporting arms
 " To ev'ry child of grief ;
 " His secret bounty largely flows,
 " And brings unask'd relief.

" To gentle offices of love

" His feet are never slow ;

" He views, through mercy's melting eye,

" A brother in a foe.

" Peace from the bosom of his God,

" My peace to him I give !

" And when he kneels before the throne,

" His trembling soul shall live.

" To him protection shall be shown,

" And mercy from above,

" Descend on those who thus fulfil

" The perfect law of love."

MRS. BARBAULD.

IMMORTALITY.

IMMORTAL ! ages past, yet nothing gone !

Morn without eve ! a race without a goal !

Unshorten'd by progression infinite !

Futurity for ever future ! life

Beginning still, where computation ends !

'Tis the description of a Deity !

'Tis the description of the meanest slave.

Immortal ! what can strike the sense so strong,

As this the soul ? it thunders to the thought ;

Reason amazes, gratitude o'erwhelms ;

No more we slumber on the brink of fate ;

Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,

And breathes her native air ; an air that feeds

Ambition high, and fans ethereal fires ;

Quick-kindles all that is divine within us,

Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the stars

Immortal ! was but one immortal, how

Would others envy ! how would thrones adore !

'Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost ?
 How this ties up the bounteous hand of Heaven !
 O vain, vain, vain ! all else : eternity !
 A glorious, and a needful refuge that,
 From vile imprisonment in abject views.
 'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
 Amidst life's pains, abasements, emptiness.
 The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.
 Eternity depending covers all ;
 Sets earth at distance, casts her into shades ;
 Blends her distinction ; abrogates her pow'rs ;
 The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
 Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles.
 Make one promiscuous, and neglected heap,
 The man beneath ; if I may call him man,
 Whom immortality's full force inspires.
 Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought ;
 'Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
 By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
 Their present province, and their future prize,
 Divinely darting upward every wish,
 Warm on the wing, in glorious absence lost.
 Doubt you this truth ? why labours your belief ?
 If earth's whole orb by some due-distance'd
 Was seen at once, her tow'ring Alps would sink
 And levell'd Atlas leave an even sphere.
 Thus earth, and all that earthly minds admire.
 Is swallow'd in eternity's vast round.
 To that stupendous view when souls awake,
 So large of late, so mountainous to man,
 Time's toys subside ; and equal fill below

YOUNG.

THE SACRED LYRE

31

HYMN.

For Easter Sunday.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn ;
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion mov'd,
Descended, like a pitying God,
To save the souls he lov'd.

The powers of darkness leagu'd in vain
To bind his soul in death ;
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
With his expiring breath.

Not long the toils of hell could keep
The hope of Judah's line ;
Corruption never could take hold
On ought so much divine.

And now his conqu'ring chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies ;

While broke, beneath his pow'ful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below,
Through him is pard'ning love dispens'd,
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man
A brother's pity flows;
And still his bleeding heart is touch'd
With mem'ry of our woes.

To thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepar'd, like thee to die,
With thee that I may live.

BARBAULD.



HYMN

Habitual Devotion.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

Thy love the pow'rs of thought bestow'd;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
That mercy I adore!

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,

My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.

When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The low'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee!

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT,
IN A THUNDER STORM.

Let coward Guilt, with pallid Fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate
That thunders through the sky.

Protected by that hand, whose law
The threatening storms obey,
Intrepid Virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious Power
That breathes the vernal air.

Through nature's ever-varying scene
By different ways pursued,
The one eternal end of Heaven
Is universal good:

With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming ether glows

As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or blushes in the rose.

By reason taught to scorn those fears
That vulgar minds molest,
Let no fantastic terrors break
My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tend'rest care
Of Providence defend;
And delegated angels round
Their guardian wings extend!

When thro' creation's vast expanse
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the rising soul;

Unmov'd, may'st thou the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day!

(ARTER.)

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That ~~one~~ our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,

He laid aside ; and here with us to be,
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
 Afford a present to the Infant-God ?
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To welcome him to this his new abode,
 Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
 Hath ta'en no print of the approaching light
 And all the spangled host kept watch in squadrons
 bright ?

See, how from far, upon the eastern road,
 The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet .
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ;
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the angel-quire,
 From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

MILTON.

 THE PETIT-MAÎTRE CLERGYMAN

I VENERATE the man whose heart is warm,
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose
 life
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
 That he is honest in the sacred cause.
 To such I render more than mere respect,
 Whose actions say, that they respect themselves,
 But, loose in morals, and in manners vain
 In conversation frivolous, in dress
 Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse ;
 Frequent in park, with lady at his side,
 Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes ;
 But rare at home, and never at his books,

Or with his pen; save when he scrawls a card ;
 Constant at routs, familiar with a round
 Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor ;
 Ambitious of preferment, for its gold,
 And well prepar'd by ignorance and sloth,
 By infidelity and love o' th' world
 To make God's work a sinecure : a slave
 To his own pleasures, and his patron's pride—
 From such apostles, O ye mired heads,
 Preserve the church ! and lay not careless hands
 On sculls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

(A) WPF 18

 UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

Ye flaming powers, and winged warriors bright,
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,
 First heard by happy watchful shepherd's ear,
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
 Through the soft silence of the listening night;
 Now mourn ; and, if sad sharers with us to bear
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow ;
 He, who with all heaven's heraldry whilere
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease
 Alas, how soon our sin
 Sore doth begin
 His irascency to seize !
 O more exceeding love, or law more just !
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love !
 For we, by rightful doom remediless,
 Were lost in death, till he, that dwelt above,
 High throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust
 Emptied his glory, even to nakedness ;

And that great covenant which we still transgress,
 Entirely satisfied;
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess;
 And seals obedience first, with wounded smart,
 This day; but, O! ere long,
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart.

MILTON.

THE PRAYER OF JACOB.

O God of Abraham! by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed;
 Who through this weary pilgrimage,
 Hast all our fathers led!
 Our vows, our prayer, we now present
 Before thy throne of grace;
 God of our fathers, be the God
 Of their succeeding race.
 Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wand'ring footsteps guide,
 Give us by day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.
 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
 Till all our wand'rings cease,
 And at our father's lov'd abode
 Our feet arrive in peace.
 Now with the humble voice of prayer
 Thy mercy we implore;
 Then with the grateful voice of praise
 Thy goodness we'll adore.

LOMAN.

WINTER.

SEE, how rude Winter's icy hand
Has stripp'd the trees, and seal'd the ground;
But Spring shall soon his rage withstand,
And spread new beauties all around.

My soul a sharper winter mourns
Barren and fruitless I remain;
When will the gentle spring return,
And bid my graces grow again?

Aus, my glorious sun, arise!
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
Oh! hush these storms, and clear my skies.
And let me feel my vital love!

Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
I faint and drop till thou appear;
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
Must it be winter all the year?

Be still, my soul, and wait his hour,
With humble prayer, and patient faith;
Till he reveals his gracious power,
Repose on what his promise saith.

He, by whose all-commanding words*
Seasons their changing course maintain,
In every change a pledge affords,
That none shall seek his face in vain.

NEWTON

 SPRING.

PLEASING Spring again is here;
Trees and fields in bloom appear,

Hark! the birds, with artless lays.
 Warble their Creator's praise!
 Where, in winter, all was snow,
 Now the flowers in clusters grow,
 And the corn, in green array,
 Promises a harvest-day.

What a change has taken place!
 Emblem of the spring of grace;
 How the soul, in winter, mourns
 Till the Lord, the Sun, returns;
 Till the Spirit's gentle rain
 Bids the heart revive again;
 Then the stone is turned to flesh,
 And each grace springs forth afresh.

Lord, afford a spring to me!
 Let me feel like what I see :—
 Ah! my winter has been long,
 Chill'd my hopes, and stopp'd my song;
 Winter threaten'd to destroy
 Faith and love, and every joy;
 If thy life was in the root,
 Still I could not yield the fruit.

Speak, and by thy gracious voice
 Make my drooping soul rejoice;
 O beloved Saviour, haste,
 Tell me all the storms are past!
 On thy garden deign to smile,
 Raise the plants, enrich the soil;
 Soon thy presence will restore
 Life to what seem'd dead before.

Lord, I long to be at home,
 Where these changes never come;
 Where the saints no winter fear,
 Where 'tis spring throughout the year.

How unlike this state below !
 There the flowers unwith'ring blow ;
 There no chilling blasts annoy ;
 All is love, and bloom, and joy.

NEWTON.

SUMMER STORMS.

Though the morn may be serene
 And not a threat'ning cloud be seen,
 Who can undertake to say
 'Twill be pleasant all the day ?
 Tempests suddenly may rise,
 Darkness overspread the skies,
 Lightnings flash, and thunders roar,
 Ere a short-liv'd day be o'er.

Often thus the child of grace
 Enters on his Christian race ;
 Guilt and fear are overborne,
 'Tis with him a summer's morn :
 While his new-felt joys abound,
 All things seem to smile around ;
 And he hopes it will be fair,
 All the day, and all the year.

Should we warn him of a change
 He would think the caution strange ;
 He, no change or trouble fears,
 Till the gath'ring storm appears ;
 Till dark clouds his sun conceal,
 Till temptation's power he feel ;
 When he trembles and looks pale,
 All his hopes and courage fail.

THE SAGRED LYRE.

But the wonder-working Lord
Sooths the tempest by his word ;
Stills the thunder, stops the rain,
And his sun breaks forth again.
Soon the cloud again returns,
Now he joys, and now he mourns ,
Oft his sky is overcast,
Ere the day of life be past.

Tried believers too can say,
In the course of one short day,
Though the morning has been fair,
Prov'd a golden hour of prayer,
Sin and Satan, long ere night,
Have their comforts put to flight .
Ah ! what heart-felt peace and joy
Unexpected storms destroy !

Dearest Saviour, call us soon
To thy high eternal noon ;
Never there shall tempest rise.
To conceal Thee from our eyes :
Satan shall no more deceive,
We no more Thy spirit grieve ;
But, through cloudless endless days,
Sound, to golden harps, thy praise.

NEWTON.

SOLID JOYS.

I quit the world's fantastic joys,
Her honours are but idle toys,
Her bliss an empty shade ;
Like meteors in the midnight sky
That glitter for a while, and die,
Her glories flash, and fade.

Let fools for riches strive and toil,
 Let greedy minds divide the spoil,
 'Tis all too mean for me ;
 Above the earth, above the skies,
 My bold aspiring wishes rise,
 My God, to heaven, and there !

O source of glory, life, and love !
 When to thy courts I mount above,
 On contemplation's wings,
 I look with pity and disdain
 'On all the pleasures of the vain,
 On all the pomp of kings,

Thy beauties, rising in my sight,
 Divinely sweet, divinely bright,
 With raptures fill my breast :
 Though robb'd of all my worldly store,
 With thee I never can be poor,
 But must be ever blest.

..

INCARNATION

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay ;
 Love, joy, and gratitude combine
 To hail the auspicious day.

In heaven the rapt'rous song began.
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Though all the shining legions ran
 And swept the sounding lyre.

The theme, the song, the joy was new,
 To each angelic tongue,
 Swift through the realms of light it flew.
 And loud the echo rung.

Down through the portals of the sky
 The pealing anthem ran,
 And angels flew, with eager joy
 To bear the news to man.

Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song:
 Peace and salvation swell the note
 Of all the heavenly throng.

With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
 "Glory to God on high;
 "Good will and peace are now complete,
 "Jesus was born to die."

Hail! Prince of Life, for ever hail,
 Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
 Tho' earth, and time and life should fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.

"THE LORD GRANT UNTO HIM, THAT HE MAY FIND
 MERCY OF THE LORD IN THAT DAY."

Soon will that solemn hour appear,
 When I shall hear the sound
 Of the last trump; then where, Oh! where
 Shalt thou, my soul be found?

"That day," that vast important Day!
 Will fix thy final doom;
 And call to life this moulder'd clay,
 From the dark silent tomb.

This body rais'd shall there possess,
 A form as yet unknown:
 There ev'ry tongue must then confess
 That Christ is Lord alone.

No righteousness my hands have wrought,
 Shall ever form my plea :
 My soul recoils at such a thought ;
 (A firmer hope for me !)

Thy mercy, in that trying scene,
 Is all my hope and stay :
 No blood but thine can wash me clean,
 Or purge my guilt away.

My most devoted acts, when try'd,
 Will never stand the test ;
 Where can a guilty sinner hide,
 But in his Saviour's breast.

Jesus, my " rock," on which I build,
 My solemn hope of heaven ;
 Shall be my righteousness and shield,
 And whisper "*I'm forgiven.*"

O for that wisdom to prepare,
 To meet a peaceful end !
 And, when I stand before that bar,
 May Jesus be my friend !

SYDNEY.

RESIGNATION.

THESE hearts, alas ! cleave to the dust
 By strong and endless ties :
 Whilst ev'ry sorrow cuts a string,
 And urges us to rise.

When Heaven would kindly set us free
 And earth's enchantment end ;
 Take the most effectual way,
 And robs us of a friend.

Resign—and all the load of life
 That moment you remove;
 Its heavy load, ten thousand cares,
 Devolve on One above—

Who bids us lay our burden down
 On His almighty hand;
 Softens our duty to relief,
 To blessing a command.

YOUNG.

 THE CIRCUMCISION.

Rise, thou best and brightest morning,
 Rosy with a double red,
 With thine own blush thy cheeks adorning,
 And the dear drops this day were shed.

All the purple pride that laces
 The crimson curtains of thy bed,
 Gilds thee not with so sweet graces,
 Nor sets thee in so rich a red.

Of all the fair-cheek'd flowers that fill thee,
 None so fair thy bosom shows,
 As this modest maiden lily,
 Our sins have sham'd into a rose.

Bid thy golden god the sun,
 Barnish'd in his best beams, rise,
 Put all his red-ey'd rubies on;
 Those rubies shall put out their eyes.

CRASHAW.

CHORUS OF THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM

WELCOME all wonders in one sight!
 Eternity shut in a span,
 Summer in winter, day in night,
 Heaven in earth, and God in man;
 Great little one! whose all-embracing birth
 Lifts earth to heav'n, stoops heav'n to earth.

Welcome! though not to gold nor silk,
 To more than Caesar's birthbright is;
 Two sister seas of virgin milk,
 With many a rarely-temper'd kiss
 That breathes at once both maid and mother,
 Warms in the one, cools in the other.

She sings thy tears asleep, and dips
 Her kisses in thy weeping eye;
 She spreads the red leaves of thy lips,
 That in their buds yet blushing lie;
 She 'gainst those mother diamonds tries
 The points of her young eagle's eyes.

Welcome! though not to those gay flies
 Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings
 Slippery souls in smiling eyes,
 But to poor shepherds, homespun things,
 Whose wealth's their flock; whose wit to be
 Well read in their simplicity.

Yet when young April's husband-showers
 Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
 We'll bring the first-born of her flowers
 To kiss thy feet, and crown thy head.
 To thee, dread Lamb! whose love must keep
 The shepherds more than they their sheep.

To thee, meek Majesty! soft King
 Of simple graces and sweet loves;
 Each of us his lamb will bring,
 Each his pair of silver doves,
 Till burnt at last in fire of thy fair eyes,
 Our selves become our own best sacrifice.

(CRASHAW.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

AND is there care in heav'n? and is there love
 In heav'nly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move?
 There is; else much more wretched were the case
 Of men than beasts. But oh! the exceeding grace
 Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,
 And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
 To serve to wicked man,—to serve his wicked foe.
 How oft do they their silver bowels leave,
 To come to succour us, that succour want?
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant
 Against fowle fiends to aid us militant.
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
 And all for love, and nothing for reward:
 Oh! why should heav'nly God to man have such
 regard!

SPENSER.

LOVEST THOU ME?

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;

Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
 " Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?

I deliver'd thee when bound,
 And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound,
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right.
 Turn'd thy darkness into light. "

Can a woman's tender care
 Cease towards the child she bare ;
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Y^et will I remember thee.

Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above ;
 Deeper than the depths, beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done ;
 Partner of my throne shalt be,
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ? "

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint ;
 Yet I love thee and adore,
 O for grace to love thee more !

COWPER.

NEW VERSION OF THE 15TH PSALM.

FATHER of light, and life, and glory, say,
 Who is the man whose spirit shall attain
 Thy blest abode, of bright ethereal day,
 Where God, and everlasting pleasures reign !
 'Tis he who takes religion for his guide,
 And hand in hand with innocency moves ;
 With her train of virtues, on his side,
 The charms of purity he loves.

'Tis he who lures with so deceitful guile,
Nor in another's breast would sorrow raise;
But seeks with tender care when foes revile,
To pour the welcome balm of friendly praise.

'Tis he who modestly ascribes to God
The praise his wisdom or his virtues win.
Pride never lowers o'er his blest abode,
But welcomes all who fear the power of sin.

'Tis he whose promise like a rooted rock
No blast can shake, no tempest can dissolve;
Nor fear, nor loss, nor selfish views unlock
The steadfast purpose of his fix'd resolve.

'Tis he who lends to comfort the distress,
In works of love he seeks his only fee:
No proffer'd bribe can move his gen'rous breast
To wound the fame that lives from censure free.

When Nature from her sov'reign throne is hurl'd,
When crumbling earth obeys her Maker's call;
When common ruin overwhelms the world,
Upheld by God, this man shall never fall.

T. A.

ON THE MASSACRE OF THE PROTESTANTS IN
PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose
bones

Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold,
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vale redoubled to the hills, and they
 To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant! that from these may grow
 A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian wo.

MILTON.

STANZAS

Hæu, Cinara breves
 Annos fata dederunt!

{HOR.

SHE is not now amid my dreams,
 Though ne'er one waking hour forgot ;
 With many a shape my pillow teems,
 But 'mid their wildness she is not
 I've mingled, in my murmur'd pray'r,
 Her now to me forbidden name,—
 Sleep came, and many a thought was there,
 But all was gloom,—she never came!
 Oh! in this dark world, must I think
 She shares not now my destinies?
 And let my brooding fancy sink
 From what she was, to what she is?
 Oh! is it truth which brings me now
 The hideous sights which make me rave,
 The crumbling frame,—The earthy brow,
 The horrors of the unveiled grave?
 Blest be my God, it is not so!
 There has been One within the tomb,
 Who burst its iron chain of wo,
 And left a light to cheer its gloom:
 Nor e'er the bow that spans the shower,—
 Nor morning 'mid the summer skies,—
 Nor summer's first and purest flower,—
 Can rise more bright than she shall rise!

PARK.

THE END.

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